The Cairn

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The Cairn is Castleton State College's only student newspaper. It is published six times a semester entirely by students who are solely responsible for its content.

Questions, comments, and letters to the editor are encouraged. All letters must be receieved by the deadline date to be included in the next issue; all letters must be signed, but names can be witheld by request. We reserve the right to edit letters if deemed necessary by the Editor-in-Chief.

The Cairn
Castleton State College
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From the Editor's Desk...

On Sept. 12 the director of Student Activities at CSC decided to review my academic file. She discovered the dirty little secret that had been my sophomore year (a .40 grade point average). She saw that I had taken a semester off, came back to Castleton and had since received a 2.65, a 3.08 and a 3.15 GPA. She decided that I wasn't good enough to be involved in any of the clubs and sent me a letter demanding my resignation as editor of the school newspaper.

What followed next was a week of sleeplessness. The Cairn's future was suspended in limbo. The Dean of Students stood firmly behind the school's policy when I presented a letter explaining the situation and several letters of recommendation. Fortunately, I was informed of the school's amelioration policy, which Dean Mark graciously implemented to erase my bad semester and render me eligible to fulfill my duties as Editor-in-Chief of The Cairn.

Yes, I'm back, and yes, everything worked out...but this incident, in my opinion, brings CSC's whole legal system into disrepute. There is a definite feeling of powerlessness that one can not help but feel when school policy is firmly shoved down your throat.

For a school that prides itself on its warm intimate surroundings and its personal feel, I found it very ironic that I couldn't schedule an appointment with the "Dean of Students" for two weeks. (A chat with the President would have taken even longer than that). I don't understand why the administration was so unflinching and cold even though they realized that without an editor, the school paper couldn't meet its deadlines and could not have been released.

And why on earth is a student branded with a scarlet letter after a bad year that is not erased even after a year and a half of redemption?

I'm wasn't asking for special treatment, just personal rights. Is it too much to expect a meeting and an explanation? Wouldn't everyone's lives have been a lot easier if someone had just explained the amelioration policy to me in the beginning, so we could have just done this quickly and quietly? It bothers me to think that this school is being run strictly by its iron fisted policy, and that the student's personal stories are disregarded. How many others, be they athletes or club members, have been ignored and swept under the rug by an apathetic administration?

As students we deserve to have a voice. As "A" students or as "D" students, it still costs the same amount of money to go here. This money we are paying should at least entitle us to a little respect....

* Thanks a million to all at Castleton who do care about the students, everyone that helped me out, the awesome Cairn staff for putting up with the bullshit, Jess for standing by me and most of all Marjorie Ryerson, the teacher who convinced me I wasn't a loser.

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Anyone interested in joining or contributing to The Cairn is welcome to attend our weekly meetings on Thursdays at 12:30 in the Campus Center

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Amazing Grace

by Duncan Simmons

If you were so lucky as to enter the Black Science Center September 26, you would have immediately been graciously aknowledged by the guest speaker. He circulated the gathering with a divine smile and a cordial handshake for everyone who attended. His appreciation for those who arrived was genuine and I was instantly glad that I had come.

As Nard Pugyao began his lecture I took notice of the numerous Biblical references. I am not a particularly religious person but Pugyao began to show how his experience with Christianity is miraculous. Born a member of an indigenous tribe in the Northern Philippines, Pugyao only spoke Isnag. This is a spoken language, without an alphabet or written structure. He was a member of an almost forgotten people who struggled to survive.

In 1956 Richard Roe decided to make a difference somewhere in the world. As an educated linguist and scholar he signed up for missionary work and departed for the northern Philippines. He drove as far as motorized vehicles would take him. He then took a canoe and went many more miles by water. Finally, after a lengthy hike, he arrived in Pugyao's village. Pugyao would never be the same. Roe lived and worked with the people of the village developing schools, creating a written language (after learning it), and earning the respect of Pugyao's people.

Roe educated Pugyao well beyond his wildest dreams. Pugyao was inspired by a missionary pilot to become one himself. When Roe had first arrived in Pugyao's village, no one knew what an airplane was. Roe was careful not to force change on the indigenous people and cautiously introduced them to Western Christian beliefs. He taught people like Pugyao that they could have a better life while maintaining the delicate balance of their complex society and culture. Roe continued this work for 25 years in the name of Christian belief and love for humanity.

Roe was from Ira, Vermont, the town adjacent to Castleton. He died in 1995 but his memory live on as Pugyao continues sharing his story around the world and thankfully stopping in Castleton. He has continued his mentor's great legacy and has established scholarships under the name of Richard Roe. We might not have the same religions or even beliefs, but you don't have to read the Bible to appreciate this touching story. Nard Pugyao and his friend Richard Roe are inspirations to us all.

"The action is best which procures the greatest happiness for the greatest numbers."

-Francis Hutcheson

Annual Activities Fair Nothing Short of Magnificent

by Tara Rodin
Staff Writer

A great time was had by all at the annual activities fair, where 27 clubs, some old, some new, got a chance to show students what they're all about.

Free pizza, comedians and raffle prizes ranging from a color television to gift certificates at restaurants like the Sirloin Saloon were just part of the upbeat festivities that took place.

Nick Regas, advisor to the activities board, was happy with what a big success this year turned out to be, "It shows students are really interested in participating and getting involved on campus," he said.

It was also a chance for some new clubs like the Ally Group, who's main focus is to end discrmination and promote equality for everyone, regardless of their sexual identity, to announce their arrival amongst the already existing clubs. The group was thrilled with the interest shown by students.

Rugby president, Justin Novello was pleased with their results as well, "this is the biggest turnout I've seen of skilled rookies in two years," he said, mentioning that over 40 new players had signed up at the fair.

Awards were presented for best all-around presentation at the fair with first place going to the Women's Issues Club and second place to Musical Educators Club.

All in all, it seems that the year ahead looks like an involved one for many CSC students and clubs.

H20: The Photography of Marjorie Ryerson

by Erin McGann

The Christine Price Gallery in the Fine Arts Center is now featuring Associate Professor Marjorie Ryerson's photo display, **H2O,** Images of Water. Previously, Ryerson's photographs have been seen in The *Boston Globe, Woman's Day,* and *Yankee* magazine. This is the first time she has had an exhibit like this at CSC. When I spoke to her about the exhibit she was both excited and nervous.

Ryerson began photographing water at a conference in Florida while standing near a fountain. Soon after, she realized that all of her rolls of film included shots of water. These were not nature scenes with water in them, but water for the beauty of water.

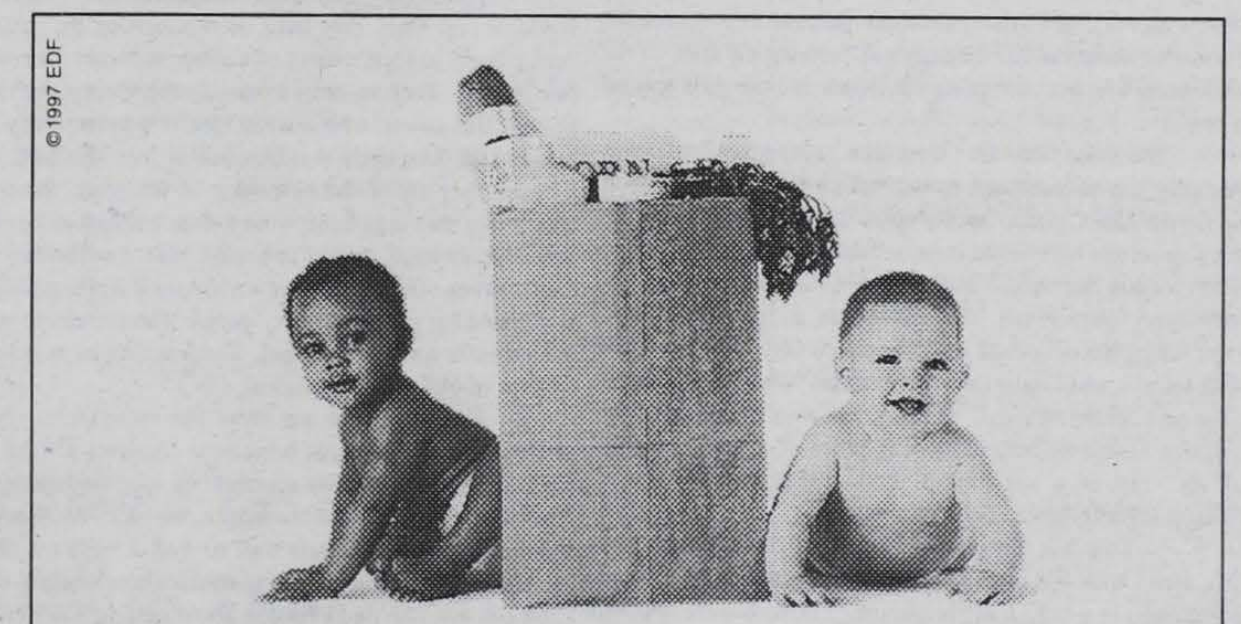
The display shows calm ocean water, babbling brooks, spray from waves and many more. Ryerson feels that there are a few more shots needed to complete the gallery and those are of rain. There is only one photo with rain in it but that does not truly represent rain. The rain photos will not be included in this exhibit but Ryerson is trying to take these photos.

Ryerson began taking pictures at a young age when her dad gave her a Brownie Camera for her birthday.

"And I've been taking pictures ever since."

Ryerson is happy about the gallery and hopes the students see her as an artist now and not merely a teacher. She has also published some poetry in various literary magazines and is listed in the inaugural *Who's Who in Media and Communications* (1998–1999).

The exhibit runs until October 25, 1997. Anyone who is interested in purchasing a photo can contact the Fine Arts Center Box Office.



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Spice Girls = Girl Power?

By Jessica Bullock
Assistant Editor

They're everywhere. They're on every top 40 radio station, they're currently getting more play on MTV than any other band, they're working on a film, they're on commercials and magazine covers, their action figures are gracing toy store shelves across the nation, and cereal boxes and billboards seem inevitable. They are The Spice Girls and they have officially attained the status as pop culture icons.

I never really had a problem with New Kids on the Block, Menudo or Color Me Badd. I found their carefully formulated style and poor harmonies only mildly annoying. The Spice Girls, however, are another story. To me, they induce more than petty irritation; I loathe them.

With three songs currently on the US Billboard charts, and their album maintaining its position at #3, Spicemania has swept the nation, and I am genuinely afraid.

What scares me the most is that little girls want to be them. I became acquainted with my friend's neighbor this summer, a seven-year-old girl who worships The Spice Girls. She was constantly begging me to go up to her room and see her Spice Girls posters and listen to their latest hit single. I eventually succumbed to her pleading, and I went up to her room where she and her little pal played the song "Wannabe" while they danced around and discussed who the prettiest Spice Girl is. They knew the dance routines. They knew their names, their likes and dislikes, and were more than willing to share the information with me.

So for all of you who are as Spice-illiterate as I was before I met my new friend and later perused the internet for information about the dazzling quintet, here are the stats on the five women who are corrupting the minds of little girls around the world.

The Spice Girls are: Geri (aka "sexy spice," who was reportedly a soft-core porn model before joining forces with The Girls), Mel C. (aka "sporty spice"), Mel B. (fans call her "scary spice" for her alleged in-your-face attitude, but you know her as "tongue-ring spice" as she flashes the adornment in virtually every photograph, she worked as a "private dancer" before taking her act public with The Spice Girls), Victoria (aka "posh spice"), and Emma (aka "baby spice," who describes herself as part "mummy's girl" and part "hot sexy bitch," you will recognize Emma by her cutesy/sexy poses of a very "naughty girl" in need of a spanking). Emma is reportedly Prince Williams favorite Spice Girl – fascinating!

So how was this quintet of musical genius born? The Girls, along with 400 other applicants, answered an ad (placed by two men) in a U.K. trade magazine. The men were seeking "streetwise, outgoing, ambitious singers," singing talent not required, right? So The Spice Girls that you and I know today were the lucky winners of the search. Judging by The Girl's level of musical ability, I think it's fair to say that their vast wardrobes of halter tops and hotpants didn't hurt their chances.

The Spice Girls claim to collaborate with technicians in the writing of their music. In an interview with Entertainment Weekly, the reporter alluded to The Girl's hesitance to discuss the origin of their songs. I feel I must know who the lyrical genius is behind such lines as, "I really really really wanna zigazig ha" and "I'm choosey not a floozy." I must be introduced to the brains behind such spiritually profound verses as, "there's no room for lovin', stop that push and shovin', yeah."

Anyway, there are some more important reasons as to why I abhor The Spice Girls. First and foremost, I hate them . because they are mindless bimbos. When Rolling Stone Magazine asked each Girl about her special talent, Victoria ("posh spice") replied, "Wearing short skirts while dancing without showing your knickers and looking indecent is a talent as far as I'm concerned." Your mother must be so proud, Vic. When the magazine asked about the biggest rumor spread about them, Geri ("sexpot spice") replied, "That I have small boobs, hah." Damn those tabloids and their hurtful rumors.

Realistically, I think the world has some room for a few mindless bimbos. However, I believe it to be a serious problem when seven-year-old girls are emulating these buxom imbeciles and dreaming of meeting them. I certainly hope my six-year-old niece hasn't been exposed to them.

The biggest reason for which I despise The Spice Girls: their "political agenda." They claim to be the new wave of feminism. Since they have established their niche in the world of pop idols, they have been preaching the message of "girl power" to their masses of teenage fans and the rest of the free world. They've even released a biography entitled Girl Power. Girl power, what a novel idea. I wonder if they've ever heard of the Riot Grrls, Ani Difranco or Joni Mitchell. Oh, but I forgot, they are of the **new** wave of feminism, the type that entails two men organizing your group, telling you how to sing and what to wear so you can make him a millionaire. How empowering. In that same interview with Rolling Stone, Mel B. claimed her pet peeve to be "people who pretend to be something they're not." You go, girl. Congratulations on making the concept of girl power a laughing stock.

One thing I can say about The Spice Girls – there is a genuine marketing genius behind the construct of their image. Each Spice Girl perfectly represents a specific female stereotype. There's the athlete, the sexpot, the snob, the "sassy" girl, and the childlike seductress – all so well thought out and marketable. I am capable of giving credit where credit is due, but I still can not stop daydreaming about putting The Spice Girls in a boxing ring with the ladies from Bikini Kill, L7 and 7 Year Bitch. Now that would be entertaining.

At least I have the comfort of knowing that I am not alone in my hatred of The Spice Girls. There are a variety of fun and amusing websites devoted to Spice animosity, including "How to Kill the Spice Girls," "Death to Spice Girls" and "Slap a Spice Girl." My personal favorite is "The Spice Girls Haiku Page" which features such brilliant literary works as "Spice Girls are so evil / they truly are the anti-christ / they worship satan every night."

Despite the growing membership of the "I hate Spice Girls club," the question of the day still remains – who is **your** favorite Spice Girl? Introduce me to "Intelligent Spice" and "Not an Embarrassment to Women Everywhere Spice," and **then** ask me that question.

A "Picture Perfect" Movie Review

by Eric Butler
Staff Writer

Are you an adoring fan of the aging, television, hit series "Friends?" If so, have you kept tabs on how well its cast has swept onto the silver screen and acquired moderate applause from film critics? Oh, let's see, David Schwimmer searched for love and shined in "The Pallbearer," Courteney Cox played the "stop at nothing to get a great story" reporter in the paralyzing horror "Scream," Lisa Kudrow shared the spotlight with cohort Mira Sorvino in "Romy and Michelle's High School Reunion," Matthew Perry sizzled in the romance "Fools Rush In" and Matt LeBlanc stooped to an embarrassingly low role as the sidekick to a crafty chimpanzee in the children's comedy "Ed."
Did I forget anyone? Of course, lo and behold it must be the charmingly cute Jennifer Aniston. With all do respect, Aniston has had a remarkable career boost since the airing of "Friends;" she appeared, a dazzling pin-up model/sex symbol in Rolling Stone Magazine, originated the trendy, "Friends" haircut and made her movie debut in Ed Burns' second film "She's the One."

Whether you dig her presence on the screen or not, I ask you to give her a try in the new (well...fairly new) film entitled "Picture Perfect." In this lighthearted, romantic comedy, Aniston plays Kate, a twenty-something single, graphic designer for Mercer Advertising who tries her best to simultaneously climb the corporate ladder and land a man. With the help of her coworker Darcy, played by Illena Douglas, Kate's aspirations are met even though it involves a twisted hitch. The buck stops here! Enjoy the rest of this film while Kate desperately attempts to maintain her job, her false husband (Jay Mohr), her "power-freak" lover (Kevin Bacon), and her sex life from her over protective mother (Olympia Dukakis). Like the old New Order tune that possessed my mind throughout this B-plus effort by director Glenn Gordon Caron, "Bizzare Love Triangle" is the main theme spoken here!?! See you next issue and have a wonderful break.

Castleton Reacts

Making Sense of Moral Excellance

write to register my personal and professional anger at the uses to which Frank Morgan put his acceptance as a speaker in Castleton's Soundings program. This is a academic institution, and the vexing question of whether that acceptance should have been granted in the first place, I leave to the discretion of the appropriate committee. The manner and the matter of Professor Morgan's presentation before 100-odd undergraduates is the object of his letter's dissent. The particular points of my professional disagreement are the following:

. Moral objections (religious or otherwise) to the actions of the state, are not at all unique to the Christian or the Jewish traditions. In fact they can be found all over the Ancient world, e.g. in the Greek Iliad (Calchas' opposition to Agamemnon's enslavement of his daughter is a religious objection to state violence, an objection made in the name of the god Apollo). Greek liberty wins out over Persian despoism again and again in Herodotus and the Aeschylus.

!. The notion that moral action is not possible "on the basis of conformity with belief" is alarmingly naive. As I pointed out in the Q & A period, Christian violence over the centuries is characterized by a happy harmony between belief and action no matter how cruel and macabre the action may be (the Crusades, the Inquisition, the expulsion of the Jews from Spain, the Salem witch trials, not to mention centuries of exclusively Christian inter-sectarian violence) because the texts which articulate the beliefs in question can be read in a staggering variety of ways. This multiplicity of arguable interpretations of a particular text is the central, salient reality of the adult world, acceptance of which is so painful to adolescents throughout life and literature, including for instance, Hamlet. It is what King Lear has forgotten and what would have saved Othello. It is the ineradicable human condition, which fundamentalism and Fascism alike lack ears to hear.

The appeal to principles omits decency and fellow-feeling as sources of moral action.

4. There is no "law of magnanimity." Magnanimity is an Elizabethan translation of Aristotle's term **megalophrosune,** "great-souledness" or "great-mindedness." This quality is the peculiar estate of those rare persons whose goodness stems not from principles public or private, but from an excellence which inheres in the singular nature of this or that unique human being. It should be clear that the attempt to reduce Aristotle's **megalophrosune**— which applied to prodigies like Oedipus and Themistocles — — to a "law" for all to follow, is an absurdity. The illusion that the phrase "law of magnanimity" means anything, can only be perpetrated if nobody's done the reading.

5. Fascism is the product of conformity to a socially shared, particularistic outlook and the shaming and exclusion — followed by the violent repression — of dissent. It represents a reaction against the university of Enlightenment documents like French Revolutions Declaration of the Rights of Man, and an embracing of the communally shared, particular form of life, articulated in the 1930's and 1940's as nationalism (e.g. "Germaness,") though religious fundamentalism of one kind or another frequently achieves similar results.

6. The Holocaust, on the contrary, was the result of the combination of this exclusive commitment to nationalism with (1) the adoption in France, Holland, Switzerland, and Germany) in popular culture, political discourse, and in state policy —— of enthusiastically racist and eugenic theories of anthropology in the century leading up to the Second World War; (2) the retirement of private conscience and the risks of decent impulse in the face of a shared, communal notion of right, untested by intellectual candor or emotional fellow-feeling. This was itself both the product and the source of (3) a bureaucratically organized, top-down system of social repression, slavery, and murder in which the claims of participation in a rigidly but perversely principled polity (whose rhetoric blended terms we like so much, such as "rectitude" and "justice" with terms we have to abhor, like "racial purity" and "cleanliness") conducted responsibility away from individual actors.

My personal disagreement with the Soundings lecture has to do with the use of the Holocaust to score moral points for a Christianity that, with a few shining exceptions, demonstrated a massive failure to resist each of the two World Wars, and the German state violence whose overwhelming majority of victims were Jews. The Holocaust befell mankind, but it is also a wound of the Jewish people; as Richard Runinstein has argued in the indispensable book, The Cunning of History: The Holocaust an the American Future, it's the duty of each of us to confront this event. But that has to be done in a spirit of humility, after one has done one's homework, and after one has crossed that threshold of interpretive maturity which alone emboldens us for the realities of other people's sovereign cultural perspectives.

I, too, prefer to practice my vocation without writing this kind of thing, but if you put a hundred undergraduates in a campus building and give the speech I heard this morning, I have no choice but to write such an article.

- Dr. Jamey Hecht
CSC English Dept.

Homophobic Comedian

Some comedians are bad and others are just plain offensive, but the comedian that performed at the Activities Fair was both. I didn't bother to get his name and frankly, I really don't care who he was. What does concern me, however, is a public college that has a gay/lesbian/bisexual group on campus yet invites stand-up comedian to perform who is severely homophobic, as this man obviously is. The childish potty humor was insulting enough, but this guy went ignorantly about his act assuming that everyone here is heterosexual and that anything else is unthinkable. He might as well of said, "How could anyone even think of being gay?" This is exactly the kind of 'compulsory heterosexuality' that we in the g/l/b community have to face every day, and most of us can deal with it. But one would think we could get a little respite on a campus where people are supposedly open-minded and accept you for who you are, and not what you are. Get a clue, people.

"Christianity is the most materialistic of all great religions."
-Archbishop William Temple

The Cairn welcomes all of your opinions and reactions. Comments can be mailed to our mailbox in the Student Life office.

Dorm Life Sucks

I, like your average college student, reside in a dorm. Only thing is, when I call it a dorm, someone gets really hyper and shrieks "it's not a dorm! It's a residence hall!!" like they've just OD'd on lithium or cafeteria food. So, whatever you call it, I live in one. I don't know about the rest of the campus, but the lack of respect we get in our "dorm" really pisses me off. Sure, I might be a whiney pain in the rear, and maybe you think I am making way too much of this, but there IS a sign that says "Quiet Hours are from 10 p.m. to 8 a.m." or something, but does anyone listen? Or *care?* Nope. They're too interested in playing the latest CD of "Squashing Squashed Squash" and watching the MTV special on "Jenny McCarthy Gets A REAL Life" (which is probably some sort of oxymoron) and blasting the latest hit of the Stoned Pumpkins of America Clan on the radio so that I (and a lot of other people) can't sleep. Maybe I am just insand and your dorm doesn't have this sort of problem—or maybe you're the cause of it.

So, anyway, every night I hear someone shouting from the general vicinity of the third floor, basically screaming the F-word over and over, in some sort of display of lack of intelligence. Then you get some girl shrieking out "Todd! You prick! Come up here!" or "There's a party at Kappa tonight!" (Incidentally, when ISN'T there a party at Kappa?) These people don't really care about anyone but themselves—and Todd, whoever he is. Is this the calm, relaxed, peaceful and adult learning experience we expected? Did we all come here to be seranaded each night by the Drunken Male Freshmen Chorus? I don't think so, somehow.

One more little detail—the smoking. Sure, sure, I know—you're all over eighteen and have the right to smoke, but must you always do it right outside my window at 2 a.m. every morning? I might be one of those few people who actually can't stand the putrid scent of tobacco, but keep in mind, this is college. You came here to learn. Other than that, the dorm life is extremely nice, besides getting phone calls from some nut who thinks my name is "Sherry" and having to actually hide the markers on my dry-eraase board because some disrespectful lout has decided to rip them off. Did all those cheesy assemblies on respect get wasted in the beer-filled brains of all the freshmen? Do they think that somehow, we who get disrupted don't care? Is it that their mothers never bothered to teach them common curtesy? Or is it that they are still struggling up the evolutionary ladder and feeling overly confident? One more thing—the many dictionaries in the library will happily define the term "respect" for you. -T.L. Girardi

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Township Rebellion

Protest In The Works

Little Castleton is standing up and fighting back! Since the cancellation of the Cuban Ambassador's speech, CSC has sprung into action. A protest has been planned for which president Martha Farmer has agreed to cancel classes. The rally will include guest speakers on Cuba, and if all goes well, a video linkup via sattelight with the Ambassador himself.

The date of the protest has yet to be announced, but keep your ears and eyes open. Possible dates being thrown around are: September 30, October 7, October 21, and October 28. If you have any thoughts or questions, contact Dr. Sanjukta Ghosh or call me at home (265-4130).

In the meantime, write a letter to Bernie Sanders and tell him how you feel, tell all your friends about the rally, and get ready to send a message to the U.S. State department that opression will not be tolerated.

-Dave Mance

Hi Bernie,

We met quite briefly at Chassman & Bem at your book-signing party. Hope it went well. I teach at Castleton State College as an adjunct professor.

The student newspaper, The Cairn, reported last week that the Cuban Ambassador to the UN, Pedro Mosquera, was invited to speak at their "Soundings" event, which schedules different speakers every year.

The event can be attended for credit, after the student fills out a questionnaire posed by the directors of the program.

Students had met Mr. Mosquera in New York in the second half of the last school year. They invited him to speak and he agreed to do so. This event is a Keynote speech of the year. The State Department, according to an article in The Cairn, refused Ambassador Mosquera a visa to travel to Castleton, nothing the restrictions placed on certain foreign nationals allowing them only permission to travel within a 25 square mile area beyond UN headquarters, in this case.

The position of the US Government on the issue of Cuba and its sovereignty is blatantly absurd. This tiny country is not a threat to the United States, yet it has imposed a trade embargo on this country in place for some 30 years. Fidel Castro would like his country and its people to prosper, but it can never do that without the help of the United States, which can lift the trade embargo and help in many ways. The Cuban exiles who live largely in south Florida are never going to be happy with the Castro regime, but then I am sure that many of them were wealthy land owners whose property was given over to the state, or at least it seems to me this is one of many such likely possibilities.

The revolutionary Cubans created a state in which, ideally, all of the people can prosper, without exploitation at the hands of the wealthy. The Cubans who left Cuba, voluntarily or not, did not like the new Cuba because it took power and wealth away from them.

Let the US Government recognize that the Cuba of today belongs to the citizens of Cuba and work to bring about a dialogue with the government of Cuba whereby the trade embargo will be lifted and meaningful work can be done to insure good relations between the two countries. The Cuban exiles in this country should be willing to help in this. They should be willing and eager to help their country.

Sincerely,
Jordan Davies
(e-mail note to Bernie Sanders, House of Representatives, 9/23/97)

Mack's Musings

by Greg Mack
Staff Writer

Once you surrender to authority, you become an authority- Jim Morrison

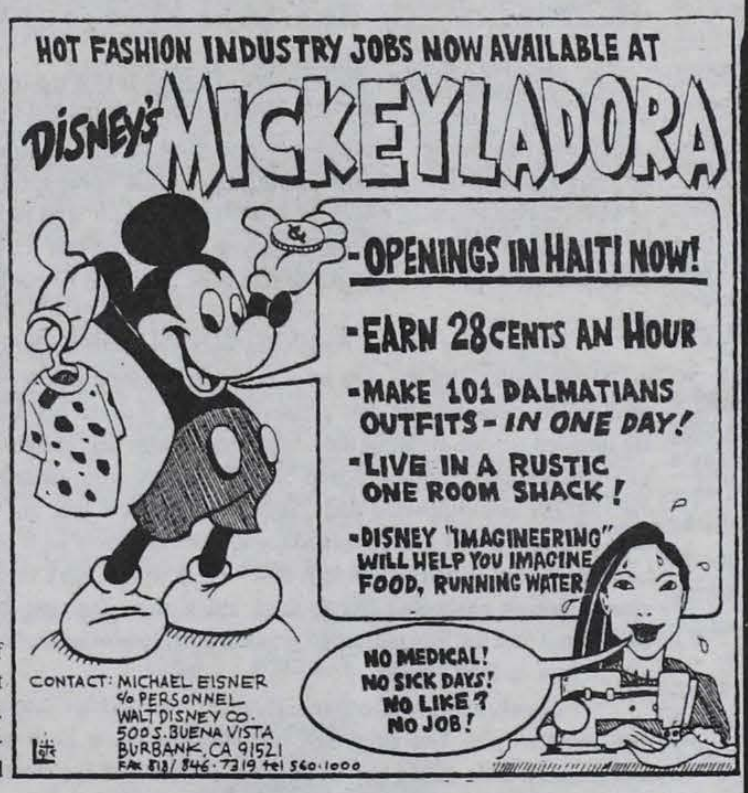
The first time I read those words, I fell in love with them. I copied them on a small ripped piece of paper and placed it in my already cluttered wallet. Forget my parents, my teachers, school, the government, and anybody one might consider "grown-up." Three years ago, anything that a grown-up said or did was bullshit. It was that simple. I had it all figured out.

Now I'm not so sure. There are all these grown-up things to worry about these days. There's food, car insurance, electric bills, and rent. With so many real things going on, I don't really have time to think about how much I hate grownups. As P.J. O'Rourke once said: "Pull up your pants, turn your hat around, and get a job." I am reasonably close to graduating from this wonderful institution of higher learning we call Castleton, and I feel like my identity is slipping away from me. I have realized a number of things as of late, the most important of which is the fact that money is becoming increasingly more important in my life. I can't live off of a credit card forever, although I'm trying. I'm learning that, no matter how much change this world should ideally undergo, I'm stuck here so I might as well quit my bitching and make the best of it.

My generation is growing up. We are becoming the authority and we are fighting it every step of the way. Of course I speak only for myself, but I think we're scared. We're scared that in ten years, pathetic versions of our former selves will look at us only as grownups. It will be difficult for them to fathom the fact that we were young once. In their eyes, we will be Jim Morrison's epitome of evil.

We all have to get old, at least we hope we will. At the same time though, I hope and I pray that I don't become a bitter old man that most people despise. One of those Schlitz beer, Wild Turkey drinking, "when I was your age" fools entirely drained of all passion for anything.

Perhaps this lifeless character that I speak of is just a figment of an idealistic young generation's imagination. He represents the exact opposite of our youthful ideals. Most of us will probably never end up like this man, but we should always be conscious of him. One day he had ideals too.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The College Game

by Dave Mance
Editor-in-Chief

The world revolves around spectacular people; Castleton State College is no different. Any graduation will show you how quickly the "cream" rises to the top, and the forgotten drift to the bottom. Spiffed up valedictorians get to where the clown colored sashes and the pretty, popular boys and girls get the biggest cheers. These are the people we mimic, admire, look up to. These are the people who know how to play the college game.

THE COLLEGE GAME

***1 kid, either sex**
***1 five subject notebook**
***1 college campus**
***care package from mom**
***1000-50000 kids (depending on taste)**
***six pack of beer**
***a handful of professors**
***video games**
***1 stuffy old dean**
***your hopes and dreams**

**Other ingredients are optional . . . after all free thinkers, this is higher learning and the best time of your life! The experimental, gulping life, figuring yourself out time. The go to interesting classes, join a fraternity, play pranks that make the old men nostalgic ("ah those zany college kids, why I remember when I . . ."), grow up, find your future husband or wife, graduate in four years with "Thanks Mom And Dad" written on your hat and tears rolling down your cheeks time of life. What fun, right?*

Derek Rowan came to Castleton in the fall of 1993 with exactly these plans in mind. Make friends, graduate with honors, get a six figure job, the whole nine yards. By his junior year Derek was just hoping to make it out alive.

An outgoing, friendly kid, with a tee shirt, faded jeans and a white hat, Derek was your typical college student. A little bit shy, a little bit naive, a little bit curious, he wore his smile well until his girlfriend left him in the summer of 1994. A sorry excuse to through your life down the tubes, but try telling that to an eighteen year old who still believed in fairy tale love. She was his brown eyed high school sweetheart who gave him the spring in his step. When she left, the Tigger lost his bounce, and the other pressures were magnified ten fold.

Commitments, classes, trying to make new friends, having no money, change of style, change of diet, not enough vitamins, not enough exercise, not enough sun, not enough time, not enough fun. His inner child was smothered and died.

The pressures of doing well in a new school were also amazingly intense, especially considering his parents were spending their life savings on him. On the surface Derek had it easy compared to many, but he wasn't ready to handle it. No family, no girlfriend, all his old friends hours away, it was too much. And when he really started to notice the world around him, when he started to grow up, that's when the real troubles started.

Derek had the gift of depression, which he unconsciously decided to dedicate his life to. Manifest for a moment on child pornography or violent sex crimes. Think about the world going up in a whisp of pollution; hard drugs, AIDS, homelessness and hopelessness. Derek considered his Prozac a short cut to thinking; an unwelcome escape from reality, no matter how bleak it was. A delusionary cocktail contradicted nicely by the downers in his now steady diet of alcohol and amphetamine.

College opened his eyes to all this misery, the bleakness in he aforethought of rainbow world; the corruption, the blackness. How could someone with this gift of reality be expected to sit in class and watch a passionless, apothetical teacher spoon-feed politically correct rubbish to a group of ignorant wallpaper students? It was all a lie, his entire life a farce. The outgoing Derek Rowan became that kid in the back of the class with his Mickey Mouse hat pulled down to cover his sandpaper eyes and a tissue to clot his nosebleeds. In the fall of 1994, he skipped classes for weeks at a time, remained unnoticed by any teacher, and pulled off a remarkable .06 G.P.A. (all E's and one C-).

As his drug and alcohol diet increased, he fell further down the spiral. Maylox could cure his stomach pains after his liquid breakfast but he just couldn't find the right drug to cure his jaded mind. The spring semester saw him improve his G.P.A. to .07 and he contemplated ending his life.

The joke around Castleton State College is that the reason we have a vacation every four weeks is to keep the suicide rate down. I guess they figure if they give the kids enough time off, maybe they'll do it at home. During April break in the spring of 1995, laying in a pool of vomit on a bathroom floor with pills in his bloodstream, Derek almost became the butt of that joke. His downward spiral completed, he had gone as low as he could go.

Recovering addicts remember their moments of clarity as "Jesus spells." I'm not sure what exactly possessed Derek to push off the rock bottom, but whatever it was, it saved his life. He decided to stop fighting the world around him and chose to live. He changed majors, found some teachers who actually cared about and supported their students, got a new job, got a new girl, moved off campus. Amazed at how far down he'd let himself go, but equally confident that he'd never go back their again. Though he doesn't like to think much about the past, he does admit that the lesson learned was the most important one of all . . . how to love life.

Derek Rowan, Castleton student. Just another name, just another face. You may still see him around, a little bit untrusting, a little sullen (he still prefers the back of the class), but his battle was one that should not go unnoticed.

You won't see Derek as the valedictorian speaker at graduation, and you won't see him at the post ceremony bash. When he leaves their will be no tears, no honors, no nostalgia . . .

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"How it Looks from Here"

by Nancy Smolke
Contributing Writer

I fall in love a lot. This is a clear and certain departure from the norm. Oh, I went for the usual men growing up. Johnny Kirschbahm drove my bus the mile to and from school. I fell in love the day we met. I was five. He called me "honey," (a salutation I remain partial to) let me sit directly behind him and always carried a clean white hanki just in case I caught the sniffles.

Boys fascinated me, but being a diehard tomboy left little room for romance. I did manage to crack Danny Smith's head open with a rock once, but for some reason he didn't get the message. (It was a good shot too.)

Franki Hill hustled my heart in third grade. Rowdy with the guys and painfully shy around the girls, he presented an irresistable attraction for me. It took seven years before he reciprocated my affections and then it didn't go as I expected. We parted company the night Franki staggered up to an occupied police car and smashed his bottle of beer on the rear fender yelling incoherently about some guy name Henry and life being a bitch.

I finally found my one true love, married and settled down. Unfortunately, my true love found his true love 18 years later in a bouncy 22-year-old cocktail waitress named Shannon. I watched the movie "Faithful" this summer. There's this great line where the woman says to the guy, "Can a man ever love one woman?" "No," says the guy, and then almost in unison we said, "There are too many cocktail waitresses." How true. My beau made it painfully clear I'd best take my thing (which meant our son) and move along. I came east.

Being alone after 18 years of not being alone is deady stuff. I set the table (when we finally had a table) with one too many plates. I sat waiting in the car for a driver that never came. I continued to sleep on my side of the bed and forgot to leave his favorite foods out of the grocery cart.

This, I have discovered leads to an extreme form of desperate desperation. It's much more than mere loneliness. There's a lot of desperate single people out there who think they're lonely, which makes them really dangerous to themselves and every available male or female they happen to meet. One quick comparison betweeen definitions and you will see why this is true.

lone ly adj. 1. alone; solitary 2. a) standing apart from others of its kind; isolated b) unfrequented or uninhabited 3. unhappy at being alone; longing for friends, company, etc.

Unhappy, but the remedy is relatively simple: make friends, join the PTA, hang around the produce department a little longer than usual, etc..

Mark the contrast with what follows:

des per ate adj. 1. a) driven to or resulting from loss of hope; rash or violent because of despair (a desperate criminal) b) having a very great desire, need, etc. (desperate for affection) 2. offereing so little chance, as for improvement, as to cause despair; extremely dangerous or serious (a desperate illness) 3. extreme; drastic (in desperate need) 4. despairing; without hope. see HOPELESS.

(continued on page 9)

"How it Looks" from page 8

If truth be told, most of the newly divorced, newly dumped, newly damaged souls wandering about looking for romance fall under the definition of des per ate. Rather than fueling the cozy fires of love, they end up burning the house down.

Healing is in order. If playing back-to-back country music doesn't cure you, if downing a pint of whiskey a day isn't in your budget, if whining aways your sorrows in a support group doesn't turn you on, then you are faced with only one solution. Bite the bullet.

Biting the bullet might take several forms. Since I'm frugal in nature I decided to take the cheapest form available. Fasting.

Fasting, one article claimed, "will cleanse not only the toxins from the weakened body, but eliminate poisons from the weary soul." A double-edged sword! Two for the price of one! I liked that. I'd give it a try.

As I remember, I fasted on and off for several weeks to prepare my wounded and unresponsive self for the illumination to follow. The real magic of the plan involved a 10-day, non-stop fast; ten consecutive days free from the nasty, debilitating affects of good sound nutrition. I swore off my morning ritual of whole wheat toast and black-strap molasses, cancelled stir-fry veggies and brown rice, said good-bye to diet Dr. Peppers, farewell to black olives and placed the Sunshine soda crackers under lock and key. I was on my way.

The article said this practice of fasting for physical and spiritual cleansing was so ancient they weren't sure who started it. Maybe Methuselah.

For the first day or two the postulant (that's me) would notice slight pangs of hunger which should decrease with each passing day. The gnawing pain would soon transform into spiritual discernment. My mind clear, I would gaze into the darkened corners of my tortured soul and extract the snarling beast within. Near the end, filled with good-will for my fellow sufferers, I would love the universe and everyone in it.

It was pure unadulterated hell.

I think part of the problem centered around the "spiritually attuned" author of the article who (I imagined) never went hungry a day in his life. Or maybe I spent too many days going hungry against my will. Huge chunks of my childhood were dedicated to contemplating my next meal. The unspoken rule among us kids was: "eat as much as you can, as fast as you can," followed by "every child to himself." There were too many in my universe and I, never quick on the draw, usually came up short. To this day I chant silent little mantras while I put the groceries away. No need to panic. There's enough to go around. It'll be there in the morning.

The article was right on day one and two but day three was the beginning of the end. I watched in horror as a friend tore the crust form her sandwich and tossed it into the garbage can. that night half-eaten cookies littered my dreams. If I could have caught a sugar-plum fairy, I would have eaten it whole. By day five I was delusional. A professor stood gesturing as he lectured. I heard nothing. How could I? My eyes lustily followed the meaty contour of his corn-fed, Arkansas-raised, leg-of-chicken thumb. Have you ever noticed how a thumb looks like a leg of chicken? Follow it down to the base of the hand and there you have it. During the fast this was a close as I came to brotherly love.

Finally, day eleven dawned.

My tortured soul trembled in gratitude as I placed a pan of water on the stove and set out to cook the morning oatmeal. The sweet dry smell of oats teased my nostrils as I shook the happy grains into the churning water. "Could you throw in some raisin?" my son, Casey called from the bathroom. Raisins! Yes, raisins! What a brilliant idea. At that moment the profound truth of oatmeal with raisins overshadowed all previous tenets of my faith.

Casey came out and eyed me. "You eatin' today?" he asked. Without turning my gaze from the gurgling goo I nodded "yes." This delightful child of my womb set the table and popped two slices of real 100% whole wheat bread into the toaster.

Noticing my zombie-like condition, the boy guided his half-wit mother (that's me) to her chair and proceeded to ladle one, two, three scoops of oatmeal into a waiting bowl. Beefy raisins with chipmunk cheeks smiled up at me. Toast landed upon my plate, unbuttered (as I like it) and steaming. Casey snatched my favorite spoon from the drawer and placed it ceremoniously in my hand. He sat down opposite me and asked, "You want brown sugar or molasses?" I pondered the delightful possibilities of both a little too long. "MA? Hello? Earth to Ma!" "Molasses," I said. "Ah," my son shot back in his best Igor voice, "It lives, it lives!"

He dribbled a heaping spoonful of black-strap into my bowl. "Stir," he instructed. I stired. "Eat," he said. I ate.

Blissful bite after blissful bite fed my starving stomach and filled my longing soul with food for thought. It was in that moment, during the ambrosial high of this taste-treat sensation that I discovered what it means to fall in love.

People used to ask me what I was looking for in a man. I would list the particulars: intelligence, humor, passion. But then the list got longer and more drawn out. After following some nut-case tailgating the car ahead of him, I turned to my son and said, "Make a mental note of this: My mother will not marry a tailgater." Nor will I marry someone who won't eat the same food two days in a row, bitches when I leave my pants on the floor inside out or has a fit if I pull the covers from under the bottom of the mattress.

I fall in love all the time now. On a hot summer morning I fall in love when my toes make contact with the cold steel from of my bed. I fall in love when light reflects off the water in the neighbors mud puddle and dances all crystal-clear upon my living room wall. I fall in love when things go badly and my son winks and says, "It sure sucks to be you." I fall in love when one kindred soul acquainted with the night, looks into my eyes and speaks to my heart.

I fall in love with ideas, with clouds, with the kid who said, "Mommy, he hit me back." I fall in love with the droning lawn mower in the late afternoon, with the old man cursing the children in his yard, I fall in love everyday.

I'm still alone and sometimes I get a little lonely, but despair is gone and I'm always in love. My boy told me it wasn't the fasting that did it. "It was the eating," he said. "You forgot how good it is to eat, that's all." Could be.

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Scholarship Scam!

by Dave Mance
Editor-in-Chief

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Have you ever seen advertisements like these and thought that they were to good to be true? Well, there's a good chance you might have been right.

The Federal Trade Commission has charged the Seattle, Washington based companies Progressive Media Inc. and Collegiate Communications Group with misrepresenting themselves and the student programs that they sold. The FTC also alleged that the defendants money back guarantee turned out to be false.

The charges in this case were filed as part of "Operation Missed Fortune", a federal-state enforcement crack down on employment schemes. The aforementioned companies have agreed to pay an estimated $288,000 into a redress pool from which partial refunds may be made to students who got scammed.

While the FTC crack down does it's best to apprehend these criminals, it's up to us as students to question everything we read. If your searching for a scholarship or know someone who is, be careful.

Six signs that a scholarship search might be a scholarship scam

1. "The scholarship is guaranteed or your money back." No one can guarantee that they'll get you a grant or scholarship. Refund guarantees often have conditions or strings attached. Get refund policies in writing—before you pay.

2. "You can't get this information anywhere else." There are many free lists of scholarship. Check with your school or library before you decide to pay someone to do the work for you.

3. "May I have your credit card or bank account number to hold this scholarship?" Don't give out your credit card or bank account number on the phone without getting information in writing first. It may be a set up for an unauthorized withdrawal.

4. "We'll do all the work." Don't be fooled. There's no way around it. You must apply for scholarships or grants yourself.

5. The scholarship will cost some money. Don't pay anyone who claims to be holding a scholarship or grant for you. Free money shouldn't cost a thing.

6. "You've been selected" by a national foundation to receive a scholarship, or "You're a finalist" in a contest you never entered. Before you send money to apply for a scholarship, check it out. Make sure the foundation or program is legitimate

The Poet's Pulpit

The Nightmare Cometh

The dream you dreamed,
Is finally true.
But is it as
You imagined?

The taste should be
One of sweetness;
An overwhelming desire-
That you wish to take into
Your mouth.

You find it
Better than you fantasized
Until the sour, displeasing taste
Arrives...
Leaving you, with a pain for life.

The dream has turned-
Into a nightmare.

-Jennifer Grant

The Heisman

The curvature of yours,
My lovely, is exquisite.
So plump, full, desirable.
Reminds me of an apple,
ripe, ready, to be
eaten.

I lick mine, ready to
devour yours, with the
overwhelming desire that
has risen inside of me.
But yet

Fear. Suddenly making
me hot and prickly. Looking at
the point of pleasure,
I take the leap. So delicious,
my knees quiver with joy.

I miss the stinging slap
to my flushed cheek. My one
pleasure crushed at the peak
of triumph
Oddly,
It is only encouragement,
to seek my point of lust

With even more delectation
than before.

with you by my side

strap my mattress
on your back
our sun can wait
another day
dip your presence
in my dream
meet me where
the fairies play
come close to me
mellow and naked
I'll take you places
throughout your mind
softly swallow
my melodic energy
and leave your
wakeful worries behind
tiptoe by
my sleeping dragon
sprinkle tinsel
near its eyes
we'll finger paint
till the darkest hour
as it swoops down through the sky
and eye the glittering afterglow
while you and me comfort our lives
within a nap to elude time
suspended with you by my side

-Eric Butler

Looking Ahead

I'm lying here awake in anticipation
My pulse quickening with just a thought
Hardly a moment passing without wondering
Who will be there and will they like me
Will I find her and will she love me
Time stands still as I sigh deeply
Expelling any negative energy floating through my body
And time moves on, speeding, whizzing past
Leaving no room for thoughts or dreams
Either you have it or you don't
In this world, no mistakes are allowed
Punishment is death by disassociation
Slow and painful you can never look back
And so I rise up from my bed
Turn on my music and I dance for myself
For me, I swing my arms, bounce my legs
Shake my breasts and spin around
I sing the words of wisdom and smile
A shadow falls over me and I look up
Into blue eyes of wisdom and youth all in one
We touch, blend together, sink fast in love and disappear

—Debbie Glogover

New Life

The tree fell, hard and quick, as the thunder roared.
Lying there, helpless, unseen, it remained—
Branches stretching outward, upward, begging,
Leaves falling into piles, beaten down by the rain.
Puddles growing larger; the tree sinking deeper.
Brown bark breaking, brittle, bare-boned below.
Deeper and deeper into oblivion, alone as it was.
Then, the rain stopped, its ceaseless pelting now over.
The tree, barely recognizable from its pain remained static.
But there, where it once stood proud, strong, defiant
Was a bird, a dove, cooing at the tree before it,
"Rise up, live again, and be at peace, the thunder's gone."
Away she flew, leaving the tree, though fallen, far from dead—
With its last ounce of strength, it dropped an acorn.
From this acorn a new tree grew,
Remembering the past, but living for the future.
The thunder returned several years later, but this tree knew survival.
It stood, braced against the wind, beyond harms way
And there it remained, standing tall,
Remembering the beautiful dove and her words of peace.

—Debbie Glogover

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4. There are no restrictions on form or theme. Length of poems up to fourteen lines. Each poem must have a separate title. (Avoid "Untitled"!) Small black and white illustrations welcome.
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Women's Rugby Off to a Grand Start

by Erin Maguire

The CSC Women's Rugby Club has just won its first game of the season, but in order to continue on its winning spree, the members need some fresh faces in the club.

Women's Rugby has existed for three years at CSC. When the club started in 1995, the women had some trouble getting the ball rolling. Initially, there were insufficient funds and a general lack of commitment amongst the players, which Club President Nicole Novello ensures is not a problem now. "People have become more serious , a lot more committed and devoted than in the past. I'm proud of the women who have taken the initiative to put their all into this club."

The funding situation seems to have been partially resolved as well. This semester, the club was given just under one thousand dollars, which goes toward equipment, first aid kits, uniforms, and the coach's salary. The club will also be holding fundraisers throughout the course of the semester to help pay for equipment.

Women's Rugby practices Monday through Thursday from 4:00 until 6:00 p.m. with Coach Nick McCardley, a member of the Men's Rugby Club. Anyone is welcome to join, and no experience is necessary.

"We're like sisters," Novello asserts, "and we're always looking for new people."

New Club Makes a Big Splash

by Bryan J. Tobey
Contributing Writer

The Water Polo Club is perhaps the newest club on the CSC campus, and one that few people seemed aware of, but many are interested in.

The club, started last year, is open to men and women interested in the sport of water polo. According to club spokesman Mike Paulin, the club has sparked some interest, and new members are joining.

Unlike most other sports at CSC, water polo is not gender divided. Men and women play together and against each other. Paulin said women enjoy playing with the guys. The medium of water seemed to take away much of the physical inequalies between men and women. Echoing this sentiment, member Paul Drucker said, "The girls are tougher to defend than the guys."

Meeting at 8 p.m. on Tuesday and Thursday evenings at the Shape Pool, the members warm up for a half hour, and then play until 9 p.m. "The hour in the pool is a hard workout," Drucker said. "You use muscles you never knew you had."

"We are always seeking new members to play," Paulin said. The club has been relying on word of mouth and flyers to draw in new members. However, established members seem to bring in the most new members, dragging reluctant friends and roommates along, only for both to return the next time.

The sport, closest to soccer in the pool, is easy to master says member John Solarino. "You learn the game fast, but it is always a challenge, and there is always another skill to master." Teams consist of eight players, three forwards, two mids, two backs and a goalie. "We usually play three on three, or four on four, because we don't have enough for a whole game," said Solarino.

The object is to score on the other team's goal by throwing the ball past the goalie, explained Paulin, but it is more difficult than it sounds. First, the team plays in the deep end of the pool, requiring players to continually tread water. Second, that ball must be caught an thrown with just one hand. "Beyond that it's all easy," added Solarino.

The club, started by CSC student Pete Keisler in the fall of 1996, does not have a faculty advisor. The money to pay for the lifeguards comes from the pool budget, said Paulin, but the club has no other budget. "Pete got some money to make some goals from the Student Association and bought the ball himself, it was really his club." Keisler, unfortunately, did not return for this semester.

The club hopes to have enough members to field at least one full team with substitutes, and then pursue matches with other schools. "I am waiting to get enough people, and then I'll start calling other schools. Pete tried to arrange some matches with UVM last year, but it never worked out," Paulin said.

"I hope more people will come out to play," said Drucker. "It's a lot of fun and a good workout."

CSC Intramurals

by Daniel Hunt
Staff Writer

The month of October means one thing at CSC: The intramural season is beginning to reach its peak.

The intramural season began in August with golf. In September there was coed tug-of-war and coed softball, which will be concluding at the end of the week. Coed volleyball will begin this week and will run through October.

The intramural seasons that have not begun are as follow: men's and women's flag football, men's and women's hot shot competition, coed Wiffle Ball (Home Run Derby), and men's and women's five-on-five basketball.

The flag football seasons will start Oct. 2 and end Nov.2.

The men's and women's hot shot competition and the coed Wiffle Ball (Home Run Derby) are both one day events. The hot shot cometition will be held Oct. 23 at 7:00 p.m. and the Wiffle Ball (Home Run Derby) will be held Nov. 17 at 7:00 p.m..

The intramural season will conclude with men's and women's five-on-five basketball. This competition begins on Nov. 4 and ends on Nov. 11. The games will be held on Tuesdays and Thursdays.

Rosters for each of these seasons are available at the Recreation Office located in the Glenbrook Gymnasium.

What's Wrong With Baseball

by Gregory McGannon
Staff Writer

The game of baseball has lost fans over the past couple of years. The strike of 1995 left people with a sour taste in their mouth, and it was all baseball's fault. Scrutiny was on everything in baseball, the players enormous salaries, ticket prices, and the slow pace of the game. However, baseball is on its way back. Last year the New York Yankees won the World Series, and I believe that focused people back on the game of baseball. This fall's postseason is looking to be better than last year's.

Fall is a time of change. It's the time of year when trees lose their green and don beautiful shades of red, orange and yellow. It's the time of year when people put away their summer clothing and pull out their flannels and jeans. It's also when baseball is transformed from a boring sport into an exiting game. In September the pennant race heats up, and an awakening happens among major league baseball teams.

Baseball seemed to have fallen into a monotonous rut. The game progresses through three seasons unlike any other professional sport: spring training, followed by a long summer season and for the elite teams, October. I understand how someone could lose a interest. Two teams play each other three or four times in a four to five day span. Again, unlike any other professional sport. However this season has been exiting to watch. A couple of weeks ago Mike Piazza of the LA Dodgers became the second person to hit the ball out of Dodger stadium, the Atlanta Braves became the first team to win six consecutive division titles and Mark McGuire and Ken Griffey Jr. had a glorious run for Roger Maris' home run record of 61.

Baseball was America's pastime. Then it was America's last time. Now it has become America's sometimes. If their was ever a time when you played baseball or just enjoyed watching the game, give it a chance again. It's fixing to be a great postseason this year!

FEELING SOME PRESSURE?

You're in college now and should know how to study - right? That's what many of you believe as you struggle through your reading, writing, and research assignments. The bad news is that if you have never learned *how* to learn, your academic assignments can be difficult and frustrating. The GOOD NEWS is that there is help available.

The STEP Center is providing study skills workshops designed to help you overcome your particular obstacle(s).

Each week a new topic is offered at two different times -
Wednesdays * 4:00 and Thursday * 3:30
in the STEP Learning Center
choose which time suits you best and come to one, some, or all - it's your choice.

October 1st * 3:30 or October 2nd * 4:00

- **Learning to Learn**

Do you feel like you are spinning your wheels, using a lot of effort, but not going very far? In this section you will learn about, identify, and tap into your learning abilities and master your weaknesses.

October 8th * 3:30 or October 9th * 4:00

- **Organization and Time Management**

Explore how you use your time and learn ways to do what you want, need, and have to do.

October 22nd * 3:30 or October 23rd * 4:00

- **Notetaking**

Writing too much or not enough? This workshop helps you determine what is note worthy. You will also learn techniques to stay tuned in to the lecture and take notes without getting lost.

October 29th * 3:30 or October 30th * 4:00

- **Reading Comprehension**

In this section you'll learn how to keep from reading the same passage again and again without understanding it. It is certainly for those of you who are reading a lot, but understanding and enjoying it less.

November 5th * 3:30 or November 6th * 4:00

- **Concentration**

TV. Telephone. Stereo. Room mates. Look at ways to help you deal with life's distractions when you absolutely, positively have to study.

November 12th * 3:30 or November 13th * 4:00

- **Study systems**

How to create a "user friendly" textbook. You pay a lot to own your books. This workshop shows you ways to make *them* work for you.

November 19th * 3:30 or November 20th * 4:00

- **Memory - How we remember; why we forget.**

This module looks at the memory process and how to tap into memory and recall strengthening methods.

December 3rd * 3:30 or November 4th * 4:00

- **Test Taking Strategies**

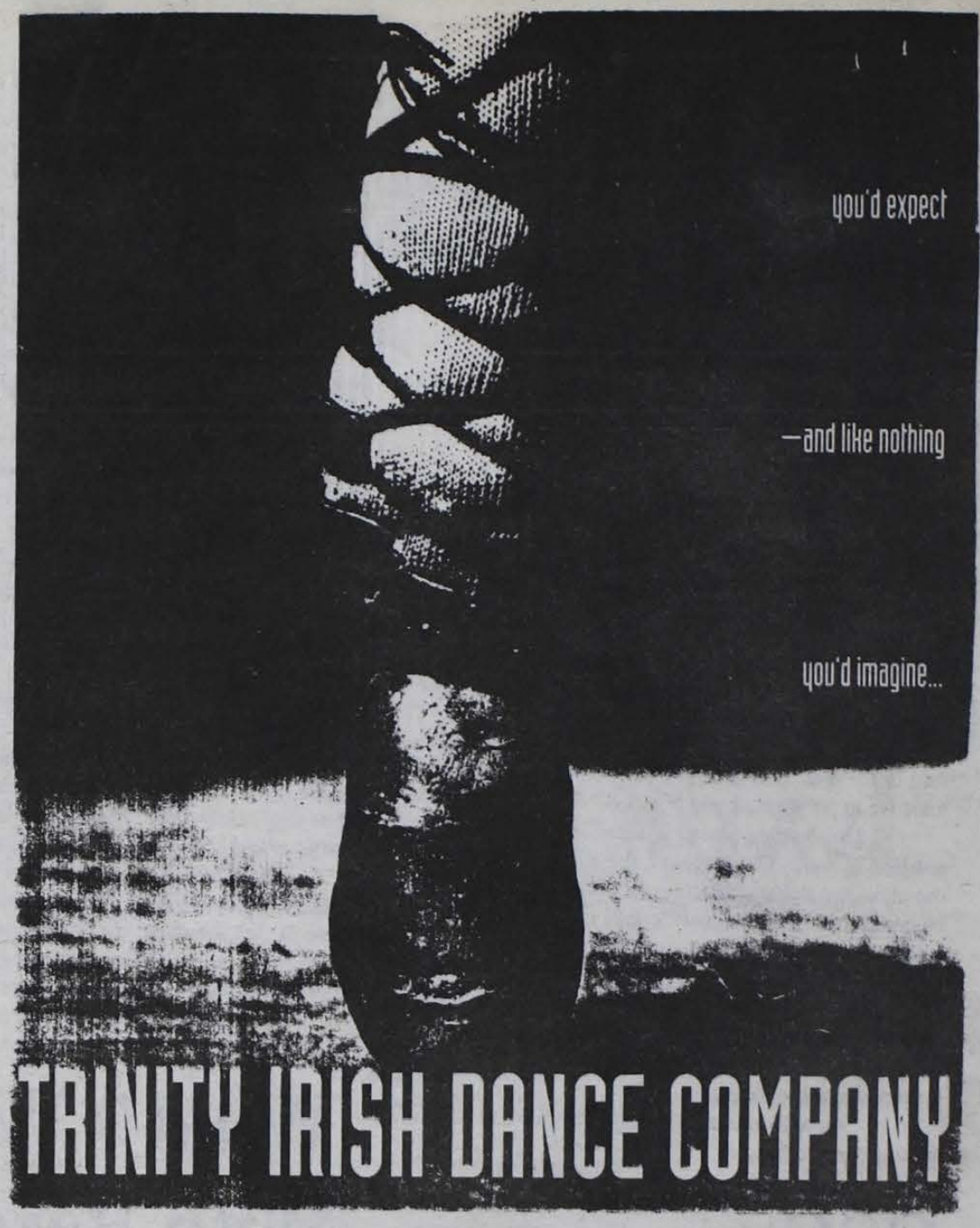
This session is not magic, but it sure helps. Learn strategies to optimize your ability to take Objective exams: (multiple choice or true and false) and Subjective exams: (essay or short answer).

December 10th * 3:30 or December 11th * 4:00

- **How to overcome "test anxiety!**

Have you ever finished an exam, got out of the class room then "remembered" the answer? This workshop is for those of you who know the answers but *Choke* during tests.

For any questions stop in at the STEP Center or call:
Sandra Morris - STEP Academic Counselor
*468-1340



Castleton State College
Fine Arts Center
Friday, October 3, 1997 8:00 PM
Adults $20, Under 18 $12 Box Office: (802) 468-1119

GROUNDINGS
As she opens her box (of) she finds... She storms (or flies) to a higher authority...
She confronts Professor Winkleface...
NEXT TIME! BATTLE THE BUSINESS OFFICE!

The Cairn

Cairn Staff

Exposed

by Fionan Harvey
Contributing Writer

It has been revieled that the editors of Castletons school paper are in fact inbusals. They cant spell, they can't right, and one of them can't even read.

The investigation began when dr. Jamey Hecht, in the spirit of Martin Luther and his 99 thesis, boldly taped the October 4th issue of the Cairn to the Levenworth wall. "they made me look like an idiot" declaired Hecht as he hung the paper, drowning in blue correction ink, for all to see. The message he sent was a clear one - irresponsible journalism will not be tolerated at CSC.

Elizabeth True, the director of resodence life at Castleton took up the fight. Taking the time out her overwealmingly busy schedule, True managed to find every copy error (well, she did miss a couple but whose counting) in the paper and pass it on to the Cairn staff. True even found the time to call the Cairn's copy editor, Linnea Spellman, at home and berate her. "i was genuenly touched by her insulting tones" said Linnea. "if only Castleton had more people who liked to complain..."

The students agree. "What the hell are these articles about anyway" declared one castleton student. "I'm sorry, but the spice girls rule". "And what the hell is with the Communist articles and the lesbian poetry? Bring back the articles on Hueden hall being renovated...thats the stuff we should be hearing about".

This reporter took the time to sit in on a Cairn meeting to see exactly what the hell is going on down there. The following is a summary of the events that transcribed.

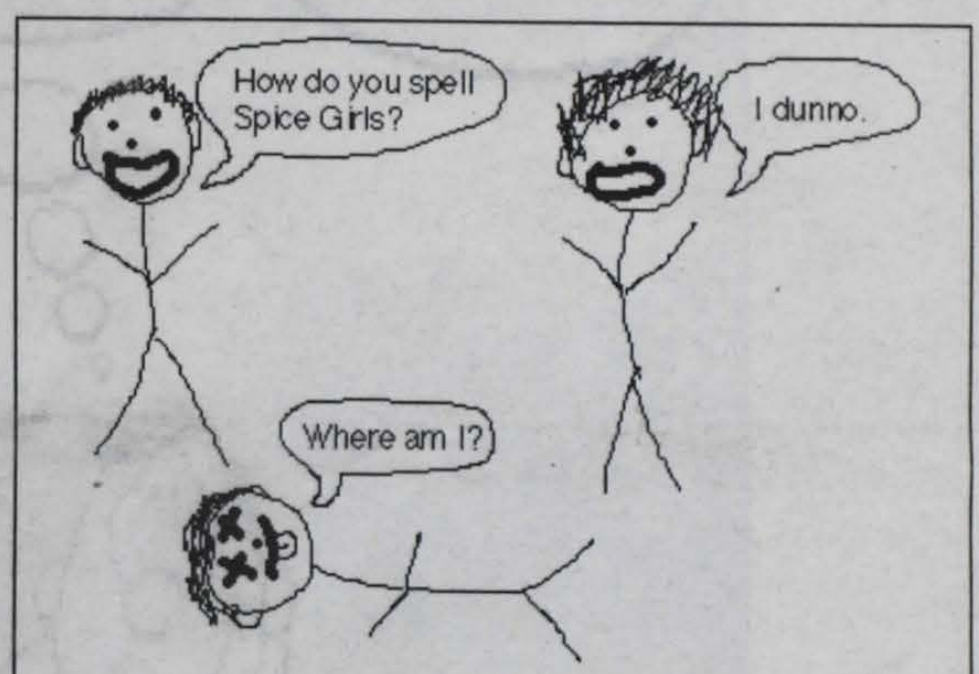
12:30 - The editor, Dave Mance, calls the meeting to order (it's obvious he's quite upset). "you guys is so stupid and stuff, and you cant do tings right and da paper is..is...not good at spelin and writin or nothing!"

The room is silent as the staff stares blankly back at him. The assistant editor, Jess Bullock is weeping openly. "We suck we suck we suck we suck" she screams out, wallowing in the all to unpleasant irony of the moment.

The door sudenly flies open and in walks staff writer Greg McGannon, late again, reaking of body oder and the spicy smell of hard liquor. Mumbling something incoherant, he burps, spits, and passes out on the layout table. It is indeed a sorry sight.

The meeting continues in this same disheveled, embarassing manner. Staff writer Greg Mack steals McGannons half empty bottle and passes it around. Duncan simmons and Dan hunt wise crack in the corner, Tara Rodin, Erin Mcgann, Andrew Buck and Noel Webster share a loose joint and giggle at the Chaos. A fight breaks out between Eric Butler and Linnea Spellman, Kristin Walters and Alison Morse soon join the fray. I don't know what it was about, and frankly, i don't want to stick around and find out. I quickly duck out of the room and run, the sound of breaking glass and the lingering fumes of hashish following me all the way home.

I don't know what the rest of the staff is like, but i know the Cairn is in trouble. God bless those at castleton who would see the paper changed. Thank you Dr. Hecht and Liz True. Thank you everyone who has cried out and voiced your opinion on this scam that is the Cairn. Let's get this paper headed in the proper direction.



Meanwhile, at the Cairn Office...

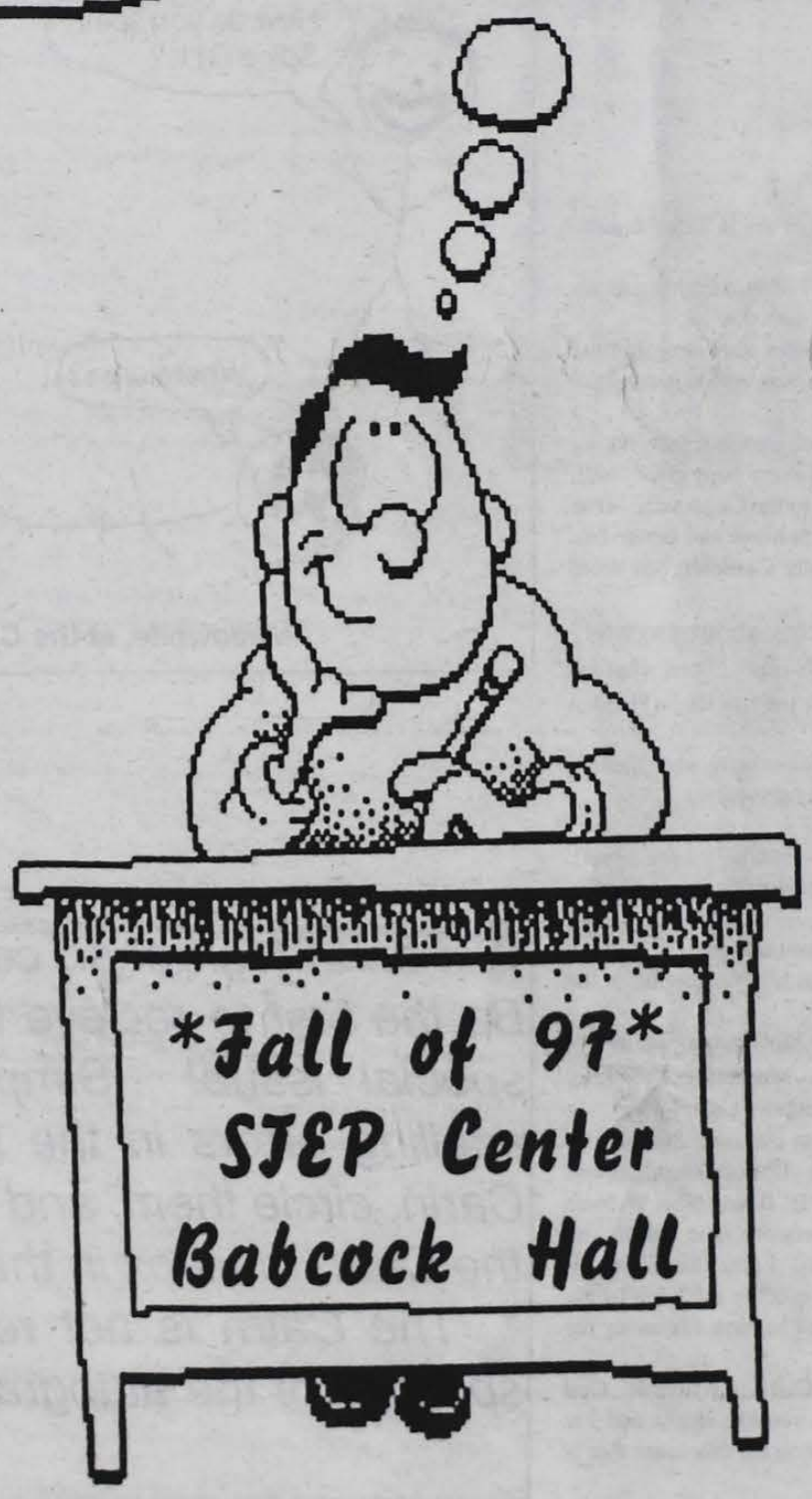
*Win an autographed copy of the Cairn! * Be the first to recieve this limited edition, special issue! Simply find the most spelling errors in the latest issue of the Carin, circle them, and return the paper to the Cairn mailbox in the student life office. * The Cairn is not responsible for mis-spelings of the autographes.*

Writing Clinic

Monday -Thursday 8:00am - 9:00pm
Friday 8:00 am - 3:00 pm

Math Clinic

Monday 6:00-9:00pm
Tuesday 12:00 - 2:00pm (no statistics)
Wednesday 12:00 - 3:00pm
Thursday 5:00 - 8:00pm



The Cairn

Vol. XXXXIII | Castleton State College, Castleton, VT 05735 | October 24, 1997

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The Cairn is Castleton State College's only student newspaper. It is published six times a semester entirely by students who are solely responsible for its content.

Questions, comments, and letters to the editor are encouraged. All letters must be receieved by the deadline date to be included in the next issue; all letters must be signed, but names can be witheld by request. We reserve the right to edit letters if deemed necessary by the Editor-in Chief.

The Cairn
Castleton State College
Castleton, VT 05735
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From the Editor's Desk...

Hey! Did you see the snow? Wednesday morning around ten...God, is it already winter? Snotsickle sneezy, blustery breezy, Jack Frost nippin' at your trusty flask cold. I took a walk outside to see our cover photo sundrop - dead mountains framing the ol' atom smashing blaster furnace - it's still up there...it's still blazing away, but there's just no heat! It's like summer pornography, beautiful as all hell but not real, see? Like a picture, serene but sureal....I can't help but get a little scared.

Late autumn/early winter is one big long Halloween. The artists smile at its beauty, the beer drinkers toast it at the festivals, the hikers celebrate it in the fields. All fun, all clean, but yet, as the brown leaves spiral lifelessly from the barren branches, the beauty of death fades...leaving only death. Too powerful to be appreciated, I think.

Honestly, I think it's the change that frightens me the most about autumn. People fear change, and the bone chilling winter. "October...where kingdoms rise and kingdoms fall...but we go on..."

Anyway, it's here so we may as well make the most of it. Our advice on the best way to beat the cold would be to curl up with the latest issue of The Cairn. Lose yourself in the glow of the philosophical waxings ("To speak from the heart is to reveal the heart, and to reveal the heart is to invite exposure of things propriety endeavors to shame into silent subjection", pg. 5), burn up the town on the 31st by planning your very own Castleton themed Halloween costume with a little help from Tabby Katz (pg. 12). or just relax to the steamy cynicism of Ducan Simmons (pg. 5). For better or for worse, here it is...issue number 3... ready for your consumption. Enjoy it, friends and remember, when you're done, you can always burn it to keep warm.

Dear Editor:

Gay pride– fine. Don't shove it in my face , that's all I ask. We know you are out there. Just leave us alone. I understand you feelings, but, I am not gay so I guess I don't get it. All the slogans tried for taste and tact, except for one that said, "what do heterosexuals do in bed?" Same as you. Sleep, dream, thrive, grow. We heterosexuals make the children. So there.

Scandal! No, for the last time, I am not in a league with the professors to destroy Castleton. Whoever said this is insane. Just because me and an English professor write a complaint or two means nothing. I don't know him from Adam. He has no idea who I am. I wish this stupid rumor would stop. Why would I team up with a professor? They obviously know more than we do – they teach the classes. Anyway, I found it entertaining.

When it comes to the crunch, is it my fault? I don't scream in my dorm. I don't litter all over the place Yet people single me out to complain that I'm "mean and heartless." Whatever. Stop bothering me! All I have is an opinion, and if you don't like it, write your own damned letter!

T.L.Girardi

Dear Editor:

The One in Ten Group had a terrific idea that would make the campus aware of the gay community here at CSC, but they took their idea one step too far for this student. The caption "A Queer Sat Here" with an arrow pointing to the Susan A. Litchfield Memorial Bench left a bad impression. The particular bench that was chosen happens to be a memorial to a student who passed away less than a year ago. There was a complete lack of respect shown for this individual and for those who knew her. There are several other benches around campus that have no meaning attached to them, so why didn't you guys choose one of them?

I am sure I was not the only student on campus who had a negative experience with the One in Ten Groups "remarks" spread all over campus. I am not afraid to tell the individuals responsible for the remarks how much their one simple phrase hurt me. The incident left me with a very poor impression of the One in Ten Group. If the members of this group are looking for support from the campus community, they need to show a little respect first.

The Susan A. Litchfield Memorial Bench serves a purpose on this campus. It is there so that those of us who knew Susan can remember her every time we pass by. It is not there for groups around campus to raise pity for themselves. The next time any group plans an activity of this kind, please remember that there are other people that deserve the respect you are asking for.

Heather R. Alex

Anyone interested in joining or contributing to The Cairn is welcome to attend our meetings held Thursdays at 12:30 in the Campus Center Music Room.

Did you know THE BUS schedule has changed? THE BUS now services Castleton State College at night (free with a college ID). Pick up a schedule in the Student Life Office, located in the Campus Center.

It's The Greatest Country in the World but . . . I have Complaints!

by Duncan Simmons
Staff Writer

This purpose of this article is to ridicule anyone and everyone. We are all guilty of political incorrectness and our individual weaknesses must be exposed. Exhale, and someone will take offense! This generation of ours will inherit the world; therefore, it is important to examine the state of our society. Business, politics, religion, celebrities, and the weather are thrown into the tabloid news' cultural garbage can. Now that the Baby Boomers have switched to pharmaceutical drugs, we should examine exactly what they have bequeathed us and who will inherit their divided America. Thus I have complaints. . .

MTV– I begin with music television to hopefully gain the attention of my fellow brain-dead Generation Xers who believe this network chronicles the "real world." Speaking of "The Real World," which attempts to mimic a bad day of soaps . . . It sucks! I don't think it would be possible to round up a bigger group of immature crybabies if one tried. The disgusting reality is, you probably could do so in any town in the United States. Every group has a "Puck" which saddens me to no end because people liked him. His ridiculously childish antics are responsible for the Generation X "slacker label" our elders have so legitimately placed on us. Turn the channel you say– I do, but when the TV is off these people are still everywhere. The current era of youth is not desperately searching for individuality they refuse to conform to even the most logical societal guidelines. Tattoos, dyed hair and piercing are fine but they are no basis for social evaluation. By all means mutilate yourself, but understand that people got them in the first place because it was a statement, not a trend. The great problem now is that broken and divorced parents are good reasons to remain jobless while living at home until your thirties. All of us have our own particular disorder or personal gripe with the rest of the world; generally because Mom or Dad either bought you the gun themselves, or gave you the credit card which enabled you to get more material goods that can be liquefied for drugs or the personal arsenal you feel is necessary to walk down the street in broad daylight. The slogan "Do you know where your kids are?" has turned into "Do you know where your parents are?" There are very few worthwhile causes left; that thing called the '60s (some of us think were still in) took care of most problems. One must discriminate and choose carefully when injustice rears its ugly head. Every stupid thing you do is not "EXTREME," it's usually just your own little quest for attention. Rebel against hypocrisy! Know why your MTV host yells rock the vote while promoting ignorance with shallow dating games and Mike Judge creations. Beavis and Butt Head mock you, they are supposed to be dumb because we are. Kids were not supposed to like them because they can relate; they were certainly supposed to laugh at them not with them. Seriously– I like Spring break and scantily clad women as much as the next guy, but there's more to our generation than that. We already have plenty of (Ricki Lake) talk shows hosted by people more ignorant than their guests. Wake up and stop having children with gang members!

Republicans– The Republican-controlled House of Representatives still refuses to raise the minimum wage, while the wealthy businessmen of the United States incessantly whine about welfare moms sucking $200 a month from taxpayers. Guess what? That huge corporation or conglomerate down the street gets three times as much. McDonalds got more than a billion dollars in corporate welfare to promote chicken nuggets in foreign countries. (*Conglomerate*- using a geological term pertaining to rocks is fitting when discussing the mentality of wealthy businessmen and Republicans) Too bad they couldn't conglomerate a few good brain cells to create one actual worthwhile thought which might consist of something aside from the rising price of a Mercedes. Corporate welfare is a joke! Could the hungry family down the block receive a welfare check if their family income was $200,000 a year? Of course not, we would be appalled. McDonalds is not a struggling company. "Fifty billion served" should be 50 billion stolen from the taxpayers of America. Are you as sick as I am of the campaign-finance debate? Clinton might be a clown but he has been no more crooked than any other politician today, or in the past, except maybe a little in the pants. The Conservatives are running out of faults to find with the president. White Water, Paula Jones and campaign contributions are the result of stuffy right wingers who refuse to believe there's been a democrat in office for eight years; meanwhile the rest of us agree that maybe the country is doing better than the last 12 years of Reaganomics when education took a back seat to S.T.A.R. W.A.R.S. and the already dead "cold war." It took $3 trillion for our

continued on page 9

How It Looks From Here

Nancy Smolke
Contributing Writer

I arrived a full half-hour earlier than the scheduled viewing of the body. Mr. Thornberg met me at the door with thermostatically controlled warmth. I stepped into the foyer and told him I was family. "Family, yes, of course, family," he said nodding and smiling, rubbing his hands rhythmically before me. I could see the funeral home's "display" casket set up in the adjoining room. The mortician blocked a good view of the figure within. I waited for him to welcome me further. He only smiled and wrung his hands. "I'm his daughter," I whispered, pointing past him to the object of my visit. "Daughter, yes, of course, daughter," he muttered smiling and nodding. "Could I possibly see him?" I asked directly. As if on cue, my reluctant hovering host waived his hands in a modified Vanna White, led me ceremoniously to the casket's side, and vanished.

My father lay very still. He looked dead. I watched the eyelids for a tell-tale movement or the orb beneath. Nothing. When my father slept you could count his heartbeats by watching the pulse in the arteries of his neck. Nothing. I examined his chest for the rise and fall. Again, nothing. As I say, he looked dead. But one could never be too sure. I knew what I had to do.

It didn't come easily for me. I'm not a deviant. In fact, I felt, after hours of internal debate, that I would be strange if I didn't do it; even stupid. Regardless, it was futile to fight the impulse. My fearful regard for this monster did not arise from the complex meandering of intellectual thought. It lived elsewhere, lower, in an unseen receded primordial self, hell-bent on survival.

On the cuff of my coat sleeve I had fastened a large, very sharp hat pin. I withdrew it, took one long breath and jabbed the diviners rod into the arm of my lifelong adversary. Nothing. No wincing. No grimace of pain. I saw no flicker of remorse for the sad yet necessary deed now done. He was dead.

I wrote this to make a point (no pun intended). Invariably, when I write, especially on "touchy" subjects like death, divorce, depression, or despair someone feels obliged to caution me. I shouldn't be so frank about my own life. I need to go easy, to lighten up, to back off, to water down, to enter the silence of the damned. They mean well. They have my best interests in mind. To speak from the heart is to reveal the heart, and to reveal the heart is to invite exposure of things propriety endeavors to shame into silent subjection.

"If you stare into the abyss," wrote Nietzshe, "it will stare back at you." Hell is like that. My grandma used to say life was hell, the dismal abyss where the only sound to break the silence is the brittle snapping of the will. Grandma knew. She lived and died with silence and secrets, drowning herself in a barrel of booze. I asked her once to tell me why she viewed life in such a dismal way. "It ain't the hell of life that's the problem," she said. "It's the silence that comes when you try to put words in it's mouth."

"This is the secret delight, the security of hell," the devil says in Dr. Faustus, "that is not to be informed on, that it is protected from speech, that it cannot be made public . . . Soundlessness, forgetfulness, hopelessness . . . Here everything leaves off . . ."

The hell of hell is the inability to express the hell of hell; to "put words in it's mouth," as grandma said.

Writing as I do is not an option. It's not a good idea or a creative out. It is an inevitable necessity. It wakes me up at night. It pounds itself out onto the page. Others so possessed understand what I mean. There is a point where the prophet says, "If these were silent, the very stones would cry out." Sometimes you must speak up, even if it is considered subversive, unpleasant, or incriminating.

We saw this phenomenon two weeks ago when the "one in ten crowd," the gay community of Castleton State College took chalk in hand and assaulted our sacred sidewalks with their questions, their slogans, their hearts intent. I did not see the authors. It is not safe for authors of such work to be seen. Like ghosts they descended to their task out of the fundamental human necessity to "speak a word in season." To do otherwise is unthinkable, it is hell itself.

We all need to say our piece, but whose to say an introduction, like the one I provided, is helpful? Granted, there aren't a whole lot of people who have jabbed their father's corpse with a hat pin, but i'll wager there remains a good reason to hear of it. Stop to consider the vast number of walking wounded who do nothing more notable than continue to survive the past and present atrocities of everyday life. They need to hear it. We all need to know that human suffering, our own suffering, is not unique. It did not begin, nor will it end with us. But there are other reasons for the hearing of such tales.

The first time I read Elie Wiesel's horrendous account of his life in a Nazi concentration camp I was grateful he survived to tell it. I was sure all those who heard him felt the same. I was wrong. What makes us turn a deaf, and at times, a defensive ear?

When my younger brother lay dying his friends were reluctant to visit. "They're afraid," he said. "They're afraid they will feel too much." You cannot walk the corri-

Continued on page 11

NEW ENGLAND MOUNTAIN BIKE FESTIVAL RIDES OFF INTO THE SUNSET

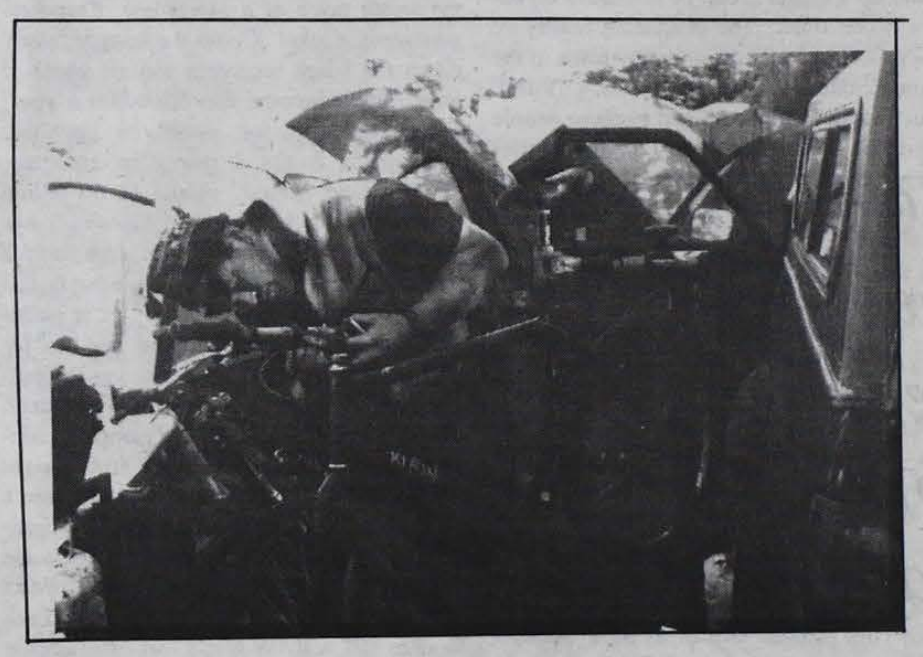
by Gregory T. McGannon
Staff Writer

So the 3rd annual New England Mountain Bike Festival has come and gone, and all that is left are the memories. This year's event took place from September 26 to 28 and brought an estimated 3,000 participants and spectators to Randolph, Vermont during a weekend foliage explosion. For the first time in the history of the festival, there was sunshine and clear skies throughout the weekend. The weather made the weekend perfect for camping and biking. The bike festival was attended by a wide variety of mountain bikers, bike company representatives and other companies that are interested in the sport of mountain biking. Power Bar, Bicycling Magazine, Metro Sports Magazine and, most importantly, Lowrider Promotions, who organize and sponsor the event.

Throughout the weekend, there were group rides, clinics from the professionals, mountain bike oriented games for the young-at-heart, and even non-biking activities such as hikes, photography lessons and live music. All of these activities were optional, but there is so much to do, one could not dare complain about boredom! There are hot showers and bathrooms of course, as well as food vendors and community grills for the campers. The cost was 55 dollars to camp the whole weekend. The price included camping fees, the facilities, clinics and use of the trails. There were daily admission prices for those who did not wish to camp.

I have now attended the past two festivals and it was clear to me that it has grown tremendously. From conversations with friends and people who have attended every year, I would say the event has grown by almost 1,000 people annually. This is all fine and dandy for the fun and entertainment of the sports enthusiast, but the influx of people could cause significant damage to the trails. This is where the White River Valley Trails Association comes in. The WRTVA was founded in 1994 by a few local riders. It's purpose is to see the natural landscape and recreational trail access preserved for the future. They are responsible for trail development, maintenance, mapping and general information, as well as education and advocacy concerning these trails. The organization sets up shop right in the middle of the festival and picks up a good number of people every year due to the festival alone.

Looking back to when the WRVTA was founded, it is amazing now to see the amount of interest that has exploded in the mountain bike industry. The sport of mountain biking is speeding down a huge hill to success, and I don't think that it's going to brake anytime soon.



Poet's Pulpit

-Intuition-

king of romance
king of sin
is peace, love and murder
a moveable beast
call of the wired
death to the tempest
and man acting
as word warriors
alone
a child of fortune
burning bridges
at the twilight hour
another fantastic voyage
with too many tears
just the way it is
like medicine
for the bitter bottom
remembering ride
fire and dismay
so soulful drifters try this
a lazy eye sly move
after getting a grip
willing and able
going for the gold
down crowded unearthly nowhere roads
inches outside your intimate zone
you'll be surprised what you're capable of

-EricButler
10/16/97

Arson

I see;
my nuclear orange reflection in the vast dark sky.
My head steaming steadily with building pressure;
my once clear eyes stained black with hot pollutants.
My old skeleton scorching to a grim ashy decay;
my matrix of veins bleeding blue jumping sparks.
My insides melting with organs charred and lifeless;
my historical body vanished from its lifetime home.
My image now a smoky cloud in a spiritual dream;
my murder so senseless with a needless quick death.
My cowardly killer viewing the news safely from afar;
my remains only a soaking cold and wet watery grave.
I see;
an empty gas can, a book of matches, and ignorance.

-Duncan Simmons

jessica-

She appeared like a crimson flower
I her love, she my dove
we made some love then took a shower
High above, then a snub

She broke my heart the heartless wench
like stripping a bolt with a monkey wrench
now what else can i do but write
hoping someday to get it right
but all we seem to do is fight
every day and every night

Angel I'm sorry, Angel I'm stupid
you be my heart and I'll be your Cupid
Remember me honey remember our love
sent down from heaven, high high above
i love you I Love You I LOVE YOU
my love

- Fionan Harvey

The Cairn encourages all forms of free expression. Submit all work to The Cairn mailbox in the Campus Center.

American Collegiate Poets Anthology

International Publications

is sponsoring a

National College Poetry Contest

–Fall Concours 1997

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1. Any student is eligible to submit his or her verse.
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3. All entries must be typed, double-spaced, on one side of the page only. Each poem must be on a separate sheet and must bear, in the upper left-hand corner, the NAME and ADDRESS of the student as well as the COLLEGE attended. Put name and address on envelope also!
4. There are no restrictions on form or theme. Length of poems up to fourteen lines. Each poem must have a separate title. (Avoid "Untitled"!) Small black and white illustrations welcome.
5. The judges' decision will be final. No info by phone!
6. Entrants should keep a copy of all entries as they cannot be returned. Prize winners and all authors awarded publication will receive a gold-seal certificate ten days after the deadline. I.P. will retain one-time publication rights for accepted poems. Foreign language poems welcome.
7. There is an initial $3 registration fee for the first entry and a fee of one dollar for each additional poem.
8. All entries must be postmarked not later than the above deadline and fees be paid, cash, check or money order, to:

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THE HOLY WARS
Hecht vs Morgan

Jamie Hecht

Dear Editor,

I write to register my personal and professional anger at the uses to which Frank Morgan put his acceptance as a speaker in Castleton's Soundings program. This is an academic institution, and the vexing question of whether that acceptance should have been granted in the first place, I leave to the discretion of the appropriate committee. The manner and the matter of Professor Morgan's presentation before 100-odd undergraduates is the object of this letter's dissent. The particular points of my professional disagreement are the following:

1. Moral objections (religious or otherwise) to the actions of the state, are not at all unique to the Christian or the Jewish traditions. In fact, they can be found all over the Ancient world, e.g. in the Greek Iliad (Calchas' opposition to Agamemnon's enslavement of his daughter is a religious objection to state violence, an objection made in the name of the god Apollo). Greek liberty wins out over Persian despotism again and again in Herodotus and the Aeschylus.

2. The notion that moral action is not possible "on the basis of conformity with belief" is alarmingly naive. As I pointed out in the Q & A period, Christian violence over the centuries is characterized by a happy harmony between belief and action no matter how cruel and macabre the action may be (the Crusades, the Inquisition, the Expulsion of the Jews from Spain, the Salem witch trials, not to mention centuries of exclusively Christian inter-sectarian violence) because the texts which articulate the beliefs in question can be read in a staggering variety of ways. This multiplicity of arguable interpretations of a particular text is the central, salient reality of the adult world, acceptance of which is so painful to adolescents throughout life and literature, including for instance, Hamlet. It is what King Lear has forgotten and what would have saved Othello. It is the ineradicable human condition, which fundamentalism and Fascism alike lack ears to hear.

3. The appeal to principles omits decency and fellow-feeling as sources of moral action.

4. There is no "law of magnanimity." Magnanimity is an Elizabethan translation of Aristotle's term **megalophrosune,** "great-souledness" or "great-mindedness." This quality is the peculiar estate of those rare persons whose goodness stems not from principles public or private, but from an excellence which inheres in the singular nature of this or that unique human being. It should be clear that the attempt to reduce Aristotle's **megalophrosune**—- which applied to prodigies like Oedipus and Themistocles —— to a "law" for all to follow, is an absurdity. The illusion that the phrase "law of magnanimity" means anything, can only be perpetrated if nobody's done the reading.

5. Fascism is the product of conformity to a socially shared, particularistic outlook and the shaming and exclusion —- followed by the violent repression —- of dissent. It represents a reaction against the university of Enlightenment documents like French Revolutions Declaration of the Rights of Man, and an embracing of the communally shared, particular form of life, articulated in the 1930's and 1940's as nationalism (e.g. "Germaness,") though religious fundamentalism of one kind or another frequently achieves similar results.

6. The Holocaust, on the contrary, was the result of the combination of this exclusive commitment to nationalism with (1) the adoption (throughout Europe, but especially in France, Holland, Switzerland, and Germany) in popular culture, political discourse, and in state policy —— of enthusiastically racist and eugenic theories of anthropology in the century leading up to the Second World War; (2) the retirement of private conscience and the risks of decent impulse in the face of a shared, communal notion of right, untested by intellectual candor or emotional fellow-feeling. This was itself both the product and the source of (3) a bureaucratically organized, top-down system of social repression, slavery, and murder in which the claims of participation in a rigidly but perversely principled polity (whose rhetoric blended terms we like so much, such as "rectitude" and "justice" with terms we

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Frank Morgan

Dear Editor,

I would like to thank Jamie Hecht for his frankly stated reaction to my Soundings talk, "Making Sense of Moral Excellence," in the last issue of the Cairn. I appreciate his concern that we not oversimplify a complex aspect of human life and experience. As I said in my introduction — I have no formula. My intent was to spark thought and conversation about morality and the quality of life at Castleton. I continue to put my cards on the table, and invite conversation.

I am certainly not a spokesman for the institutional forms of nominal Christianity that have appeared as dysfunctional or violent forces on the pages of history. I agree with Dr. Hecht's judgement of these and appreciate the apology of leaders of various denominations that have continuity back to times of violence. The Red Cross today issued an apology for its shortcomings during the Holocaust. These apologies will help us remember the lessons of history and help us appreciate the strength of our tradition of religious freedom — freedom that makes our country attractive in a world where religious violence and suppression are stilldangerous facts of life.

A balanced study of Christian history is a complex topic. My personal inspiration in Christian history is with such dissenters as Roger Williams, Jan Comenius, the Waldensians and goes back to the early church which was rooted in the Jewish faith communities as described by the prophet Malachi. The disciples of Jesus were first called Christ-i-ans in Antioch, where one of the first multi-ethnic faith communities was practicing the early church creed — "There is neither Jew nor Greek, neither slave nor free, neither male nor female; for you are all one in Christ Jesus." Given the history of the human race as one of violence and warfare, I can easily believe that the providence of God was behind this movement. I am a member of a faith community that hopes to take the best fromall enominations, and to learn the lessons of history from all people groups and languages. Am I a fundamentalist? I think not. But I am a radically Biblical follower of Jesus. That is, the essence of my belief involves right relationship to the personal-infinite Creator who is revealed in the Bible. I think that all knowledge depends on religious belief, but it will take another article to explain how theory-making is religiously controlled. Meanwhile I object to the common practice of using fundamentalism as a sweeping label in a prejudicial way. I know many fundamentalists, and the great majority of them happen to be decent, thoughtful, thinking people with about the same proportions of flaws and foibles as the rest of us mortals. They too may try to persuade, but arenot allowed to impose.

As a mathematician, I try to practice clarity and logical thinking. I use inductive methods in my Bible study. History is a great drama designed to reveal truth. Being a theist does not excuse me from the necessity for critical thinking, and for the comprehensiveness of my theories. And I would never expect or want anyone to accept my beliefs without his or her own search for truth. That process cannot be short-circuited. Integrity requires me to reveal my presuppositions.

Academic freedom allows me to voice them without fear of reprisal. Collegiality expects me to do so as kindly as possible. To articulate any belief or theory is not to impose it, but only to make it a relevant option. Silencing the voice is tantamount to remoing the option. In my view, the moral motions of every person are a reflection of theimage of a Personal God. I did not say nor imply in my Soundings talk that Christians and Jews are morally superior. In fact I listed references to moral principles from many cultures. But I did demonstrate that the Bible and Jesus' teaching and example provide a powerful basis for morality for anyone whose life is faithfully shaped by such belief. I am confident that the Biblical message has great relevance, clarity and coherence, as I illustrated in my talk with a discussion of the Hebrew prophetic tradition. In the story of Le Chambon, Andre Trocme's motivation to save lives was grounded in his understanding of the incarnation (Philip Hallie. (1979). Lest Innocent Blood be Shed. New York. Harper & Row. p. 160). I advanced the story of the White Rose as an example of moral excellencethat stood against the unimaginable power of the cultural flow that led to the evil Nazi regime and the silencing of human decency in Europe in the first half of this century.

Jamie Hecht rightly pointed out the complexity of these cultural forces. I would

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›resident to speak to the Soviets. If they did hat in the first place, we could all attend col-ege for less than ten thousand a year. We ıow have decided that the shape of the pres-dent's penis is more important than his job ıs the "leader of the free world."

Salaries- With the approach of a new mil-ennium, which peers anxiously back at us aughing and pointing, we have chosen to waste time examining the salaries of over-paid, American athletes. Maybe this should no longer be the main concern of underpaid couch lumps who sit around on Sundays drinking cheap beer in their wife-beater T-shirts screaming at an inanimate TV, like it was a person, and asking God why the sweaty men and women playing sports are paid so damn much. The women of course, are not overpaid but that is something they're used to. During the baseball strike, fans cried out "those crybabies make too much already." My answer is YES they do, and so do professional actors, doctors, lawyers, businessmen and British royalty. Professional athletes are one-in-a-million talents that destroy their bodies for a job and take cortisone to go to work. Statistically you have a better chance of being struck by lightning than becoming a professional athlete. If you want to pick on someone, blame the franchise owners for overpriced tickets and the billions they make individually. Ted Turner just donated a BILLION dollars to charity. If you can give away a billion dollars then you have way too much money. If there is ever going to be justification in the world of green backs, please let me know because the way I see it, I've got some coming my way!

Princess Diana-and Brad Pitt- I also think the Princess was a great humanitarian who died before her time in a senseless accident; however, I don't see the fascination America (the land of the free) has with royalty. We mourn her death, which is admirable, but people have gone so far as to say "she was our princess too." No, she wasn't! We fought a little battle called the Revolutionary War to rid ourselves of people who feel that they have superior blood lines. If you look at Prince Charles from closer than a hundred yards you'll see that being born into royalty means nothing. We idolize people for the wrong reasons. Princess Diana should have been worshipped for the same reasons Mother Teresa was– she helped people less fortunate than herself. This is a thankless task that has no economic value and most of the time, only the rich can afford to do it anyway. I would give a billion to charity too if I had a BILLION to throw around. Look at what we pay social workers and teachers: nothing, for the most important jobs in our twisted society. We would rather give Brad Pitt $20 million to do a movie he knows nothing about. Yes, I pick on him because the women love him, but he repeatedly proves he's a meathead. In his latest attempt at acting he played a character he was supposed to research, and this man was the hero of the film. After the film was made people who knew anything about the story historically were appalled that a Nazi was glorified. Pitt admitted that he didn't realized the man he portrayed was a member of the Nazi S.S. Why should he? It might require reading, or actually researching the topic of the movie you're getting paid millions to act out. This man was in pictures smiling beside Hitler. Brad said it wouldn't have changed his opinion of the film. Brad, the only thing thicker than your wallet is your head.

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have to abhor, like "racial purity" and "cleanliness") conducted responsibility away from individual actors.

My personal disagreement with the Soundings lecture has to do with the use of the Holocaust to score moral points for a Christianity that, with a few shining exceptions, demonstrated a massive failure to resist each of the two World Wars, and the German state violence whose overwhelming majority of victims were Jews. The Holocaust befell mankind, but it is also a wound of the Jewish people; as Richard Runinstein has argued in the indispensable book, The Cunning of History: The Holocaust and the American Future, it's the duty of each of us to confront this event. But that has to be done in a spirit of humility, after one has done one's homework, and after one has crossed that threshold of interpretive maturity which alone emboldens us for the realities of other people's sovereign cultural perspectives.

I, too, prefer to practice my vocation without writing this kind of thing, but if you put a hundred undergraduates in a campus building and give the speech I heard this morning, I have no choice but to write such an article.

"The action is best which procures the greatest happiness for the greatest numbers."
-Francis Hutcheson

MORGAN continued from pg. 8

note that some have argued that Hitler's policies were not inconsistent with his naturalistic beliefs including evolution as the survival of the fittest. Dietrich Bonhoeffer and the 500 German pastors who refused to buckle couldn't contrast more with the Adolf Eichmanns of the Third Reich. What we believe is vitally important. Consistency without truth, love and justice can be violent.

Academic institutions did no better than Christian ones when it came to standing up to these oppressive cultural forces. Nazi propaganda came to be taught in the University. Many had no choice but to flee. Others focused on their research and tried to wait it out while doing no personal harm. For all it was a nightmare of fog and darkness. Thank God or the shining exceptions. They restore our hope. I lift up the students of the White Rose as worthy of praise and emulation.

But what of the present? Accepting the fact of diversity, we endeavor to learn goodness from every people group and from the entire creation. But there is also violence in every culture. Tolerance has its limits, and my belief system must confront culture. I need a criteria for good and evil. Hind sight is 20-20. The big question for us is this — how will history judge the last decade of the twentieth century? We will be accountable for our choices. Can we say that no harm is being done to our children, our elderly, and the vulnerable among us? Can we say our schools are safe places? Can we say that our college life represents moral excellence? I will let you be the judge of that. I hear a few courageous voices saying out loud what everyone knows. "No, campus life is meant to be better than this." I defined moral excellence as faithfully acting according to an ethic of love and justice in the face of inconvenience, expense, or danger. In other words, it is swimming against the current to do what is right. I do not apologize for insisting that moral excellence must stand on principle and integrity. The principles are there, including that of magnanimity, if we have the diligence to seek them out. I intend to do so. Will you join me? Good hunting!

Volunteer Corner

by Michelle Merrow

The Community Service Office (x1429), located in the lower level of Adams Hall (Welless Center) offers many excellent opportunities for students. The office serves as a rescource center for students interested in volunteering on campus or in the community, coordinates off-campus work study, and coordinates the Alternative Spring Break, Big Buddies and America Reads programs.

NEW! We now have a bulletin board above the right-hand stairs near the Informal Lounge in the Campus Center with up-to-date volunteer listings and information.

Community Service Office Hours:
Tuesday 10:00 a.m. - 2:00 p.m.
Wednessday 11:00 a.m. - 1:00 p.m.
Thursday 10:00 a.m.- 2:00 a.m.

There are several community service opportunities available at the present time.

GIRL SCOUT MENTOR: Girl Scout leader is looking for a mentor for junior high aged Girl Scouts to help them with pro jects. Contact Lisa Hamilton at 770-1446 for more information.

TLAND DISMAS HOUSE is looking for volunteers and interns. The Dismas House is a house of transition for former ners. Volunteers, individually or as a group, could prepare a meal for the Dismas community and then join them for dinner.

Please look for upcoming events and opportunities in each issue of *The Cairn* as well as on the bulletin board in the Campus Center. If you are interested in hearing about more opportunities or becoming part of a CSC community service group, please call Michelle or Brooke in the Community Service Office.

"Every positive value has its price in negative terms, and you never see anything great which is not, at the same time, horrible in some respect."
-Pablo Picasso

Celtics born again, Pitino style!

by Gregory T. McGannon
Staff Writer

I am a fan of basketball. My first visual experience of a professional game involved myself, a television and the Boston Celtics. These were the glory days of the "Green and White." Celtic pride was in full effect and I even mimicked the shot of Kevin McHale and tried to drive to the hole like "Larry Legend" would. Celtics vs. Lakers, 'nuff said! When the '90s rolled into place, age, sore limbs and muscles, and retirement rolled in as well.

All five of the Celtics' starters from the glory days are retired and are coaching or in the front office, except for Robert "The Chief" Parish. He is in his 21 season in the NBA, an astonishing feat. Danny Ainge is the head coach of the Phoenix Suns, and Larry Bird is about to begin his first season as head coach of the Indiana Pacers. Dennis Johnson has been with the Celtic organization since his retirement and Kevin McHale is currently General Manager and Vice President of Basketball Operations with the Minnesota Timberwolves, and is doing a tremendous job. After these greats moved on, so did the winning. Last year the Celtics hit rock bottom with a franchise worst record of 15-67, almost pushing former dynasty coach and owner Red Auerbach into his grave. So a major change was ordered. M.L. Carr was replaced (can I get an Amen!), and Rick Pitino was named "Lord of Celtic Manor."

Rick Pitino left his beloved Kentucky Wildcats, which he brought from probation to national champions, to sign a 10 year, $70 million contract to start a new era with the Boston Celtics and bring back the pride. "Owners today want more than a coach, they want leaders, leaders who will attract free agents and whom players will want to play for," Pitino, president and head coach stated. Pitino returns to the NBA after an eight year absence. Before coaching at Kentucky, Pitino held the reins of the New York Knicks for two years, leaving the NBA with 50 wins in the Atlantic Division. He has now inherited a team with a poor work ethic and no drive to win. The only bright spot on the team last year was rookie Antoine Walker, who after a slow start, averaged 21.1 points and 9.9 rebounds after the All-Star break. He also played for Pitino at Kentucky.

What Pitino did first was clean house. He tore down the roster and held on to only six players. He went out and signed the big man that they so badly needed, center Travis Knight, who played back-up to Shaquille O'Neal on the Los Angeles Lakers. They signed him to a seven year, $22 million contract. He also pulled off the masterpiece of the 1997 NBA draft by using the "jedi mind trick." When asked who he would pick, he stated he would not select multi-talented Kentucky star Ron Mercer, his former player. With the third pick in the draft he selected point guard Chauncey Billups from Colorado. Then with the sixth pick he chose his one and only coveted player, Ron Mercer. It seems that he said he wouldn't choose Mercer so that coaches around the league would think; "If Pitino won't chose his own player, why should we?" It worked and Mercer slid right down the draft into Pitino's arms. With these new players aboard and the excellent coaching and guidance of Pitino, look for a lot of perpetual motion and full- court defense. "I got a very warm feeling about playing for coach," said incoming "Sergeant of Offense" Billups. "Coach is very demanding, but you have to be because that gets the best out of players. We've all got to learn on this team, but I can see I'm coming in on the ground floor of something really special."

Needless to say, I am once again eager to watch and follow the Boston Celtics. I never stopped watching and following, but there isn't much fun in watching your favorite team bite the big one year in and year out. Pitino is at the helm, and he's got a posse of young, eager-to-learn athletes under his wing. With the probable starting lineup average age at 22, there's no telling what the Celtics can't do. Coach Pitino put it best when he said "I want fans to have lofty expectations. I've always been a dreamer. I thought we could win a national championship at Kentucky when we were on probation. There is nothing wrong with lofty expectations. It helps you reach higher." The sky's the limit Rick, the sky's the limit.

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CSC Women's Tennis down but not out

by Gregory T. McGannon
Staff Writer

This past season has been a long one for head coach Paul Cohen and the CSC Women's tennis team. The team has dealt with academic conflicts, sickness and mid-season recruiting; yet they recently captured their third straight Mayflower Conference championship. Although 10 girls were listed on the roster, only eight were active. Six of those were regular starters, and four of them were freshman.

This year's team was virtually brand new, with the exception of two returning players. Haley Barnard returned for her second season. She is described by her coach as "a hard-working, serious competitor who constantly gives 100 percent effort on the court. She won a key match in last year's Mayflower Conference tournament that paved the way for CSC's second straight championship." Also back for a second year on the squad was co-captain Season Walrath. According to coach Cohen, "Season is a dedicated athlete very easy to coach. Her game has been steadily improving and she has handled the pressure of moving up the lineup very well." Hitting the Mayflower Conference by storm, sophomore co-captain Erica Johnson was undefeated in conference play in the number one singles and doubles position. According to Paul Cohen, "Erica is truly a complete tennis player. When she's on, she can dominate a match. Erica is quite possibly the best female tennis player we have ever had at Castleton." Holly Corringham is another rising star. "Holly is a great player to coach. She is smart and a quick learner. She is very determined to win and never gives up," Cohen said. Liza Rodgers was recruited mid-season and "was a tremendous asset to the team" coach Cohen said. "She gives 100 percent on every shot. Liza is the type of player that would dive for the ball on hard courts. She has a strong drive to win."

Rounding out the team were Christina Gill, Rebecca Teague and Heidi Bruce. Christina Gill was only able to play sporadically due to a conflicting academic schedule. According to her coach, "Christina is very comfortable with a racquet and can make virtually any type shot she wants. As she develops her footwork on the court, she will put her game up a notch higher and be extremely dangerous for any player in the conference." Rebecca Teague was caught between a bad flu spell and a conflicting class schedule, but as her coach put it; "Becky truly loves the game and has proven to be able to compete under the most adverse conditions." Heidi Bruce did not play during the regular season but provided experience, seniority and a strong game during this year's Mayflower Conference tournament which helped the team complete the trilogy of championships.

Congratulations to head coach Paul Cohen, the assistant coaches and all of the women on the team for winning the tournament and pulling through a long and successful year.

Members of the CSC Men's Rugby Club strike a pose.
-Photo by Jeremiah Sargent

How it looks...continued from page 5

ors of a cancer floor without confronting our own mortality. Nor can you here the ries of a despairing child, the wail of a ereaved parent or the anguish of those traumatized by war without sharing their experience in some way. We become traumatized with them. Here is the double-edge. We share not only suffering, but the private, intimate need to remove the cause of suffering.

This is what most refuse to experience. I have seen this denial run to the grave, even to the point of denying private tragedies. For many, pretense is preferred to facing the ugliness of life. I often wonder, though, if the real beauty they miss is facing down the fear that makes suffering so unbearable.

I heard an East-Indian folktale that spoke to this need. It went something like this:

The Spirit of the Plague passed by an old man sitting under a tree. The old man asked: "Where are you going?" The spirit replied: "To Benares, to kill one hundred people."

The Spirit walked by the old man and ravaged Benares.

Later the old man heard that ten thousand had died. Once again the Spirit passed by the old man in its return journey. With anger the old man said: "You lied. You said you would kill one hundred, but travelers tell me you slew ten thousand."

To which the Spirit of the Plague replied: "I slew but one hundred. Fear slew the rest."

Running away from that which we fear may insure that we are overtaken by far less. For those who give voice to the hell of life as well as for those who bear witness in its hearing comes the blessing. The way to prevent future atrocities is to speak the truth as life has handed it out to us and to hear the truth with an ear that knows, "There but for the grace of God, go I."

Album Review: Patti Smith's *Peace and Noise*

Dave Mance
Editor in Chief

Rock-and-Roll's original punk rocker is back with an album that howls, worries, cries, laughs and ultimately illuminates the biting black shadows of American culture with glowing light. Gone is Patti's best friend and mentor Robert Mapplethorp, her one true love and husband (former MC5 guitarist) Fred "Sonic" Smith, her influences Allen Ginsburg and William S. Burroughs, and consequently, gone is the quiet reflective Patti Smith we saw on her previous albums Dream of Life and Gone Again. What we do have is a welcome return to the spirit that established her as a '70s cultural icon.

The album Peace and Noise is dedicated to "sheriff" William S. Burroughs, a man who needs no introduction. If Burroughs is considered the Godfather of the beat movement in literature, Patti should be considered the Godmother of beat in rock-and-roll. About the time that Kerouac, Burroughs and Ginsberg were retreating out of America's spotlight, Patti took up their torch by infusing rock and roll with rawness and poetry, becoming indirectly responsible for every "alternative" song that you hear played on the radio today. On Peace and Noise you'll hear where P.J. Harvey and Ani Difranco get "it" from. You'll also hear amazingly fresh songs that, while staying true to her old school roots, push the creative envelope into the 21st century.

One such song, Spell, is a Velvet Undergroundesque saince; a whirling hypnotic ritual in which Ginsburg's spirit is evoked; his footnote to Howl narrated over the fuzz of guitarist Lenny Kaye's effects and Patti's eerie acoustic fingerpicking. A clarinet haunts the song, tangling it up in a most "holy" ultraviolet, turning tribute into requiem. If someone else had attempted this, it might have come off as hollow and disrespectful; Patti, however, pulls it off with gusto.

The rest of Peace and Noise is a constant pendulum, sometimes swinging to the ragged right as in *Death City* (a snarling song about Detroit's rust belt); sometimes swinging to the left in a heartfelt folk number about a teenage boy going out and looking for work, only to return to his starving mother tto tell her that he has found no job (*Dust Bowl*). The overall vibe of the album, like the title, is a contradiction. If I were to describe it in two words, they would be "depressingly uplifting". Yes, the songs deal with horrendous topics (the Heavens Gate suicides, the AIDS epidemic, Vietnam), but I guarantee you that after listening to it, you'll be strutting around your apartment or dorm crooning "Have you Seen Death Singing" in your best Patti howl with a smile on your face.

Patti Smith is back. Whether you've been a fan since 1975, or you've never heard of the lady, I suggest you pick up Peace and Noise. My advice to you would be to start the album on track 9, *Memento Mori*, as this ten minute studio improve is essential Patti. You die hards will be treated to the Patti Smith you remember from Horses's *Land* (same fat bass line, same lyrical references to Johnny), and you novices will be introduced to a rage like you've never heard, and a voice you will never forget.

Movie Review: *The Ice Storm*

Eric Butler
Staff Writer

Don't be fooled by the title "The Ice Storm," it's not another film directly about the power of nature like that of the special effects, pyrotechnical wizardry blockbuster "Twister." This one allows you to look deep into a shady entanglement between two sexually promiscuous well-to-do families.

The setting is the rather placid Connecticut town of New Canaan during the Nixon years of the swinging 70's – or at least that's what channel E! labeled the decade on its educational program about the sexual revolution inside Hugh Hefner's mansion which I viewed over vacation. Back to the film, Kevin Kline plays the father, Ben who is married to Elana (Joan Allen), and apparently their marriage counseling along with two children can't keep Ben from quitting his secret affair with neighbor Jenie Carber (Sigourney Weaver), who is married with two sons. To make matters worse, Ben's daughter Wendy (Christina Ricci) can't resist temptation and exploration while juggling love and emotions with Jenie's two kids, one played by teen-hearthrob Elijah Wood. As New Zealand's OMC would say, "How Bizarre!" Hell, even the Reverend Edwards tries his best pick up lines on Elana throughout the film, but Elana ends up sleeping with Jenie's husband after the cocktail "key" party. To be honest, the only sane charicter, if there are any in the film, is Ben and Elana's son Paul, a sharp-minded, 16-year-old virgin, college student who miraculously mends his parents failing marriage unknowingly when he arrives into town on a late train from NYC.

Anyway, I'll leave you here and encourage you to try to understand the symbolic importance of the overall scheme of the film. This film "The Ice Storm" received the award in the prestigious 1997 Cannes Film Festival and is based on a novel by Rick Moody, hence the film's "dark ironic mood" with no pun intended. The director of "Sense and Sensibility," Ang Lee, does a fine job on this two-hour-plus drama. The acting is brilliant and Elijah Wood's eyes are intense, which in fact sums up "The Ice Storm." It's no wonder this film got three and a half stars however, I believe it deserved a solid four. See you next issue.

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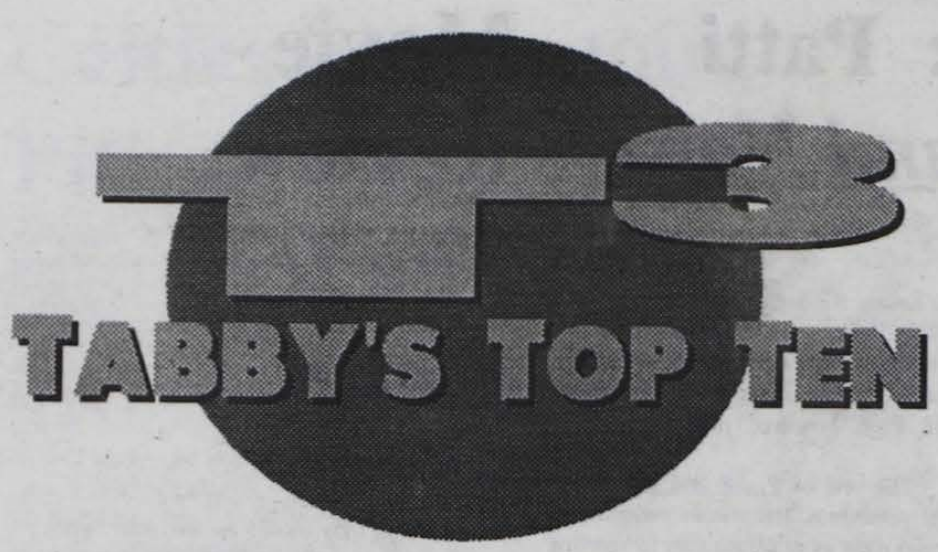

TABITHA "TABBY" KATZ'S TOP TEN CASTLETON-THEMED HALLOWEEN COSTUMES

"Hiya, *Cairn* readers! My name is Tabitha Katz, but you can call me Tabby. Some of you may remember me from my comic strip, *Super Galaxy Cat Girl*, which was printed in *The Cairn* last year. However, nobody has heard a word from my archnemesis, Johnny Fandango, since I trounced him in the season finale last semester. Rumor has it he changed his name to Dirk and is hosting a talk show on the CSC Videomagazine, which is co-hosted by a talking plant."

"At any rate, with John-boy out of the way, I'm free to move onward and upward in my cartoon career ... hence my new feature, *Tabby's Top Ten*. I don't get to beat anybody up, but I must admit I'm purr-fect for the job.

"Anyway, Halloween is just around the corner, and I'm sure many of you will be going to costume parties. *Ergo*, being something of an expert on costumes, I thought I'd share some ideas for those of you who simply can't decide what to wear. Some of these costumes are pretty scary! Although they wouldn't scare *me*, of course ... I'm a fearless feline superheroine, not a fraidy-Katz!"

Written and drawn by Noel Webster ... freelance cartoonist, and inventor of the one-letter palindrome.

DISCLAIMER: Tabitha Katz and the characters of *Super Galaxy Cat Girl* are fictitious. Any similarities to actual persons, living or dead, would be very, very silly.

10) Dress up as Castleton's mascot. You know, that anthropomorphic bird-looking thing.

9) Dress up as your favorite Castleton professor and see if any students and/or faculty members mistake you for the real thing.

8) Dress up as a mime for your Effective Speaking course.

7) Dress up as *The Fly* and cause a ruckus in your next science class. (*"Help meeee! Help meeee!"*)

6) Dress up as Noel Webster, cartoonist for *The Cairn*. You can do this by wearing an orange bandana around your neck and adamantly refusing to get a decent haircut.

5) Dress up as a Public Health Inspector and take a tour of the residence halls, knocking on people's doors. Guaranteed to scare almost everybody.

4) Dress up as the Headless Horseman. Then, attend your fraternity/sorority's Halloween bash and offer to be the designated driver. ("Whaddaya mean? Of *course* I can see where I'm going!")

3) Dress up as a plate of lasagna from Huden Dining Hall. Hands down, this is the scariest costume you'll ever see.

2) Dress up as the Cuban Ambassador and fail to show up at the costume party.

1) Dress up as *me*, the Super Galaxy Cat Girl! You'll need a mini-skirt, a pair of go-go boots, a collar and ID tag, and lots of Spandex™. Oh yeah, you'll need ears and a tail, too. (Although no matter how good your costume is, you won't look *nearly* as sexy as I do...)

The Cairn

Vol. XXXXIV | Castleton State College, Castleton, VT 05735 | November 4, 1997

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The Cairn is Castleton State College's only student newspa per. It is published six times a semester entirely by students who are solely responsible for its content.

Questions, comments, and letters to the editor are encouraged. All letters must be receieved by the deadline date to be included in the next issue; all letters must be signed, but names can be witheld by request. We reserve the right to edit letters if deemed necessary by the Editor-in Chief.

The Cairn
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Anyone interested in joining or contributing to The Cairn is welcome to attend our meetings held Thursdays at 12:30 in the Campus Center Music Room.

Vermont State Colleges Staff Federation Annual Scholarship Raffle

The Vermont State Colleges Staff Federation (VSCSF) celebrates the success of their first Annual Scholarship Raffle to establish their Scholarship Fund. The raffle took place at VSEA Headquarters in Montpelier on Tuesday, 30 September. Congratulations to the winners, and they are:

1. Wrought Iron Garden Hook. Stowe Blacksmith
   Catherine Simpson, Montpelier
2. Case of Coke Soda. Prunier Market, CASTLETON
   John Randall, Burlington
3. Duck Breadbasket and Canned Goods. LSC Staff
   Cathy Carlson, Johnson
4. Assorted Handcrafts. LSC Staff
   Alec Lung, Vernon, CT
5. Christmas Bunny, Frog Magnet and heating Bag. LSC Staff
   Brenda Kaler, Maine State Employees Association
6. Maple Syrup, 1 gallon. VTC
   Carrie Waara, CSC
7. Knick-Knack Shelf, JSC. LSC Staff
   Judy Cleary, JSC
8. Handmade Afghan. MRS. JEAN CADORET (MOTHER OF CSC SABORN)
   Wayne Gammell, AOT
9. Ski Hats, His & Hers. VTC United Folletts Bookstore
   Sara Henry, JSC
10. Vermont State Colleges T-shirt. MENDON COUNTRY STORE
    David Cavanagh, JSC
12. CSC Sweatshirt. CSC COLLEGE STORE
    Mark Heyman, VSEA
13. Maple Syrup, 1/2 gallon. CASTLETON VILLAGE STORE
    Dan O-Brian, VSP
14. JSC Sweatshirt. JSC United Follets Bookstore
    Kevin Farrell, LSC
15. Handmade Pillow. LSC Staff
    Dr. Robert Clarke, VTC
16. 5-day Ski Pass, X-C Center, Three Stallion Inn, Randolph
    Bob Ruhlin, Maine State Employees Association
17. Gift Certificate for two Cd's.
    Porter Music Box Museum & Gift Shop, Randolph
    Tom Manovill, CSC
18. Grand Prize Winner: Mary Richards, JSC
    two, 1-day Lift Passes, KILLINGTON MOUNTAIN
    one night lodging, for two, with breakfast, CORTINA INN, KILLINGTON

The VSC Staff Federation would like to thank the sponsors for their gracious contributions to our raffle and we hope everyone will support these businesses. We would also like to thank the individuals who donated their wonderful crafts. (Of importance: Castleton area is listed all in caps). Finally, a big thank you to all the supporters who purchased tickets and "took a chance."

Jan Rousse, VSCSF Chair

Spring Break '98-Sell Trips, Earn Cash, & Go Free!!! Student Travel Services is now hiring campus reps/groups organizers. Lowest prices to Jamaica, Mexico, & Florida. Call 1-800-648-4849.

Did you know THE BUS schedule has changed? THE BUS now services Castleton State College at night (free with a college ID). Pick up a schedule in the Student Life Office, located in the Campus Center.

Castleton Reacts

Professor Student Relations

Why is it that professors get to treat students in any fashion they desire? After missing three classes for a certain professor I was disturbed when I approached him to talk. I wanted to present the reason I was absent and catch up on what was missed. I had a perfectly good reason as well as a medical excuse for my absence. I was not physically in Castleton during the classes missed. Instead of help and some tips on how to catch up and maintain the current work, I was berated for missing the classes. I was also insulted in an offhanded manner that I did not appreciate. I am a good student who does my work well and on time. The work missed due to my illness was not handed in. Those are the only classes missed and the only assignments not handed in on time. I want to know why that gave this professor reason to insult me and question my intelligence. When a professor is ill for three classes no one whines that we didn't get to learn because they backed up the whole class. I think that we should get the same respect individually that we give. If I were a student who repeatedly did not attend class and my work was always late, then I would understand. The fact is that I am a good student who always does my best, and it isn't fair that I don't get the benefit of the doubt. I went for help, and all I got were insults and grief. I just wanted to do my best, and that professor made me feel like a loser who doesn't belong in college.

Disgruntled Student

Paint the Campus Green

When I think of Castleton I think of the color green. Most of the people who know anything about Castleton know that green and white are the school colors, but for those of us who live in the residence halls they are rarely seen.

You see, as I sit in my room I look around and see absolutly no green. To me this is appalling. The chair in my room, that could be green! The trim around the walls in my room, that could be green! The rug in my room, that could be green! Then there is the mattress; the only item in my room that even closely resembles the color green, and it's the plastic green cover!

Don't get me wrong I think that the school does a fine job with the color green on the other side of campus, and they are getting better with the Campus Center. The benches outside of the Campus Center are now green, the Formal Lounge now has nice green chairs, some of the walls are green and some of the handrails are even green. The only flaw that I noticed was that the black mats by the doors could have been green.

I just think that if I could sit on my green chair, that was on my green carpet, that was in my room with green wall trim, then I would be happy. I would be happy because that would mean that I could walk out into the hall onto the green carpet and go into the bathroom. There I would see green and white tile floors, with green dividers between the toilets, not to mention the nice green shower curtains.

Then I would leave there and run to my lounge, where I would sit on the industrial furniture, but I should be happy because it was green. After a few minutes of relaxation, if I felt so inclined, I could kick off my shoes onto the green carpet and take a nap.

My ideal Castleton would be green and in all reality it could happen. Everything I have mentioned in the above paragraphs could very well be green and probably should be. The investment in these little things would improve school spirit and pride, not to mention the look of the campus. I am not saying that everything should be green, it is just that a human can take only so much of the creams and yellows. I am calling for a change from depressing colors to positive colors, and the color green is the answer.

Daniel P. Hunt

Jamey Hecht's Ramblings

After (trying to) read Jamey Hecht's article in the Cairn not once but twice, I feel compelled to question the Cairn's logic about re-running this article.

It was perfectly obvious that while Dr. Morgan was genuinely trying to convey a message to students in your "Holy Wars" feature, Jamey Hecht was simply trying to wow us all with his tremendous vocabulary. Truly Jamey, yours is a dizzying intellect, but if you want people to actually read your opinion, how about making your writing a little more readable. This is not a graduate level lecture, it's a letter to the editor. The objective in writing for a newspaper should be to write clear and concise material. Your letter was anything but that.

Words such as megalophrosune were written by an arrogant man trying to impress his peers and belittle his opponent intellectually. While Dr. Morgan's message rang out loud and clear, Hecht's was drowning in verbal diarrhea by the end of the first sentence. Shame on the Cairn for printing such a self important, pompous article twice.

Kristopher Woltman
Castleton resident

In the last issue of The Cairn (Oct. 24 1997), there was an error in the movie review for "The Ice Storm". Let it be understood that it was the Carver family and not the Carbers (the ending credits were rolling faster than the eye could follow). Also, the award it received during the 1997 Cannes Film Festival was for Best Screen Play. Thanks for your time.

-Eric Butler

Homophobia Alive and Well at CSC

I am writing to respond to the letter to the Editor written by T.L.Girardi that you published in your last edition of the Cairn. May I be so bold as to say that Girardi is an ignorant, homophobic, bigot. In an feeble attempt to provide an intelligent response to the One in Ten Club's campus graphitti, Girardi makes a fool of herself by exhibiting her overall unawareness of the world around her.

Girardi began her letter with the brilliantly crafted phrase, "Gay pride–fine. Don't shove it in my face." Isn't that what pride is all about? Isn't it about abandoning the shame that has been forced upon you and getting your message out there? If someone is proud, why wouldn't they be vocal?

The basis for Girardi's anti-homosexual / anti- pride argument was "We heterosexuals make the children, so there." Girardi, mentioning your heterosexuality doesn't exactly strenthen your argument. If anything, reminding the world of your ability to procreate should frighten most people. The last thing the world needs is more hateful and prejudiced people raising hateful and prejudiced children.

The second half of Girardi's letter takes a very confusing turn. She starts rambling incoherently about her alledged conspiracy with some teacher. What is she talking about, and why would any of us care? It is clear that Girardi is a very unbalanced person with a variety of psychological issues to deal with.

I am very thankful that you printed Girardi's disturbing letter. Although her words do not make for a very comforting read, the fact that you published her bigotry for all to see serves as a chilling reminder that ignoranceis all around us, even in a supposedly "laidback" liberal arts school such as CSC.

Nora Quinn

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Castleton Festival Chorus To Perform The Brahms Requiem

by Leslie Johnson
Contributing Writer and Performer

Late last April a daunting task was put before the members of the Castleton State College Chorus: to begin rehearsing a piece that was nearly 100 pages long. The chorus reeled in shock and disbelief, since the music was not only long and difficult, the text was in German. The occasion for choosing this masterpiece was the centennial of its composer: Johannes Brahms (1833-1897). Who would have imagined that a piece which was so intimidating would eventually become so enjoyable.

The piece that has griped us for these many months is the Brahms German Requiem. Rehearsals have been transformed from a frightening chore to an exhilarating delight for all involved. The chorus has now been augmented, consisting not only of CSC students but also of faculty, administration, and singers from around the state as well as out of state. The faculty members and their families include: Joe Mark, Jeanne Albert, Beth Summer, John Gillen, Bill Rammage, Mark Worthy, Nancy Goodale, Jennifer Tebbs, Beth Miller, Darla Wigginton-Hecht, Penny Schiek, and Jere Burger.

In order to get a work of this magnitude to a level ready for performance, countless rehearsal hours have been necessary. In addition to the time normally put in by the chorus members, we have been participating in extra rehearsals on Tuesday nights. Some participants have travelled from as far as Burlington and Bennington just to rehearse this piece with us.

This is a very demanding piece complete with an 85 voice chorus, an organ, a double bass, and timpani. We have been extremely lucky to have two very talented musicians in the chorus to help us with this: Andrew Rousseau is playing the double bass, and Aaron Audet is playing the timpani. Kevin Davis, the organist at the Grace Congregational Church in Rutland, is playing the organ for us.

This is a work that is most accurately described as breathtaking and unforgettable. It is best summed up in a letter to Brahms in 1869 by Herman Levi who conducted one of the first performances of this piece: "Last night, after rehearsal, when most of the people had left and I was sitting at the piano, lost in thought, I began unconsciously to play the first bars of your Requiem. Instantly those who were at the door turned back, their hoods flew off and the girls crowded round the piano and began to sing, with radiant faces, until we at last got stuck in the third movement." Even now, that same enthusiasm and devotion can be seen in the members of the Castleton Festival Chorus.

What Does El Nino Hold In Store For The New England Ski Season?

Kieth Brostek
Staff Writer

World climate experts predict that the "El Nino" weather phenomenon brewing in the Pacific Ocean might be the largest climatic event of the century, setting off an unprecedented number of global disasters.

El Nino is an unusually large mass of warm water that forms near the equator and travels in a current (west to east) toward South America and the Southern Pacific coast. It is these warm currents that create abnormal weather conditions worldwide.

The "domino effect" El Nino initiates has many severe consequences. The system can launch searing droughts, while flooding areas that normally do not receive precipitation. The El Nino of 1983, which was the largest in recorded history, dumped 66 feet of snow on Squaw Valley. It virtually wiped out half the coral population, and generally disrupted the entire ecosystem in the South Pacific. The El Nino system of this year already has measured warmer temperatures, up to five degrees warmer, than the l Nino of 1983. "It will likely be the biggest l Nino in 150 years," meteorologist/climatol gist Jagadish Shukla said. "We have ne observed such high ocean temperatures 150 years. And the only reason we say it the largest in so long is because we don't have any data from before then."

What does El Nino mean for t Mid-Atlantic area? Each El Nino is somewhat different than the last so it is difficult to forecast with accuracy what effect it will have. The majority of large weather systems cause milder winters in the Northeast with a large amount of precipitation. Assuming temperatures stay low this winter, an increase in precipitation might result in a healthy ski season. If the temperature is too warm, however, you might want to keep your water skis out. No one is psychic. The weather experts can only attempt to predict the weather using storms in the past as examples. Just hope Mother Nature is kind.

Ski Pass Steal

If you have not purchased your seasons pass from the College Store, go get one. Add excitement to rural Vermont life this winter and Ski the best mountains in the East for incredibly low prices. Our own CSC bookstore has the best price on a seasons pass you will find anywhere. This offer is not available in Killington and to qualify you only need be a full time student of Castleton with a valid school I.D. From now until December 3 rates are unbeatable through this student discount. The Vermont college pass to Killingt is only $399.00 The all East pass is $499.00 The All America pass is a low $599.00 and Pico only is incredibly $299.00 Stop by the College store for details and bring your checkbook because this deal cannot be found anywhere else.

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Remembering War Veterans

Tom Conroy
Contributing Writer / CSC Professor

The last time I attended a Vietnam Veterans of America, Rhode Island chapter meeting, the recording secretary asked if he could take a photo of myself and a couple of other members who hadn't shown up for meetings for a year or two. It's become a common practice, he explained, to take photos of vets who don't keep in touch so that everyone could link a face to a name. He listed the names of four members who died. I haven't taken many pictures, but I remember.

Buddy, his name is Harold on The Wall, sat behind me at Hope High School "homeroom" in Providence. Quiet, friendly, attentive and organized, he always knew the class assignments and due dates. He was a squad leader in a First Air Calvary unit when a booby trap wasted him in 1970.

Tommy's paper route bordered mine. We've been buddies since sixth grade. He spent a year on the light cruiser, St. Paul, plotting coordinates for naval gunfire that supported Marine actions or demolished villages in the North. Now the same hands that plotted coordinates shake from the medications that keep his mind from downward spirals. Unable to apply his math degree and pensioned off by the Veteran's Administration, he spends good days doing odd jobs.

Dempsey worked with me at a Vietnam veteran's social service agency. He was a big-hearted counselor who helped veterans get jobs, benefits and any other assistance entitled by military service. During the war, he drove a two-and-a-half ton truck for the First Infantry Division. A rocket destroyed his truck and left him with permanent head pain. "Demps" waged a 15 year battle for VA compensation and medical treatment. He helped hundreds, maybe thousands, of veterans and their families get help and treatment, but he only help he could find for his own pain destroyed his liver. Dempsey died just after his 40th birthday, leaving a wife, daughter and son.

On a hot morning in Da Nang, the medics in my unit lab were distracted by an unfamiliar sound. Hidden by a screen door, we watched the mama-san (calling them that helped us to do what we did) weep as she shined the Captain's boots that he left regularly on the wooden doorstep of his office for her to polish. She sobbed and swayed slightly back and forth as she bent over, struggling to keep the black polish off the white ao dai Buddhists wear for mourning. A Vietnamese who was sweeping our lab floor told us that her son had just been killed in the war.

At another place and time we might have tried to console her. For a few brief seconds we wondered how it happened and, of course, what side he was on. Then we looked away and returned to our work. It seemed important that we didn't ask about those things, ask those questions and, most of all, listen, and learn the answers.

"But if the cause be not good, the king himself hath a heavy reckoning to make, when all those legs and arms and heads, chopped off in battle, shall join together at the latter day and cry all, "We died at such a place"; some swearing, some crying for a surgeon, some upon their wives left poor behind them, some upon the debts they owe, some upon their children rawly left. I am afeard there are few die well that die in battle; for how can they charitably dispose of any thing, when blood is their argument? Now, if these men do not die well, it will be a black matter for the king that led them to it..."

-Shakespeare
***Henry V*, Act IV, Sc. 1**

Generation X and Veterans Day

Dave Mance
Editor-in Chief

November 11 is Veterans Day, a time to remember those who died for our country and a time to honor our military veterans. It is a day that would not be possible without war (as an anagram RAW); ie: the act of taking someones life. Explained to me once as the one thing that separates man from beast, war is such a passionate word that fortunately remains relatively unknown to my generation.

Although the world still reeks of it, World World II is, for the most part, a dusty folktale and a seventh-grade textbook picture of a mushroom cloud. My Grandfather, who fought on Iwo Jima is a proud marine. An American Legion member, he goes to all the rallies, and is never seen without his red hat U.S.M.C. hat. He sometimes mentions the war, or war in general, after a few drinks; but I don't think he really likes to remember. Sitting on his lap as children we'd try to drag out of him how many people he killed (it's human nature). Grandma would scold us, and Grandpa would just look down and stare a hole into the floor (my first hero, faraway, misty eyes and all.)

My Dad never went to Vietnam but I sure did, Saturday afternoons after a morning full of "Rambo II" and a few bowls of Weaties (the box with the American flag on it). I'd run sloshing through the swamps in my military surplus gear, BB-gun cocked, ready to blast Wayne Herman, his dog, or any other enemy soldiers who happened to be hanging out in my woods. Vietnam was action and adventure, everything a boy could want. I think that for those who were not directly involved in the conflict, the lessons learned were lost as soon as Hollywood started using the atrocity as a backdrop for the '80s Western. Gun toting badasses wasting Commies - it was all very patriotic. Had the war still been going on, I would have enlisted in a heartbeat.

By the time Desert Storm rolled around, I was in 10th grade and was old enough to question the logic of war. As for the conflict in general, it again became a surreal video game, the images so spectacular, wrapped in a candy coating of government propaganda and lies, ready to be consumed 24 hours a day with CNN's live coverage. Friends came over to watch our soldiers angelically defend Kuwait, a spoiled brat ass country condemned by Amnesty International for its cruel torture (fingernail extractions, electrocution) of its enemies. We also fought to keep oil prices down, despite the fact that it was not at all obvious that Saddam Hussein would have wanted. to be able to elevate prices. The fact of the matter was that our soldiers died for capitalism and the military industrial complex that fuels this country's economy. It will happen again. With a military budget of billions and billions of dollars, you'd better believe that our government will test out its new toys at the first politically correct moment. Can you see why my generation is cynical? Maybe this cynicism will end when we have our ordeal.

When our war does come, you old-schoolers will see us turn into you. War brings with it a hardness, a maturity and a respect for life to everyone who lives through it. I think the apathetical stereotype that characterizes my generation is due to the fact that we haven't been through anything cataclysmic. Our friends haven't come home from South East Asia in body bags. We haven't shed blood for our country, or rallied at home to vehemently protest our governments flaws. Instead, we just don't vote.

I have the utmost respect for soldiers, and the poet in me wishes that I could be one. I just finished reading the diary of Bobby Sands, a Northern Irish soldier who was captured by the British in Northern Ireland's war for independence. Even in jail, stripped naked, beaten and laying in his own excrement, Bobby had a burning desire to fight. He saw a hunger strike as his last available weapon, and after 66 days of starvation, died for Ireland and the Irish people. In our country I'm sure their are similar stories of heroism, and it's this passion that I'm envious of. I wish I believed in something so strongly that I would die for it. Something just got lost on us though, because I don't think we really understand.

On November 11, as we should everyday, this country honors its men and women soldiers. I speak for all in thanking you for our freedoms. But as for this creature called war...to hell with it. Damn the fact that this holiday is a funeral for dads and moms and brothers and sisters and children, and damn the fact that war will never end. Like a fungus - eternal as a slab of black marble with thousands of boys names on the "apples of their mothers eyes," war will always and forever, go on.

"All wars are planned by old men in council rooms apart,
Who plan for the greater armament and map the battle chart.
But where their sightless eyes stare out behind life's vanished joys
I've noticed nearly all the dead were hardly more than boys."

-Grantland Rice,
The Sides of War

Poet's Pulpit

-Taurus Smile-

lately
life's been
this relentless circus
an incessant joyride
accentuated by lunar forces
and autumn's patience for death
wherein my hapless trysts and puzzled emotions
generate self-destruction with the help of her mystery
and frothy foaming heads waiting to settle

-Eric Butler

KNIFE FADES

ıe spoken word can be a betrayal of the heart
st as a knife is a mortal wound to such organs
s the night fades so do thought of abandonment
ıat roll through the mind of a lost heart
ed dry by false love rooted in a moment of ecstasy

ırsue your love or loose her to cowardice that cannot be forgotten
ıst love once broken into a million pieces
puzzle with no solution only jagged edges that cannot be placed in form
ıt strewn about haphazardly till they are lost in the center of an enigma

-John Magee

The Cairn encourages all forms of free expression. Submit all work to The Cairn mailbox in the Campus Center.

ABOVE AND BEYOND FATE

Your eyes
Are a cool autumn night
A leaf dropped by the heavens
To nestle in the palm of my hand
Gentle touch
Gentle breath
Gentle eyes
That look through me
Into my heart
Into my soul
Above and beyond
All that I hold
I wait for your glance
One passionate glare
I will not despair
A chance at fate
No matter how long I want and wait

-John Magee

EVENING

In the evening
I awake
To taste the flesh of the night
Dazed off balance groove
As liquid flows freely past my lips
Flesh mingling
In the atmosphere of delinquency
Belly rings
Nose rings
Eyes sting
Smokey hollow room
Lost to the night of endless passions
Found at the bottom of a glass

-John Magee

-Cesspool-

kiss me
touch me
heal me
fuck me
soothe me
fool me
hurt me
cut me
slap me
kick me
love me
suck me
whip me
lick me
want me
gulp me
pinch me
drop me
beg me
hold me
choke me
dig me
save me
hug me
crave me
hate me
dump me
brand me
choose me
lose me
pull me
leave me
taste me
help me
teach me
know me
i want it all
i want it all
i want it all
before i fall
don't want to miss
don't want to miss
don't want to miss
what you could give

-Eric Butler

Blues Traveler: Live in Utica

Jeremiah Sargent
Staff Writer

UTICA, NY-The doors flew open and like a herd of cattle, we were ushered into the stadium. As we passed through the doors, the stench of crisp autumn air mingled with the smell of cheap beer and inundated our senses. Yes, we had arrived at what was for me, the most anticipated event of the year, the Blues Traveler concert.

It was under the guise of a five-year anniversary that my girlfriend and I traveled west of the comfortable borders of Vermont to New York whose border, much to the suprise of many, does not end just past Finius T. Flubberbusters. This trip was not truly about a simple anniversary, it was an opportunity to see one of my favorite bands Blues Traveler. Now to those of you who have just been thawed out of a cryogenic state Blues Traveler is a funky band whose lead singer's harmonica abilities are unparalleled. After a long and arduous journey I finally arrived in Utica, New York the host of this marvelous event.

We walked into the lobby of the small stadium which was packed with a strange band of disgruntled, diehard youth and befuddled baby boomers who seemed lost in a sea of outdated grunge attire. As we were shuffled along by the wave of anxious fans we spotted our seats: jackpot, we were a mere 10 rows back from the stage. I checked my watch impatiently, and to my obvious dismay there was still a halfhour until the opening act. There was only one cure for this situation: grossly overpriced, watered down beer.

Two beers later I sat comfortably in my seat as the lights dimmed. Suddenly the spotlight went on and there was Jamie and the Whalers, who I now refer to as Jamie and the Melody Murderers. This band was one of the most horrific I have ever seen. Jamie, the so called lead singer was styled after Bon Jovi with his stone washed jeans and extra tight tee shirt. I had to supress painful flash backs of middle school, fashion faux pas.

Not only did this band shatter every fashion rule, but I do believe that I saw Versachy rise from his grave and weep as they played. They stunk. The band played a 45-minute set that seemed more like a Tyson fight: it packed a powerful music punch that missed all the time and had too much bite. In fact, Jamie needed to spend less time practicing a move which was a strange hybrid of an air guitar and a belly flop, and more time practicing his music. After the set the band stopped, either because of a lack of any more ear piercing melodies or because some fan beat me to the power switch.

After this musical fiasco a DJ tried to cleanse our palate by playing miscellaneous songs by Puff Daddy. I found that several more beers improved the situation.

Then there was no light, and a heavy smell of pot smoke suddenly filled the room. Lights began to flash and suddenly the prodigious John Popper leapt on stage like a 400 pound ballerina with leg weights. The rest of his band barely had time to scramble onto stage before he broke into music, which set the entire stadium into a frenzy of unbriddled excitement. Even the baby boomers let go of all social mores and began to party with the younger crowd. My own reserved demeanor let go, and I jumped to my feet and bellowed what can only be described as something between a primordial war cry and a sick Chihuahua. To this day, despite my girlfriend's reassurances, I still believe that the crowd hesitated for a moment and the band nearly lost control of their music. I believe that if there were music police I would be spending the remainder of my life in a Mexican prison.

The rest of the night was a blur of several more beers and great music. My recommendation is to see Blues Traveler at any expense, and avoid the opening band at all costs.

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eligion: The Tectonic lates of Theory-making

k Morgan
ributing Writer

My Soundings talk intentionally l a number of issues that need public as well as private exploring. I feel the of the unintended issue — I regret havngered someone I wish to befriend. is a lesson for me to befriend. while, I return to the question of the ence of religion that underlies any disn of moral excellence. This article will re the religious dependency of various dviews including naturalism, and con- some implications for public education. is far more difficult than the most comted of mathematical theorems. I have a regard for my many naturalistic friends for their accomplishments. I accept of the facts of naturalism, but I take with part of its basis and interpreta-. I am keenly aware that naturalism has tinguished history, and that mathematics layed a large role in its foundation.

In his book The Myth of Religious rality, Roy Clouser likens the influence ligion to that of geological plates — hidfrom casual view, but exerting controlforce beside which earthquakes are but a ce blemish. Clouser makes the followlefinitions: the divine is the irreducible ty whether personal or impersonal that exist independently, that is changeless, on which everything else depends. gion seeks to answer the most central fundamental questions about reality: 1) is the divine? 2) what is our proper ion to the divine? With these defini-, a religion may be categorized accordo its explanation of how the nondivine nds on the divine.

Clauser notes that there are three s of religious dependency ideas. (1) The n dependency idea is that the divine is part, aspect, force, or principle within niverse. (Please note that I am using the l "pagan" in a technical sense with no tive connotation). (2) The pantheistic ndency idea is that all is divine, so what all the nondivine is an illusion. The e reality beneath the surface appearance vealed by mystical experience. (3) The tic dependency idea is that God, the divinity, is a transcendent Person who ed the universe. God is complete, indelent, and prior to the created universe. impersonal is derived from the Personal.

It is not my purpose to enter into parative religion. It is clear that there are ficant differences within categories and larities across categories. But for purs of illustration, it is safe to say that ani- is one of many forms that paganism ; Judaism and Christianity are theistic; and Buddhism and Hinduism are examples of pantheism. The interesting thing is that this definition exposes the religious control of "secular" philosophical views such as naturalism that have privileged positions in public education by virtue of being "secular."

The divinity for naturalism is natural law including the mathematical equations and laws of physics laws on which all science depends. Cosmologists tell us that there are a couple of dozen finely tuned, unchanging mathematical constants and physical relationships that have allowed the universe and all of life to unfold. These include the gravitational coupling constant, the strong nuclear force coupling constant, the weak nuclear force coupling constant, electromagnetic coupling constant, the ratio of electron to proton mass, the velocity of light, and others. These perfectly balanced forces miraculously popped into existence along with space and time in the big bang approximately 15 billion years ago, when everything that we see was condensed to a particle smaller than the point of a pin.

The belief that these unchangeable forces can account for everything we see and experience is the central assumption of naturalism. The religious dependency idea here is the pagan one because this unchanging reality, this divinity on which all else depends, is within and a part of the universe. Naturalism should be recognized as having a pagan religious base in the same way Christianity is recognized as having a theistic religious base.

I would argue that naturalism has a privileged position in public education by virtue of its unexamined claim to be secular while references to God are thought to be in violation of the separation of church and state. The first amendment reads "Congress shall make no law respecting an establishment of religion, or prohibiting the free exercise thereof." In other words, government will not favor any religious organization or system of belief. There ought to be a level playing field. So tax-supported public schools ought not have a de facto bias in favor of a pagan-based religious dependency idea that claims to be secular. This is not a level playing field.

You think the playing field is level? Then I find it "passing strange" that my granddaughter is told her poem can't be displayed on the bulletin board because it refers to "seeing God in the storm." I find it ironic that books are taken out of a school library because they talk about a child praying. I find it arrogant that sex education courses can demonstrate "safe sex" without significant emphasis on traditional beliefs about the

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Avoid Living in Off-Campus Rat Traps

by Greg McGannon
Staff Writer

As I sit on my couch and ponder what brought me to this couch, a consistent scratching is coming from the animals in the wall. A cold breeze crosses the back of my neck and reminds me that I made a poor decision to live in the infamous "Hippie Hollow." Living in Castleton on Main Street USA, a person learns to deal with the constant rumble of big trucks barreling through town. I've now lived off-campus for two and a half years. The half part has been the only bad part. My abode for the first two years was a good deal. It was near campus, living with good friends for a reasonable price. The rent coincided with the apartment. I now live near campus, with friends, but in a dysfunctional house for a ludicrous price. In a very short period of time I went from a comfortable zone of living to a modernized 19th century dwelling.

Please don't take this the wrong way. I adore living off-campus. Living on my own, RA-free, has taught me just as much as the academic end of college. But in this town there can be an upside and a downside. The upside is finding a place that keeps the tenants warm. The downside is my dysfunctional home. Stay away from the bad-vibe houses. The pros are few and far between the cons, so I will start with them first. The porch that leads into my house is a great asset. During the warmer days it was our outside living room. When one reaches for the doorknob to enter the house, it might very well fall off. That is, until I got even with some duct tape. The kitchen area is actually functional, but because of a sudden rotation and abandonment by former housemates, we have next to no cooking utensils. Therefore a good meal is impossible to prepare. The only decent light in the kitchen is a halogen that we have named "the death ray," due to the brightness and constant humming of the beast. The feeling is equivalent to Superman getting weakened by kryptonite. Passing through the kitchen, one ends up in the living room. This is the only warm room in the house, but not an exciting room to be in. We have no cable and the stereo we do have is a decade old. One of those all-in-one deals with the turntable on top. Our bathroom floor has softsink holes all over, and getting out of the shower is like dodging land mines.

My father best described walking up the stairs in my house by pretending he was repelling up them by hanging onto the railing for his life. These stairs are steep and narrow. Two of us live upstairs. We have serious problems in the upper region of the house. The only distribution of heat is through vents in the floor that are more like peepholes for the people downstairs. All of the floors upstairs are warped. I can place a ball in the corner of my room and it will roll right into the middle of the room. My fellow roommate fell out of bed one night due to the slant of the floor. On any given cold and windy morning, I can hear the wind hit my wall, roll over the roof and then I get a chilling draft. This is the effectiveness of my abode's walls. The phone sometimes cuts out, we have a forest of animals in our walls and I count the days until I can leave my dysfunctional home.

In December I'll be leaving this college with a degree in Mass Media Communications. So with my current living situation, I felt I needed to give the student considering moving off-campus some advice. Get the scoop on the apartment or house that is being considered. Talk to the present tenants about the pros and cons, how much bills are and especially who the landlord is and how to deal with him or her. Don't pay an arm and a leg for a "Johnny Rotten special" in town unless the place is up to living standards. Just because we are college students doesn't mean we have to let landlords step all over us.

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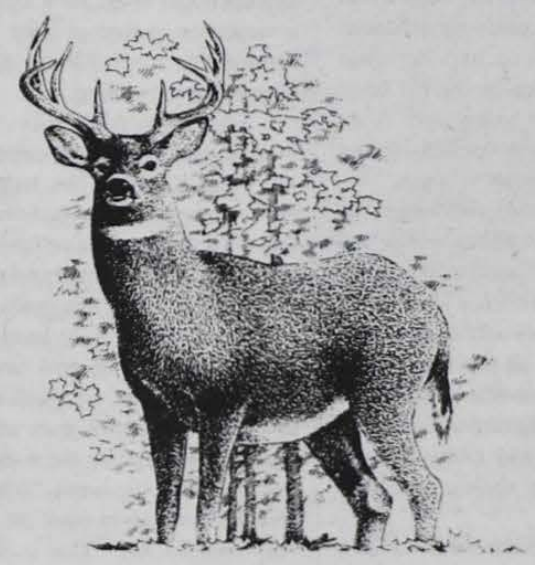
Hunting Season: Primal Instinct or Disorderly Conduct?

Two Writer's Opinions of a Yearly Ritual

Primal Instinct

by Duncan Simmons
Staff Writer

For some, the fall season awakens the most ancient and instinctive urge to stalk the elusive whitetail deer. The departure of a thick canopy of foliage in the lush Green Mountains exposes the rough and untouched wilderness where the hunter feels at home. As the first clues of winter drift slowly down in methodical flakes, the predator writhes in anticipation of capturing his prey once again. The streaking bullet descending the cold steel of a deadly accurate rifle will be the means to a quick end. With a hot flash and a pounding heart, one of the most beautiful animals in the world will be humanely and necessarily taken. As a young man inexperienced to this calculated art, there will be an immediate sense of sorrow for the fallen quarry. The adrenaline in the body instantaneously numbs the senses as they discover a new found primal feeling covered by civilization and supermarkets. The bloody feasts of our ancestors cannot be suppressed and we should not try to do so.



Hunting is not only necessary for humanity, it is also essential for maintaining the delicate population of wildlife. Sportsman are environmentalists, whether they understand their role or not. People want to continually populate themselves and destroy the natural landscape and habitat of our wildlife. They will vote for the mini-mall which levels acres of natural forest and then they will protest the deer harvest. Fish and Game does a tremendous job of managing the population of wildlife directly through hunting seasons. Without this type of harvest there would be countless starving animals and even more problems with overpopulation. Man, as a natural predator is absolutely prudent to the future of our wildlife. Anyone who participates in a spring carcass count of starved deer will change their mind about the cruelty of deer season. Hunters and their organizations do an unbelievable amount to protect wildlife and their habitat. Most hunters are respectful and traverse the landscape leaving only tracks. If you are a vegetarian, that's fine, but most of us are not. The treatment of domesticated animals for food is far more disgusting than the tradition of hunting. Vermont has strict safety programs to teach safety and educate sportsman about their responsibilities before they ever enter the woods.

Most hunters are not lucky enough to bag a deer and spend most of their time stumbling around the wilderness out of place and of no danger to anyone but themselves. The clumsiness of humans generally deems them inferior in the home of the whitetail deer. Its not even about success, because the odds greatly favor the deer. It's climbing out of a warm sleeping bag when you're twelve years old to follow the lead of your father. It's meeting friends over a warm cup of coffee on pristine snowy mornings, planning the days events. It's bonding with family and enjoying time away from the frustrations of every day life. It's the desire to explore native forests and their hidden secrets deep in a swamp or a brushy knoll. It's watching the birth of first light on the cold landscape and the early disappearance of the sun at night. It's losing yourself in Mother Earth's undisturbed territory and finding your soul on the peak of a wooded mountain. Nature is something we should preserve, not cover with pavement; this the hunter knows well.

Disorderly Conduct

by Jessica Bullock
Assistant Editor

It's that time of the year again - most of the leaves lie brown and brittle on the ground, darkness is beginning to creep in at 4:30 p.m. and Jack Frost is definitely in the general vicinity of my nose. Along with the seasonal transformations comes an annual ritual of a different sort. Break out the blaze orange apparel, because hunting season has arrived.

Hunting season, that gloriously magical time of year when men are men and the rest of us have to wear bullet-proof vests to walk up our own driveways. I suppose I am exaggerating a bit, and I have been accused of acting as a "tree-hugging extremist" when it comes to the issue of hunting season. I guess I'm just paranoid for fearing drunken men wielding big guns.

One might think that because I grew up in a rural area of Maine, and I have lived in Vermont for the past three years that I would be used to this rustic tradition, but that is far from the case. In fact, as the years progress, the notion of killing season seems to bother me more and more. Don't get me wrong, I understand the relationship between man and beast in the "food chain" 100 percent. I see absolutely no problem with someone hunting so that he and his family can eat. The rural area that I grew up in was somewhat impoverished, and families would rely on their deer in the month of November because they couldn't afford to buy meat at the grocery store. However, it seems that to many hunters, the act of hunting is so far removed from its intended function of survival. Hunting seems to have become more about sport and socialization than about getting through the winter with a full belly.

Hunting season is a time when a few men can get together, spend the weekend in the woods, get drunk on Budweiser and high on testosterone, and shoot stuff. I realize that this is a gross generalization of hunters everywhere, but it is these hunters that give an imbecilic name to hunters everywhere, for they are the hunters who shoot at anything that moves. I remember a case in Maine from about seven years ago in which a woman was shot and killed in her own backyard by a hunter. The woman was hanging out her laundry. There was another case not long after that in which a hunter killed his own hunting buddy because he mistook the white fleece lining on his friend's gloves for the white of a doe's tail. It was reported that the shooter was well beyond the level of legal intoxication. Boy, it's a good thing that a hunting safety class is required of all hunters in Maine. I guess those two guys were absent on the day the teacher discussed the chapter on looking before you shoot.

Many hunter/"environmentalists" have told me that they hunt because there is a need to control the deer population, because it has the potential to get out of hand. With all of these conservationists trodding through the woods, doing a service to Mother Nature, it seems odd that the land neighboring my family's is always littered with beer cans, cigarette filters and shotgun shells when hunting season is over. I find it rather interesting that some of the "environmentalists," people who claim to be looking out for the best interests of the deer, still insist on mounting the deer's severed head on the wall – such respect for nature and its inhabitants. Anyway, as far as these wall-mounted trophies go, I find it so creepy that a hunter would want to preserve the expression an animal had on its face right before a hole was blown in its chest.

My brother-in-law used to say that he liked to hunt because he enjoyed being in the woods. I have never found that I need to be carrying a rifle to appreciate the beauty of the wilderness. If anything, hunting season shatters the glorious serenity of nature by breaking **the silence of the forest with gunshot blasts.**

eligion: from page 9

:tity of sex within the context of marital ıfulness. I recognize that sensitivity is ıired when teachers disclose their per- ıl beliefs, but I find it somewhat chilling teachers who believe in God think they e to hide their belief while skeptics may ly broadcast their beliefs as "non-reli- ıs."

A level playing field would ask that ıralism be recognized as having a pagan- ed religious dependency as much as istianity has a theistic religious depen- cy. It would not allow naturalism a ored position as the only "unbiased" nework. It would acknowledge the exis- ce of many worldviews, and encourage dents to understand and defend their own itage while respectfully exposing them to er schools of thought without the imposi- ı of a naturalistic worldview as superior. would include writers and bibliography n theistic worldviews as well as other gious traditions. This is especially critical en that many students come from theistic ditions. To omit such sources is unfair. e First Amendment ought not be used to e any worldview a privileged position in public schools.

Right now, millions of parents are estioning the values of public schools. ny are home schooling. Many are form- private, parent run schools. Many are ning to religious or parochial schools. ople are "voting with their feet." Many ents are seeking alternatives. Give them a el playing field, and many of them will ırn.

But there may be a bigger problem. nay be that naturalism fails to provide a ong enough base for the humanities. ere will we find the inspiration for a hful practice of love and justice? The blem of goodness rears its head and eatens the tidy mechanistic world of dernity. If reality is impersonal force and rgy, why ought moral excellence exist?

Cabbage Night and the Ellis Fire

Cristina McGannon
Contributing Writer

My first reaction was to laugh, my second was to ask what it all meant. Cabbage Night, as it was explained to me, is called so because in the "old days" they used to throw cabbages. I thought it was just because they were severing cabbage in Huden. I nicely contributed my two cents about what we do the night before Halloween. Little did I know that we would all get a firsthand lesson in what the night before Halloween really means.

Mischief Night is the title granted to the haunted eve, at least in New Jersey that is. It's a night more celebrated than Halloween by most teenagers. Grocery stores refuse to sell eggs and other such products to the public, unless they are over 21. Pumpkins are removed from the front porches of many homes in fear that they will end up as road kill. Kids as young as seventh and eighth grade stock up on shaving cream, toilet paper, eggs and various types of spray confetti, in hopes of trashing a neighborhood, possibly their own. This is the night when all hell breaks loose in some towns. Some towns have resorted to setting a curfew of sundown for the eve of Halloween. Is this a ridiculous tactic? No!

My first Cabbage Night in Vermont will never be forgotten. I learned firsthand that the night is taken pretty serious here too.

It was somewhere around I a.m. when the first fire alarm went off in Ellis Hall. I pioneered my way down the hall in my pajamas, all the while wondering if someone just burned their noodles again, or if this was perhaps a test. We gathered outside on the front lawn, most in our pajamas tucked inside our comforters, rather than sleeping in bed. The usual comments and complaints were made: "If I find out who did this... "Who ever did this is gonna die." I stood on the lawn wondering what was going on. I was cold, tired and wanted to be in my nice warm bed, not on the grass in front of Ellis.

Sure we all heard the tales of last year. How the fire alarms went off at all hours of the night, and how you were made to stand outside for hours at a time. But they forgot to mention one thing, that usually occurs when someone who has been out for the evening comes home and feels the need to pull the fire alarm. Not this time.

They were cautious about letting us back in the building due to a funny odor, perhaps gas, maybe lighter fluid. But because they couldn't pin the smell down to anything specific they let us back in after about 45 minutes. No more then 30 min uteslater another alarm went off. This time I was smart. I changed out of shorts and into flannel pajamas. I grabbed my blanket, slipped into my shoes and out to the lawn I went. Only this time was different.

While making my way down the stairs from the third floor, smoke was entering the hallway and there were a few people who were choking and pushing to get by. I moved aside and let them through. By the time I made my way to the front lawn I had learned that a couch in the second floor lounge had ignited, and that two students, one of whom doesn't even reside in Ellis, had put the blaze out.

Cabbage Night was in full swing. I would have done almost anything at that point to have some toilet-papered trees and smashed pumpkins. Anything would have been better than a fire in my home. So there we were again, outside Ellis Hall on the grass, wondering who could have done a thing like this. You could hear rumors about the fire circulating through the crowd about the event, but mostly all you heard were people outraged and shocked that we could be living with someone who would do this...to us. This wasn't a funny prank. It was more like a sick joke to the residents of Ellis Hall.

The Campus Center became our home for about two hours that evening due to the fact that the contents of the fire extinguisher had to be cleared from the air. All the Resident Assistants worked hard to keep us informed of what was going on. Some people tried to sleep, but most stayed up talking about what had happened. About two and a half hours after the fire was extinguished we were send back to Ellis, our home. Did I forget to mention that this event caused Dean Mark to pay us, the residents of Ellis, a visit at 3:30 a.m.? I was not at all entertained or happy that he had to come talk to us. I'm sure he didn't appreciate it either.

Back at Ellis I found it hard to fall back asleep. What was next?

As I sit here thinking about what happened last night I'm appalled that anyone would want to cause such harm to another. I am grateful to the Resident Assistants, the Resident Directors, the majority of Ellis residents, Public Safety and to Dean Mark. This situation could have been 10 times worse than it was. Thanks to quick thinking as well as action on the part of the two guys who put the fire out, we are all safe. A little shaken perhaps. but happy to alive. So what happens now?

The fire in the lounge on the second floor of Ellis will never be forgotten, at least not for a long time. We have a lot of Great things going for us, the residents who live in Ellis. It's a shame to think that one person has to ruin it for the rest of us. It was obvious that as a whole we were unhappy about the events, but we came together to solve the mystery. Hopefully something to this effect will never happen again.

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VOLUNTEER CORNER

by Michelle Morrow

The Community Service Office (x1429), located in the lower level of Adams Hall (Wellness Center), currently has several excellent volunteer opportunities available. If you are interested in any of the opportunities listed below or have any questions, call Brooke or Michelle at x1429.

COMMUNITY SERVICE GROUP-would you like to make a difference in the community? A number of students are forming a Community Service Group. The group will meet bi-weekly and do many community service activities. Our first group meeting is Tuesday, November 11 at 7 p.m. in the Informal Lounge of the Campus Center.

RUTLAND WEST NEIGHBORHOOD HOUSING SERVICES, INC.- Rutland West is a partnership of resident, business and government volunteers who revitalize neighborhoods and foster a sense of community in Rutland County. They are looking for volunteers to work at their gift wrapping booth in the Diamond Run Mall. The shifts are two hours each from December 4 to December 24. Give two hours and make a difference!

HOSPICE VOLUNTEER TRAINING- There will be a Hospice Volunteer Training Session beginning in January. It will be on Wednesday nights (exact dates arriving soon). If you are interested, be sure to keep your schedule open.

P.S.-Don't forget the new Community Service Bulletin Board located near the Informal Lounge!

"University politics are vicious precisely because the stakes are so small."

-Henry Kissinger

SIGNS YOU MIGHT BE AN OVER-THE-HILL GEN "X"ER

1) Pot is something you make coffee in.

2) You no longer consider frisbee and skiing medicinal uses for Marijuana.

3) Snow/boarding is the Philadelphia Flyers goaltender getting on a plane.

4) You buy pants that fit.

5) You drive your car more than you skateboard.

6) You drink wine chilled instead of chilling and whining.

7) Zima still tastes awful so you stop drinking it.

8) You watch MTV for the music videos.

9) You consider Hackey Sac an EXTREME sport.

10) You appreciate the absolute brilliance of the CAIRN staff.

Hot l Baltimore

November 6-9

The Castleton Theater Arts Department presents the comedy Hot l Baltimore by Pulitzer Prize winner Lanford Wilson. The play concerns the residence of the once luxurious Hotel Baltimore, now scheduled for demolition and so run down that the "e" in its sign is burned out. Some material may not be suitable for children.

General Public $8; CSC Community $4.
Nov. 6-8 pm; Nov. 9, 2 pm.
Box Office: 468-1119

VOLUNTEER CORNER

by Michelle Merrow

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The Cairn

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Run-DMC to visit CSC

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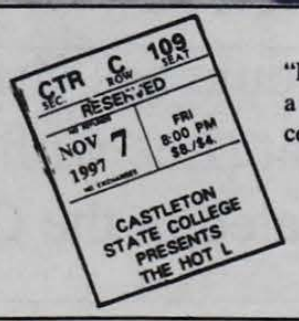

"Hot L Baltimore" a smashing success

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Drinking and higher education: can the two coexist?

pg. 9

The Cairn

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The Cairn is Castleton State College's only student newspaper. It is published six times a semester entirely by students who are solely responsible for its content.

Questions, comments, and letters to the editor are encouraged. All letters must be receieved by the deadline date to be included in the next issue; all letters must be signed, but names can be witheld by request. We reserve the right to edit letters if deemed necessary by the Editor-in Chief.

The Cairn
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Anyone interested in joining or contributing to The Cairn is welcome to attend our meetings held Thursdays at 12:30 in the Campus Center Music Room.

Parking Ticket Scam!

I have had an ongoing battle with the issue of receiving tickets from Public Safety. I have been a student here for over 4 years now and the problem still arises at least two or three times a year. I understand that the ticket giving process is fundamental in maintaining order on the campus roads, but every year I hear tons of complaints about how Public Safety puts the sting to students' wallets.

My problem is not with Public Safety (well actually it is, but that's not the point). My point is this: Where does all this money the school fines us go? I know it must go somewhere. Did it go to that cute and most likely very expensive map of the school right next to the Public Safety Building? Or how about those beautiful metal covers for the stairs outside of the Campus Center Snack Bar? A bigger concern of mine is how the whole process takes place. A car receives a ticket for an incident. If the owner of that car would like to appeal it, he/shemay do so at Public Safety. They are very quick to offer this opportunity. Once you hand in that appeal form, don't expect to see that form again unless it is asked about or a couple of months later when the unpaid ticket has built up a modest late fee. This has happened to me twice. As a matter of fact, I don't recall hearing of anyone ever winning an appeal.

How about the appeal process? Who decides to accept or deny an appeal? I have no idea about the past rules of thumb but I did learn that the student court presently receives all of the appeal forms. This recent information makes me feel a bit more at ease knowing my fellow peers and drivers are now reviewing the cases. But I would have to presume that an authoritative figure or figures must have made the decisions in the past.

I know I don't have all the information, but I do know that a lot of money is banked on parking and driving violations around this campus. I have waited too long to try and change the Public Safety Tax. This letter's intent is to inform the students of Castleton that they shouldn't park illegally. That will save you the money and hassle of dealing with the campus fuzz. If one does get a ticket, pay it right away. Don't let them get anymore money than they deserve. If an incident has grounds for an appeal, get the appeal in ASAP. The longer an appeal is put off, the less likely the appeal will even be looked at before it gets stamped "DENIED!"

-Big Lou

Death Row Inmate

I am writing to ask if you would run an add for me in your school newspaper. I would like to exchange ideas and experiences with any of your readers that might be interested in witing to me.

I am on death row at the Arizona State Prison and have no one to write to. My name is Edward McCall. I will answer every letter that I am fortunate enough to receive. Thank you for both your time and your courtesy.

-Edward L. McCall

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Did you know THE BUS schedule has changed? THE BUS now services Castleton State College at night (free with a college ID). Pick up a schedule in the Student Life Office, located in the Campus Center.

SA President implicated in election scandal

by Joshua Gilbert
Contributing Writer

According to the student senate log of minutes from the November 5 meeting of the senate, the student assosiation president has been implicated in an election scandle. Corruption, the nasty word that we thought only described some of the politicians in Washington D.C. has now come to our little campus, and into our own elections for senior class officers.

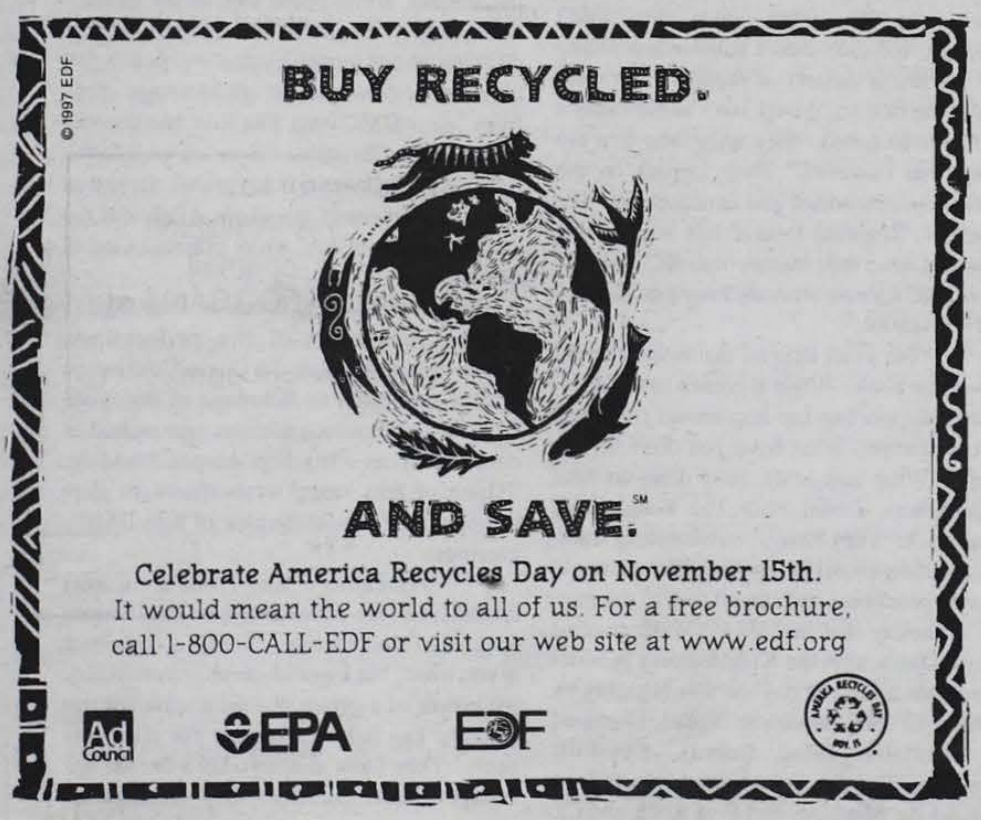
The deadlines for the class officers to get their ballots in was October 31. At that time, Alex Pinizzotto, the SA President, Victor Echandy, Cheif Justice of College Court, and Joann Cassano, a senior, had not handed their ballots in to Victoria Angis, who was in charge of keeping track of the ballots.

On November 3, Victoria recieved the ballots and all the applications with Alex's, Victor's, and Joann's names appearing among them, regardless of the fact that they were not handed in on time. Victoria got in touch with Alex to find out who had actually completed the ballots and why these three names were included. At that time Alex denied having anything to do with making ballots but, did suddenly remember that Joann and Victor had their ballots in on time. Joann and Victor backed up Alex's story saying that they had turned their ballots into her before the deadline.

On November 4th, Alicia Young, SA Secretary, came to Victoria to inform her that Alex wanted Alicia to lie to Victoria to cover up the underhanded deeds that that she had done. On November 5th Alex finally cracked under the pressure and admitted everything to Victoria about all the lying and wrong-doings. Alex did say, however, that Victor had extended the deadline, which he can do but, not without the full vote of the College Court.

The College Court, which Victor leads, is the deciding factor in whether these ballots will be accepted even though they were turned in after the deadline. Victor and Joann promised to have nothing to do with the voting because it would be a conflict of interest. The Court has to decide whether there were any wrong-doings.

The meeting of the College Court was on Monday, November 10, and they came to a decision, but the decision will not be revealed until Wednesday, November 12. At this point, there have been no repercussions for the actions that these students have taken. Alex could not be reached for comment.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Dorm fire investigation underway

by John Magee
Contributing Writer

The State Arson Squad has taken over the investigation of a fire at CSC.

The fire, which was set at aproximately 2 a.m. in Ellis Hall, destroyed a couch and forced the evacuation of Ellis residents. Public Saftety officials believe the fire must have ignited with the use of an excellerant, because all of the couches supplied by the school are flame retardant. "An excellerant must have been used," said Mike Davidson, Director of Public Safety.

It is believed that the fire was set by residents of the hall. According to Resident Director, Kathleen Daigneault, some residents heard running back and forth in the hall around the time the fire was believed to have been ignited.

The State Arson Squad is continuing its investigation and suspects are being sought out. The perpetrators of the fire could face felony charges and if convicted could be sentenced to up to ten years in jail and fined $500.

In unrelated news, numerous acts of vandalism occurred during the same night as the couch fire. In all, seven fires were reported on or around campus. The majority of the fires occurred when trash bins were set on fire and destroyed. There was also one reported incident of Public Safety Officers being egged by unknown students. Suspects are being sought in all incidents.

Rape and Awareness Panel scheduled at CSC

by Tara Rodin
Staff Writer

The Women's Issues Club has planned a Rape and Awareness panel to take place next semester, and preparations for the organization of this panel have begun.

The goal is to provide students on campus with information on how to prevent a rape from occurring, how to properly report a rape and to know the process by which each victim will go through if they choose to prosecute their rapist.

The idea for this panel was addressed when Tracey Butkus, a CSC senior and member of the Women's Issues Club, noticed that there was an apparent lack of information concerning rape and sexual assault on campus. "I don't feel enough people are aware of this issue. The majority of rapes occur in women on college campuses between the ages of 16-24. This targets us."

The panel will tentatively consist of one victim's advocate, a prosecutor, a state police officer and local police officer, as well as a social worker. These professionals will be from the Rutland and Castleton communities. Both the school nurse and counselor at CSC will be available after the presentation to offer any support to students who may have questions or concers regarding rape and sexual assault.

CSC campus security reported 3 forceable rapes in 1995 and 4 forceable rapes in 1996; however, while this campus may appear relatively safe, these numbers do not reflect what may actually be happening, but only the rapes that are being reported. Tracey feels this is important to understand since she has personally spoken with a number of women on campus that never reported they had been raped. "Many women are confused as to what even defines rape," she said.

Tracey, a rape victim herself, wants others to be able to have the information and support they need if ever faced with this situation. "When I was raped, I didn't know what to do, how to deal with it—if I knew more I would've reported it sooner. Because I didn't, they didn't have any physical evidence for the case, which is vital. My rapist went free and I have to live knowing this. My hope is that others will not have to go through this."

Lorie Blaine, a senior at CSC and a Women's Issues Club member is enthusiastic about the possibilities for the upcoming panel. "I hope to see the panel a great success and show the Castleton community that women's issues does affect all of us and that the real issues women face every day do occur on this campus and deserve to be addressed."

For more information, Women's Issues Club meetings are held every Wednesday night at 6 p.m. in the informal lounge.

Legendary rap group to perform at CSC

by David Mosca
Contributing Writer

Rap group Run-DMC will be performing at CSC early next month. The concert will take place at Glenbrook Gymnasium on December 7. The show will feature the original members of Run-DMC who on tour together for the first time in six years.

The band is promoting their new album which was scheduled for an earlier release, but was stalled due to a fire in their studio. Castleton is one stop on their mini tour in support of the album.

The Student Association club, J.A.M., organized the show for the sole purpose of entertaining the students of CSC. J.A.M. director, Aaron Audet said, "We were looking for a band with a different style who will bring musical diversity to the campus."

The band agreed to play at CSC for $9,000, which was $6,000 less than the band's initial offer. Since they were in the club's price range, the members of J.A.M. decided on Run-DMC.

The student-based club was successful in putting together previous concerts such as G-Love and Special Sauce, and God Street Wine, but Run-DMC is the biggest show the club has organized since Audet has been the executive officer.

Advanced ticket prices will be $10 for CSC students, and $15 at the door. the general public will be charged $20. Tickets go on sale next week in the Campus Center, and will continue to be on sale December 1 at the Fine Arts Center box office.

"I'm the king of rock, there is none higher. . . Sucker MC's should call me sire."

-"King of Rock"
-Run-DMC

RUN-DMC Profile

It would be hard to overstate Run-DMC's influence on popular culture during the decade that has elapsed since they released "It's Like That/Sucker MCs." As the first and the Greatest of hip-hops superstars, Run-DMC's mission has always been (in their own words) to "crash through walls, go through floors, bust through ceilings, and know down doors." They have succeeded beyond anyone's wildest dreams - their own included - by embodying for the world the endless creative subculture of young black New York. They were the first rappers to earn a gold album (for Run-DMC in 1984), the first to earn a platinum album (for King of Rock in 1985), the first to go multi-platinum (for Raising Hell in 1986), the first to have their videos played on MTV, the first to appear on "American Bandstand," and the first to grace the cover of Rolling Stone. Noting that Run-DMC does indeed "hold a fistful of rap firsts." Rolling Stone's Rob Tannenbaum recently wrote, "it's hardly surprising that it's now the first rap group to come back from the dead. This may be its most impressive achievement, given all the hip hop heroes who've gone out like Hoffa."

Of course, Run-DMC's impact cannot be measured by musical milestones alone. Run-DMC have been responsible for the introduction of new dances, new fashion, new language, new energy. They have been largely responsible, in short, for nothing less that the hip-hop-ification of popular culture. It is not for nothing that Bart Simpson and Barney Rubble rap, that Madonna grabs her crotch, that Spike Lee invented Mars Blackman, that George Bush and Bill Clinton both thought it necessary to attack rappers during the election campaign of 1992. It was not without justice the Details named Run-DMC one of the four biggest fashion influences of the Eighties. Not bad for a trio of 28-year-olds.

Still the greatest rappers aspect of Run-DMC's triumph is that it has come from the ground up. "I'm not saying we invented hardcore, I'm just saying we did it on record before anyone else." Run told New Musical Express. "It was our life: There was no image to form. We were just ourselves and we took that to people/" Or as Scott Poulson-Bryant put it in Spin: "Run-DMC managed to be our turntable heroes, around-the-way superstars, selling us back us to us with Lee-clad bravado and beat-chic minimalism."

Joseph Simmons (Run), Darryl McDaniels (DMC), and Jason Mizell (Jam Master Jay) grew up in Hollis, Queens, New York, a relatively stable, relatively comfortable black community not unlike hundreds of others in America. Friends from childhood, they were nurturing vague dreams of careers in the music business when they entered college in the fall of 1982. Luckily for them, Russell Simmons, already had a career in the music business as the manager of rappers Kurtis Blow and Whodini.

Luckily for Russell, Run and his two partners has a ton of talent. Revolutionary as they were, Run-DMC were a smash from the very start. Unlike both rap stars and the pop stars of the day, Run-DMC didn't sing, they didn't dance, they didn't dress up, and they didn't smile when someone pointed a camera at them. They were hardly the first rap group, but - as Newsday's Frank Owen noted - they were "the first rap group that mattered." Their impact on the music was immediate and cataclysmic. The Source's Reginald Dennis has written that "just as Christ split history into BC and AD, Run-DMC forever separated rap into the new and old school."

Ten years later all that history might as well be bunk. When it comes to the notoriously demanding hip-hop crowd the question is always: What have you done for me lately? What Run-DMC have done on their latest album, Down With The King, is no small trick. They have simultaneously modernized their sound by opening themselves to outside producers and stayed true to the pure rap virtuosity that has always distinguished them. Down with the King features production by such present day stars as Naughty by Nature, EPMD, the Bomb Squad, Diamond D, Specialist (Mad Cobra), Chyskills (Onyx), Q-Tip of A Tribe Called Quest, Rage Against the Machine, and Pete Rock and CL Smooth. "A year ago my brain wasn't ready for it," Run confessed to Rap Pages's Michael Gonzoles. "All of a sudden I had to chill out: 'You can't do it all yourself. You've got to collaborate and let CL Smooth try to rhyme with you." In fact, Run DMC found that these new jacks were thrilled with the old masters, on record and in the video "Down With The King" - which features cameos from Pete & CL, Naughty by Nature, A Tribe Called Quest, and Kriss Kross. Easy-E, KRS-One, PM Dawn, Paris. Salt 'n' Pepa, and Redman.

In at least one way, the collaborations represent a dream come true. DMC's reactions to def jams by other artists has always been the same. "Yo, if I has a that track, I'd rip it!" And time and again on Down with the King that is precisely what happens. The aggressive and virtuosity of Run-DMC's vocals is staggering. As Geoffrey Himes, writing for the Washington Post, noted in 1990, "rap may dispense with melody for the most part but rappers are still vocalists: tone and phrasing are as important to Run-DMC as they are to Luther Vandros or Anita Baker. Rap may boast better songwriters than Run-DMC, but no better vocalists. They are the Sam and Dave of hop-hop."

Technique and content have often dovetailed in Run-DMC's music: they rap superbly well about being the greatest rappers. One of the few times they deviate form this subject, it is to praise God on the album's title track. "We were runnin' around just thinking about ourselves and we took a fall because we forgot where all blessings come from," says DMC who, like Run, has become a born-again Christian. "Now we've seen the light. Ask God wants is his probs. So just as the Five Percenters rap about Allah and the rastas sign about Jah, we're praising God in our music."

And none of this is to touch on Run-DMC's undiminished skills in live performance. Reviewing a show are the Gavin Convention in San Francisco in February of this year Billboard's Havelock Nelson was moved to describe it as "hip-hop utopia," adding "Think of how many weak shows ya slept through, then bow at the altar of Run-DMC's greatness.

Assessing Run-DMC's Career recently for his cover story in The Source, Reginald Dennis wrote: "Call is a comeback if you must, but I would never underestimate the power of a group that set a standard that held the rap industry hostage for five straight years. They faces similar odds a decade ago and prevailed. In 1993 they are focused, hungry, and have something to prove."

Do You Worry About Contracting A Terminal Illness? Is It The Illness You Fear Or Death?

Greg Mack
Staff Writer

"Worry" is not the word I would use to describe the way I think about contracting a terminal disease. I do not say this because I want to defend myself in some way from worrying too much. Unfortunately illness, similar to many things in my life, is a problem that I usually choose to ignore. I am, however, in no way blind to the health issues that surround me. Instead, I choose to ignore what I know is good for me. A quote from a country music song comes to mind: "I'm old enough to know better, and still too young to care." Am I afraid of terminal diseases? You bet. Am I afraid to die? Not really.

I live a very unhealthy lifestyle. My favorite breakfast is a bacon, egg and cheese sandwich (the more grease the better). I love to eat pizza for lunch (lots of meat), and a juicy steak for dinner. Of course, all of my meals are topped off with a big fat cancer stick (AKA cigarette). I smoke about a half pack of cigarettes a day unless I drink. If I'm drinking, which I only do about once or twice a week, I'll smoke as many cigarettes as I can get my hands on. I'm fully aware that all these disgusting habits will probably kill me if I keep them up, but for some reason I have made no attempts to stop any of them.

So obviously, living the lifestyle I do, diseases such as cancer and emphysema tend to dominate any thoughts I might have about death or illness. In the back of my mind, I feel that I will eventually die of a heart attack, and I would rather have it that way than to be laid up in a bed somewhere wasting slowly away into death. About a month ago I had a long talk with my friend's grandmother. Her husband died in the local hardware store one Saturday morning. He always said he wanted to die with his boots on, and I feel the same way right now.

Sometimes I feel like the way I speak (or don't speak) about these issues that I am purposely avoiding the way I truly feel. This is not the case, however. Even though I feel downright foolish saying it, I feel like there is nothing that can kill me. There is a difference between what a person's brain says and what a person's guts say. My guts say that I will live forever. That sounds good to me, so I choose, at this point in my life, to listen to my guts. Maybe I should have grown up in the 19th century. It would have been so much easier for me. I always wonder, in those days, was there any time to worry about how you felt about what we call "serious issues?" I don't think so. Back then people were too busy with real problems such as: How am I going to put food on this table all winter long? I don't feel like it's a cop-out to want to live like this either. Some people are good at thinking about issues and developing philosophies about them, while others are good at simplifying things and trying to worry about life instead of death.

Underneath all of my well thought-out B.S., I am certainly scared. I would rather die quickly and with much pain then to suffer with something such as cancer for what would seem like a lifetime. I do appreciate the issue of "closure," and I think it's important. Obviously there is no closure in a quick death. I can only hope that I have strong enough relationships with people while I'm alive, that friends and family would be able to successfully cope with not having talked to me about my own death.

I don't fear death. I have no idea what happens when a person dies, and I find it very difficult to speculate about it. Ideally, it would depend on what you believe when you are on Earth. Christians go to heaven. Atheists lie in the grave forever. It is certainly hard to imagine that there is one belief on this planet that is correct, and that is what happens to everyone. To be so brainwashed by your religion as to believe that it is absolutely the correct one is the epitome of ignorance. I truly hope that there is something after this life. Even though I hope to have led a full life by the time I die, the one thing about death that scares me is the possibility that we will lie under the dirt in an infinite coma. The reason I say I don't fear death is because I find this scenario highly unlikely. I believe in something after death. I just don't know what it is.

It has taken me a while to finally spit

continued on page 11

"Action and reaction, ebb and flow, trial and error, change – this is the rhythm of living. Out of our over-confidence, fear; out of our fear, clearer vision, fresh hope. And out of hope, progress."

-Bruce Barton

Is There a Bandit in Your Mailbox?

The U.S. Postal Service will deliver more than 180 billion pieces of mail this year, including some interesting, appealing and attractive solicitations. Unfortunately, some of these solicitations come from scam artists.

The Federal Trade Commission and the U.S. Postal Inspection Service say the mailbox bandits lurking behind these solicitations are only after only one thing - your money. And many are using approaches that tug at your heartstrings, take advantage of your trusting nature or the entrepreneur in you. The two federal agencies suggest that consumers could beat the bandits at their own game if they recognize the lines they use, and if they practice some defensive moves. For example, you may find these lines in your mailbox:

***"You are a guaranteed winner of one of five valuable prizes!"**

A prize often used as the bait for an investment in products such as low quality vitamins, ineffective home water purifiers or alarm systems. The amount of money you send back always exceeds the value of the prize being offered.

***"You have been selected to receive a fabulous vacation!"**

Just send a membership fee to receive the "dream" vacation. Look for scheduling problems, nonexistent cruises, shabby hotels and fly-by-night airlines.

***"Stuff envelopes at home and earn BIG$$$!"**

Few companies hire individuals to provide this service. When you send money for the plan to operate this business-it's likely that you'll receive a "plan" that doesn't really apply to this opportunity and an order for high-priced samples that you'll have no choice about using.

***"This chain letter is perfectly legal!"**

All chain letters are illegal. It's that simple. The people who make big bucks from chain letters are the organizers: the people at the top of the list. Everyone else loses.

***"Your humble assistance is highly solicited in transferring millions of dollars, available from the National Petroleum Company of (name of country), to share with your good self. All we need is your bank account number."**

The invitation to "launder" foreign money is a solicitation to commit a crime and it doesn't stop here. Once the foreign-based scam artists receive your bank account number, they usually ask for money in advance to "assist" the transfer. Consumers lose in two ways - by sending the requested money and by providing scam artists access to their bank accounts.

The Best Defense

The FTC and USPIS advise you to be skeptical about all mail solicitations, including those delivered by private carrier that might be marked as priority delivery. Private carriers are covered in the U.S. mail-fraud law.

* Don't pay for a free gift.
* If the mailing asks for money or an upfront fee for a prize or contest, don't do it. You don't have to pay to play.
* If a solicitation urges you to use a private courier to send payment, toss it.
* If a solicitation looks like a government document, and says it's agovernment document, pitch it. The federal government does not solicit.
* If you respond, document your transactions. Keep the mailing envelopes from solicitors to prove that the mails were used.
* Never provide credit card or bank account numbers to any solicitor.
* Before you send any money for any product or service, check out the company with the attorney general in your state or the state where the company is located. This is not foolproof. There may be no record of complaints if a company is too new or has changed its name.

If you believe you have been scammed, contact your local postmaster, or call toll-free Postal Crime Hotline at 1-800-654-8896. For a complete list of free consumer publications from the FTC write: Federal Trade Commission, Washington, D.C. 20580 or visit the FTC at www.ftc.gov.com on the internet.

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The Cairn November 18, 1997

HOT L BALTIMORE

Duncan Simmons
Staff Writer

The Theater Arts Department of Castleton State College made a bold selection for their annual fall attraction. The play left us pondering what could possibly come next in the spring after the "Hot L Baltimore" experience. CSC's version of the Lanford Wilson comedy was mouth-dropping. The content required an open minded and adult audience, which it graciously received. Although done in good taste, the language and suggestion was at times stunning to the censored ear. I was truly impressed by the students who portrayed the characters of this difficult work, and no major production would be complete without the brilliance of Tom Williams' stage craft. The dramatic naturalism of our view into a hotel lobby was intricately constructed and artistically polished to perfection.

Scantily clad Lynne Wifholm was an impressive "girl." Bert Crosby melted into his character and the Doug Yaremchuk seemed fresh out of a business policy class. Erin Ballard was the very essence of April Green and induced a large audience response with flowing lines of strong sarcastic humor. Josh White had you believing that if you took off his wig and make-up after the show there would be a 70 year old man underneath. "Jackie" and "Jamie" showed the developed genetic bond of brother and sister that played well. "Millie" was a lovable old spiritual lady who easily gained our affection and "Suzy" certainly demanded immediate attention upon entrance. "Paul Granger III" beckoned for the audience to participate in his search for grandfather. Although there were many characters in the production they all had amazingly active roles throughout. The "Cab Driver" and the "Pizza Delivery Boy" were the only ones who did not have a large part in the plethora of roles. Dialogue often occurred simultaneously and was a bit confusing but developed a great realistic sound. Music and sound was superbly inserted and the scene transition was clever and enjoyable.

I found it hard to be critical of the play and the acting even seemed to occasionally outdo the writing. The second scene did sort of drag a little and was not the smoothest of transitions between the opening and final act. The ending was particularly abrupt as the plot built up too quickly in the beginning leveling off for the remainder. I was not aware of any obvious climax but the fading scene of a dancing Jamie and the gruff April Green was very classy. Overall; a daring and well translated production that was at the very least, entertainment.

"Hot L Baltimore" without the O was aptly named and the opening scene turned out to be the only scene portrayed. The lobby did not grow dull because of constant action all over the stage. It was sometimes difficult to chose which side of the stage to concentrate on. Lighting remained constant but the hotel lobby realistically should not waver from the steady dullness of an incandescent glow. There wasn't much room for creative stage lighting but that seemed to be the intention of the author. Wilson must have decided that realism in drama was important to the comedy of this play but he might have changed his mind when viewing the live reenactment. Simple components of the stage design enabled a clear separation of drama in respect of a one scene play. The front desk was meaningful and used to its potential while the stairs played an important and symbolic role. The lobby furniture turned out to be a story in itself and who could forget the feuding checker players stuffed into the far corner.

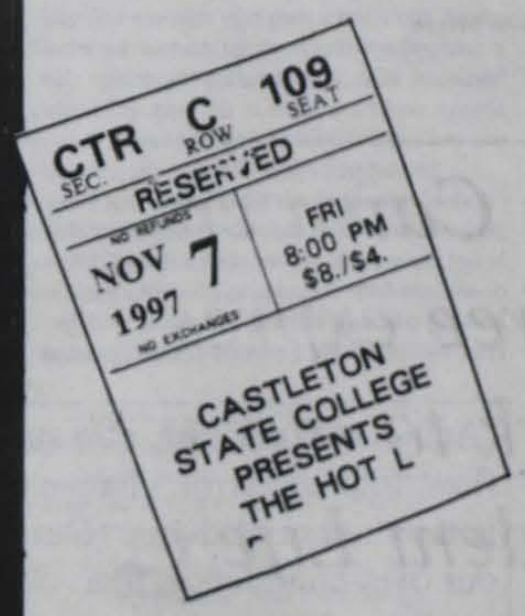
Although written for a slow methodical pace, the play steadily rolled on maintaining interest from its viewers. Inferences can be made about main theme of Wilson's work but it was certainly deeper than a hotel full of hookers. We gain deep insight into the minds of several drastically different characters that are infamous in their own circles but unknown to the rest of the world. "Hot L Baltimore" is about our individual social conditions not unique to the average person. The closing of the hotel is a monumental transformation to each of these characters' lives. Lanford Wilson's

Castleton State College

presents

HOT L BALTIMORE

by Lanford Wilson



Poet's Pulpit

LIND

at Flag
at Nationalism
at Apple Pie
at Muscle Car
at Rock and Roll
at Feeling we get during the Anthem
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ind are the Mice
at run in the Dark
ind are the Fools
at crawl beneath the Blanket of Patriotism
ow Blind are people who can't even see Blackness

-John Magee

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want to be a hero
ith the soul of a clown
want to rule the world
nd free the imaginations of
st children
ho weep in their plastic cribs
hile mommy and daddy
aw apart
litting fifty fifty
l their love

-John Magee

-On the Pursuit of Jesus, She came in Black-

crown of thorns
a sigh of peace
her sky split open
to deluge me
her rain baptized and set me free
I believed in her beliefs

crown of thorns
a sigh of peace
clap of hands
Adam and Eve
voodoo kiss we both could see
infatuation was our strange disease

cown of thorns
a dying face
we smelled the world
become a land waste
dreams collided in our fragile minds
dreams like miracles were hard to find

crown of thorns
a crying face
tears flew north
to heaven's gate
confession evolved, sealed a broken heart
confessions are weapons when two lovers depart

i felt her fire
spiral my lightning
as her sun became a shadow
we sat, we stared and wondered in judgement
as we entered to a world unkown
where dreams like miracles were hard to find
where dreams like miracles were never properly timed

-Eric Butler

The Cairn encourages all forms of free expression. Submit all work to our mailbox in the Student Life office in the Campus Center.

Jersey Boy

Here's to the
Countless hours
I've spent cheerfully
Driving toward you
And mournfully driving
Away.
Here's to the
Tears
I've shed in your honor
The pain I've suffered
When I wonder
Where you are.
Here's to the
Everlasting Love
I fell into with
you and the Joys
And Sorrows we've shared
In three years.
Here's to the
Pedestal
you ungratefully rest upon
With your dreamy
Blue eyes and your
Lucious brown hair.
Here's to the
Wonder
of life itself
The forces that
United us in the
Beginning.
Here's to the
Wonders
of what might have been
And the forces that
Hold us together
In the end.
Here's to my
Dreams of what
you will be
And your ability
To remember that
I believe in you.
Here's to the
unproclaimable Happiness
I have found
In knowing you,
Loving you,
Being a part of your life.
Here's to the
Lies we never
Meant to tell
And the truths
Behind them
We know just as well.
Here's again to the
LOVE
My heart can't erase
Only for you
Is this one
SPECIAL PLACE

-Anonymous

Movie Review: "Bean"

by Jessica Bullock
Assistant Editor

Mr. Bean, the British television character whom the world has come to know and love, is now gracing the big screen in his own film titled, appropriately, "Bean." Those who are familiar with Mr. Bean's antics have anxiously awaited his cinematic debut, but can Bean and Hollywood really get along?

In the film, Bean (Rowan Atkinson), caught in a case of mistaken identity, is sent to a Los Angeles art museum to deliver a speech at the unveiling of "America's most famous painting." Convinced that "Dr. Bean" is an esteemed intellectual, the museum's curator, David Langley (Peter MacNicol) invites him to live in his home, much to the discontent of his family. The construct of Langely's family is typical Hollywood and less than imaginative. His attractive, headstrong wife Alison is played by Pamela Reed, his token, "alterna-cool" teenage daughter Tricia is played by Jenifer Vessey, and his precociously sassy preteen son is played by Andrew Lawrence (you may remember him from such short-lived NBC sitcoms as "Brotherly Love," which also starred his brother, Joey Lawrence).

"Bean" is packed with hilarious vaudvillian stunts that are reminiscent of the television series which inspired the movie. Because most of Atkinson's comedy is physical, his humor possesses a silent subtlety that is unmatched amongst current Hollywood comics. On the rare occasions in the film when Mr. Bean does recite a line, it is said with such silliness that the humor lies more in its delivery than its content. Everything that Atkinson does in the film — his absurd facial expressions, his clumsy stumblings, and his incessant committing of social faux pas is so full of sidesplitting humor, that it makes me question the necessity of the contrived plot and the marketable Hollywood elements. Atkinson, who has been compared to such comedic legends as Charlie Chaplin and Buster Keaton, is a one-man-show, and he certainly does not need the cinematic ingredients that comics like Jim Carrey need to make his movies funny.

Even surrounded by a snazzy set and a ridiculously inane story line, Mr. Bean is still Mr. Bean, and the film is worth viewing based solely on Atkinson's brilliant comedy. However, I suggest taking a bathroom break or a little snooze during the parts of the film which involve anyone else other than Mr. Bean.

Dave Matthews Band fights back with "Live"

by Gregory T. McGannon
Staff Writer

A fantastic double CD, "Live at the Red Rocks 8-15-95," The Dave Matthews Band has given the bootleggers a taste of their own medicine. These bootleggers tape the band's live performance (like anyone can with proper tickets) but then mix them over to a CD, without bothering to clean up the background noises and sell the CD for an obscene amount of money. The taping is allowed for the purpose of fans to trade and collect the music. Most of the CDs are imported from Italy or Australia.

So, the band recorded a double-album with their own soundboard. It captures every aspect of the band's originality and sound. They open up with an up-and-down melodic "Seek Up." Leroi Moore's sweet saxophone soliloquy in "Proudest Monkey" leaves you begging for more. The hit "Satellite" is right on the money, and the impending and explosive "Two Step" is a personal favorite. Matthews poetic lyrics with the added bonus of Tim Reynolds on electric guitar make the best version yet. The first CD ends with "Recently" into an unidentifiable song of some kind, then bam! "Lie In Our Graves" kicks in at a rapid and high energy pace to lead us into the next CD.

The second half of the album goes through various cycles of groovelicious ups and downs. "Warehouse," Drive In, Drive Out," and "#36" are all great and can shake your bones. Especially "#36," which has become my morning anthem. It is a glorious trip through the fundamentals of the band's sound and Matthew's lyrics. The album ends with an encore of "Typical Situation" and the famous cover of Bob Dylan's "All Along the Watchtower."

What the Dave Matthews gives us, not only with this album but with their music as a whole, is a fresh sound undescribable by any one band in the past. With Matthews on lead vocals and rhythm guitar, Boyd Tinsley on the electric and acoustic violin, Leroi Moore ripping up the horns, Stefan Lessard on bass and tac piano and Carter Beuford on drums and percussion, the band rolls through their tunes without a lead guitar. This is what gives us that glorious and groovy edge. Not only is "Live at the Red Rocks" a colossal live album, but it is the first installment of many. In following the footsteps of the Grateful Dead's crispy Dick's Picks Live Cd collections, the DMB are going to continue to give us, the fans, what we need. Live, crispy, A+ quality tunes that rock the soul.

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ow It Looks From Here

y Smolke
-ibuting Writer

They lived together; kin and
as, mate and children within the muddy
's flow. They felled small poplars and
ed slim branches to raise the water's
They did not know this was what they
about. They simply felled trees and
ucted dams and lodges. All was well
their home. Goodness darted along
leek bodies, swung suddenly in the
ng of flat tails and came crashing down
the trees along the water's edge. One
llowed one day. Each lived.

By and by a scholar entered the
ng with map in hand. He sat upon a
tree and observed the community. He
ht out paper and pen, rulers and pro-
rs. He measured and calculated and
lated on innumerable points of interest
nding the occupants of the pond.

Soon others arrived. They brought
tools. They entered the water donned
ety suits and equipped with expensive
On the shore, tents were erected, a
or was named, and plans were laid. A
nailed to the largest cottonwood at the
end of the pond simply said, "Waushoota Pond Research Site. No Trespassing."

They saw the sign, but did not read it. They did not wonder why it was there or why the crew had assembled. They did not think of it at all. They went about their business. Nothing more.

Weeks passed, then months. The scholars said progress was being made. In time, just after the first frost, the group gathered over their fire to think things through. The crew argued, conjectured, sermonized, calculated, debated, and compared and contrasted data and theories, deadlines and goals.

They could hear them, but all the intellectual noise was as Winter wind through dead trees.

Finally, the scholars left. They took with them the date of their arrival, the time of their departure. They packed up the name of the pond and the price of the project. When they left, they took the count of the community, the age, health and gender of each member. They carried away their theories of origin and their predictions for the future. They knew all there was to know, and they carried it proudly away.

Snow fell.

College And Alcohol

Erin McGann
Contributing Writer

Colleges and Universities all over the U.S. have problems regardless of the size, ethnicity or gender of the student body. The most common problem is alcohol being on and around college campuses. Alcohol is a drug that can drag students, their GPAs and their friends down. It can kill you or someone you care about.

Many people think that most cases of overconsumption of alcohol is only related to fraternities, sports clubs and other organizations that use hazing as a form of initiation. This in fact is not true. Anyone can consume too much alcohol and become ill or even die. It is a serious problem that most people do not think about or take seriously.

Here at CSC we have been fortunate not to lose students as a result of inebriation. There have, however, been accidents involving students who consume too much alcohol and either drive or ride with someone who has had too much to drink. If students refuse to think about the consequences of their actions it will only be a matter of time before someone is seriously injured or killed.

One of the main problems with alcohol on campus is that a large majority of the student body is underage. This does not deter students from drinking because they have friends who can buy alcohol for them. The other alternative for underage drinkers is off-campus parties. At CSC it is not difficult to find off-campus parties who have no problem serving minors almost any night of the week. Students can drink with their friends all night and not have to worry about getting caught.

They do have to worry about how they might need to get home, can they find a sober driver, getting back into their dorms without being seen by an RA or just maintain enough common sense not to get involved in situations that could harm them. Alcohol dulls the senses and impairs motor skills to the degree that most people cannot make wise decisions.

Another problem is that many students who do go to off-campus parties are freshmen who do not have a lot of experience in being able to drink as much as they want. This could lead to alcohol poisoning.

It seems that at CSC drinking is a favored way to pass time as there are few alternatives that provide entertainment. A large majority of the student body, both underage drinkers and those who are legal, enjoy drinking and hanging out with their friends.

After questioning a handful of random students it would seem that most students drink on average four nights a week. On any of those given four nights an average of five to 10 beers are consumed. According to a pamphlet received from a local SADD chapter, that means students who do drink more than five beers, more than three nights a week are considered binge drinkers. This is a pertinent sign of a drinking problem.

Understanding that this is college and that most people do drink more than an average amount is still alarming. It can lead to health problems in the future as well as become habit forming. College student need to realize that alcohol is a drug and i addictive. Ask anyone of the thousands o people in AA. Did they just decide t become alcoholics or did it just happen as they grew dependent on the alcohol? Even in college alcohol can cause its own problems aside from dependency. It can caus moodiness, grades to slip and, unfortunately it can lead to other drugs.

No one is saying that people shoul not drink or have a good time, it should ju be understood that caution is necessary Students should designate drivers and no overindulge. Keep a close eye on a frien who might have had too much, maybe ge them home or at least stop them from consuming more. Don't let someone who is your friend get into serious trouble over a coupl of beers. In the end it is just not worth it.

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Beyond Naturalism: Reversing the Mechanization of Life

Frank Morgan
Contributing Writer

In the last issue of The Cairn I pointed out the hidden religious basis of naturalism and the need for a level playing field in public education. The distinctive of naturalism is its belief that the regularity of nature is the only self-existent reality. So naturalism is the negation of theism which holds that the personal God alone is irreducible and that such qualities as goodness, justice, love, and faithfulness are prior to the matter and energy of the physical universe. For purposes of this discussion, we may consider both naturalism and theism as philosophical positions rather than religions, though both have a religious base. Admittedly I am an outsider to naturalism, so I may not have a comprehensive grasp of its tenants. But I do have lots of questions. Like what is the impact of naturalism on the humanities? Do the regularities of nature really provide a basis strong enough to support my deep yearnings for justice, love, and faithfulness? You say that I am a "child of the universe." Is not the child of a machine still a machine? My heart cries out, " I am not a machine."

Historically a powerful flow of ideas from the humanities inspired and restrained the social and natural sciences. But now the flow is the other way. The overwhelming success of mathematical modelling and the mushrooming of technology and the sciences has led to the triumph of naturalism and the capitulation of the humanities to the sciences. Don't get me wrong. I don't want to turn back the clock on mathematics and science. I owe a debt to medical technology. I am not criticizing the good work of my colleagues in the sciences. But I am questioning the philosophical position of naturalism with its corollary that man is a cog in the big machine we call the universe.

Admittedly it is a complex subject — a lifelong search for truth. We can only begin to scratch the surface in a brief article. A thorough study would need to be framed in the history of ideas, but even a provisional look requires the whole range of the sciences and humanities. Roy Clouser* suggests an ordered list of fifteen aspects of experience useful in looking at the inter-connections between the humanities and the sciences.

1. fiduciary	6. social	11. biological
2. ethical	7. linguistic	12. physical
3. justitial	8. historical	13. kinematic
4. aesthetic	9. logical	14. spatial
5. economic	10. sensory	15. quantitative

At the very bottom is mathematics, the least complicated aspect, the study of patterns involving quantity and space. Going up, we see that the kinematic, or motion, builds on ideas of quantity and space. In turn, the quantitative, spatial, and kinematic aspects prepare the way for physics. And on we go up the list with increasing complexity through the natural and social sciences to the humanities, starting with the aesthetic, our recognition of good quality. The justitial admits our belief that the good things should be apportioned fairly. The foundation of the ethical is agape love, defined as doing justice regardless of personal cost. The fiduciary refers to the varying levels of reliability a thing or person may have, especially as it relates to human social relations. It also has a connection to religious faith defined as belief in something as unconditionally reliable. An example of this is naturalism's belief in the unconditional reliability of certain mathematical and physical laws of nature.

How does naturalism describe the interconnectedness of the aspects? If the regularities of nature are the only self-existing realities, then the tendency is to reduce all the aspects to natural law and mathematical constants. The sciences are not adversely affected by this, but the further we go up the list, the more damaging this reduction becomes. It is the the humanities, that are in danger of becoming irrelevant. The current movie Gattaca is an unsettling metaphor of technology applied to people. Perhaps 1984 is still to come. Cynicism in our post-modern culture is realistically and depressingly communicated by our poets and artists. We unthinkingly try to fill the abyss of meaninglessness with obsessive work, play, alcohol, or sex. Meanwhile our most perceptive observers tell-us that the fabric of society is unraveling.

I recently heard two radio talk show hosts assuming that all human behavior can be reduced to chemical process. But such reductionistic talk misses the main point of being human. It is like saying a book is only a list of letters. A person is way more than a machine. Love is far more than a chemical reaction. Moral excellence is far and away beyond a genetic propensity. We dare not omit the fiduciary in any discussion of human behavior. Why do we find the idea of cloning people so terrifying? It is because human reproduction is far above the biological. Childbearing is a complex human experience that spans all the aspects, but the governing aspect ought to be the fiduciary. Children are meant to be born under the protection of a covenant relationship between a man and a woman within a covenant-keeping community governed by an ethic based on love and justice. This covenant relationship itself points to the corresponding faithfulness of the personal Creator who instituted marriage and the family to teach us the most profound lessons of life — justice, love and faithfulness.

Then how does the theistic worldview explain the interconnectedness of the aspects? The theistic dependency idea of the Bible teaches us that all aspects are part of one continuous reality sustained by God, the

continued on page 11

The Mysterious Dome: An Open House

by Barbara Kimmel
Melissa Kelley
Dr. Patrick Keller

You have all seen, at one time or another, the whitewashed dome near the center of campus. What is it, you ask? No, it's not a lawn sculpture of an igloo, nor a downed spaceship. It's a greenhouse, of course! The CSC greenhouse had remained dormant for several years and was overrun with hundreds of ferns and ivies, forgotton plants, decay, a one-eyed toad and tons of bugs. Its only function in recent years had been to overwinter various campus landscaping plants and ornamentals. Inspired by independent study projects involving the extraction of chemical compounds from medicinal plants, it was decided that the greenhouse would have to be restored.

Over the summer, all the existing infested plants were ripped out, their containers washed and disinfected; the floors, walls, benches, stone beds, virtually everything, was scoured and disinfected; the rotted work benches were torn down and rebuilt; new light fixtures and timers were installed; sprinklers repaired; ceiling panels cleaned and caulked; the list goes on and on. By t start of the Fall semester the neglected do had been transformed into a tropical p adise! Dozens of species of medicinal pla grown at home over the summer have be transplanted into their new home. A nurse was started and new seedlings are sprouti and growing by leaps and bounds. Ever hospital bench for sick plants has been co structed.

The CSC greenhouse is once ag a functional and attractive part of our beau ful campus! At this time, we would like invite all those students and faculty who ha spied from afar, wondering what lies insi the mysterious dome, to an open house spo sored by Dr. Keller and the Medicinal Pl Chemistry students. We encourage everyo to stop by on Tuesday, December 2, betwe 12:15 p.m. and 2 p.m. Come in from out the cold and take in the sights, smells a pleasures of the tropics.

Special thanks to the folks Physical Plant for all their help.

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Illness from pg. 5

his out, but I am very much afraid to suffer or a long time with an illness such as AIDS or cancer. I find people who go though these gonizing diseases to be incredibly brave, erhaps even more so than a war hero or a owboy who goes down in a blaze of glory. n war a soldier is shot, he smokes his last igarette and he's a hero. He is a hero, no natter what his cause is. I would never lebate that. To die in a hospital though, and o try to come to terms with your own death equires something different. An old linebacker in the NFL was once asked to define he word courage. He said, "Those are the guys that are scared, but they go anyway." I can only speak for myself, but as a soldier I don't think I would have time to be scared. I would be more scared to die in a hospital and have to talk about my feelings for a year. For me, it would require more courage to die in a hospital.

As I've said, now that I'm thinking about them, the issues of disease, and to an extent, death, do scare me. Previously, however, this has not been the case. I really have not been scared in the past simply because I have not thought about death and disease. I don't want to die of a disease that I could have prevented with a different lifestyle, although I realize that if I don't change mine, I probably will. Right now, I think I'm hoping to be one of those guys who smokes butts and eats bacon until the day he dies at age 90. I realize this will probably not happen.

"A map of the world that does not include Utopia is not worth glancing at."
-Oscar Wilde

Naturalism from pg. 10

Creator of all kinds of causality in the universe. Setting up any aspects as having an unconditional existence is a form of idolatry as much as bowing down to gods of wood or clay. It is absolutely necessary to study all the aspects without reduction. The Bible is first and foremost a book of religion — not a technical manual for biology or geology or mathematics. It exercises guidance but does not replace theory-making within and across the aspects, including the fact that all theory and practice involving human beings is meant to be governed by the fiduciary aspect. Refusal to be a faithful steward of the Creator is the root whose fruit is a variety of covenant-breaking offences including cheating, dishonoring parents, abuse, murder, adultery, stealing, lying, ingratitude that flow from the deadly internal sins of pride, coveting, lust, anger, gluttony, envy, and sloth. The Biblical hope is redemption and grace bringing reconciliation with God and then with self, others, and nature leading to justice, love, and faithfulness.

The reader may have sincere differences with some of what I have written. This gives us an occasion to sharpen issues, seek truth and practice tolerance. We are left with a question. Do these sincere differences provide an excuse for unrighteous behavior under the guise of relativism? I think not. The commandments that I alluded to in the previous paragraphs have analogs in the literature of many cultures and religious traditions. These provide an objective standard for morality and a hedge against violence. We talk about the need for high expectations in academics. Is this possible without higher expectations for the greater values of justice, love and faithfulness?

* See Roy Clouser. (1991). The Myth of Religious Neutrality. Notre Dame, Indiana: University of Notre Dame Press.

Poets, Artists, And The Bible as a Story

The other day while walking through the Campus Center, a man gave me a little green bible for free. Upon opening it, I was greeted with a disclaimer warning that God will "condemn all who trifle with its sacred contents." At the risk of being branded sacrilegious, I read anyway.

Blood, tears, and magnificent miracles stimulated the imagination, and the fantastic writing reinforced the riff between religion and faith. All around me it was apparent that the fabric of society certainly was unraveling to the tune of the foretold seven deadly sins, but a perceptive observer could see that it is a lack of passion and poetry, not a lack of religion and morality that will be our downfall.

I enjoyed the bible. Dusty stories to be sure, but brilliant. Truly these prophets were poets and artists, as they made the hair on the back of my neck stand up; my soul touched deeply be their beautiful thoughts (darkly disturbing as they may have been.) Despite the threatening undertone, I could not help but to be filled with faith (unbelieving but inspired). Like a chalice I was filled with the love of God - it spilled out through my eyes.

I began to doubt fantastically with a wondrous new cynicism, and the world glowed through my faith goggles. I grabbed a canvas and a brush, and painted to celebrate life, love and art; swirled blue, red and green, much like our creator must have. I painted stories good and bad with a gift bestowed upon me by the character Satan (the first artist), who showed me black. Onyx religious fundamentalism and midnight eyes in dead crusaders. Christian neonazis, Jesse Helms and radical racists. Satan the outcast didn't really fit in with the white, Christian format; but he certainly deserved a chapter none the less in this book of faith and enlightenment.

So I combined the beauty of the creator's words with the artist's wisdom and open mind. The glowing light leaked out of me everywhere as I saw Baby Jesus in the arms of the un-wed mother. I danced, drank and sang God's praises with people of all races and all religions; the earth a holy movie screen and a colored film loop, illuminating the black and white shadows and traditional implications of "religion and morality". I saw Jesus in the love shared by homosexuals. I saw Mary, the mother of God in my lover's eyes. I saw God himself in everything alive.

Somewhere bells sounded, triumphant and glad.

"The ear that hears the rebukes of life will abide among the wise"

-proverb 15 part 31

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Castleton Soundings

ILA 105: Soundings
An Introduction to Liberal Arts
Remaining Fall 1997 Events

Date	Time	Location	Event
November 20 Thursday	12:30 PM	Science Auditorium	Lecture: *Physician Assisted Suicide: Shoul' Doctors Be Allowed to Kill?* Professor Robert Johnson Co-sponsored by Phi Eta Sigma Honor Society
December 2 Tuesday	7:00 PM	Old Chapel	Performance: Catamount Brass Quintet *Please note: seating is very limited.*
December 3	8:00 PM	Glenbrook Gym	Performance: *Sonabo*

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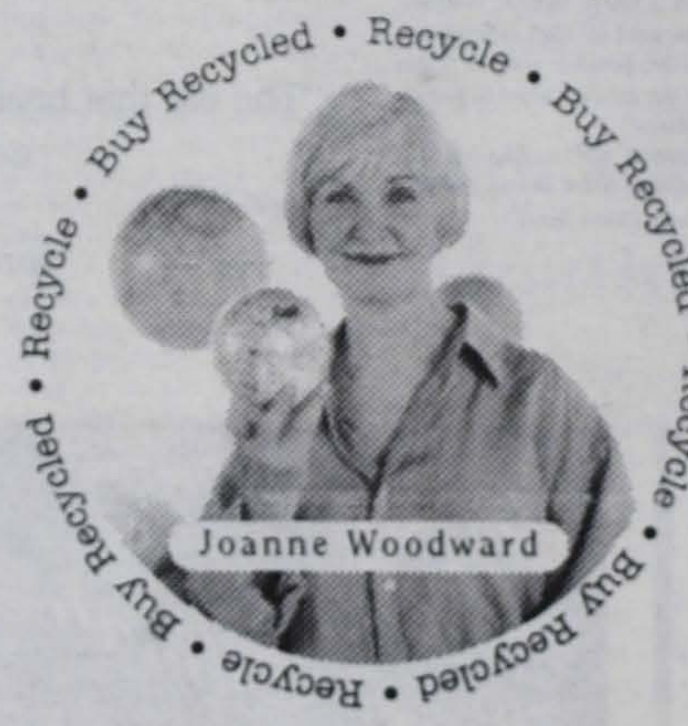

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The Cairn

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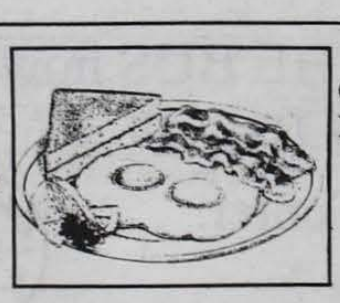
This issue published under protest

Happy Holidays

Inside...



Castleton Reacts!

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National literacy program in the works

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Ellis Hall closing for renovations

pg. 5

The Cairn

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The Cairn is Castleton State College's only student newspaper. It is published six times a semester entirely by students who are solely responsible for its content.

Questions, comments, and letters to the editor are encouraged. All letters must be receieved by the deadline date to be included in the next issue; all letters must be signed, but names can be witheld by request. We reserve the right to edit letters if deemed necessary by the Editor-in-Chief.

The Cairn
Castleton State College
Castleton, VT 05735
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This issue was written and published under protest of the fact that Alexandria Pinizzotto, our student association president, was not impeached for her misuse of power and premeditated lies. The Cairn urges everyone to become more politically active on campus and take notice of what is actually going on within our student government.

Dear Editor,

After venting my frustrations with the abundant amount of parking tickets given on this campus in the last issue, a strange but interesting thing occurred. All sorts of friends and acquaintances kept telling me about how they too were victims of huge parking fines. So I realized that to bring any closure to this subject, I needed to do some research. So I set up an appointment and here's what I got.

My interview with Mike Davidson, Director of Public Safety was a very pleasant one. He was helpful and answered all but one question of mine. The way the system works is quite simply really. A vehicle gets a ticket. In ten days if that ticket is not paid, campus law reserves the right to add a late fee to the unpaid ticket. Davidson was also quick to point out that he holds back on a strict "ten days then a late fee." He gives the fined vehicle an ample amount of time to paid the ticket. Now if an appeal form is filed, there are two ways it is dealt with. In the beginning of the school year, the student court is not even elected yet. So Mike Davidson takes care of the appeals that come through before the court is established. He reads through each appeal and judges them as impartially as he can. But when the student court is elected and in session, they review and pass judgement on all of the appeals. This process is what eats up all the time it takes for the appeal to be decided on. By the time the appeal has be delivered to and looked over by all the right people, it's three to four weeks later. Welcome to the wonderful world of due process!

When I asked Mike about the set payments for the various violations, he informed me that our campus fines were well below the average college parking fines, and that most schools' tickets start off anywhere between thirty and fifty dollars. Davidson also corrected me in the fact that the student court has dealt with appeal forms for at least the past five years, not recently as I was lead to believe.

But the million dollar question was still at unanswered; Where does all the money go? Mr. Davidson told me I would have to go to Dean of Administration Robert Bruce's office for that answer. He deals with all the money that Mike Davidson receives from the parking fines. This is where I hit the brick wall. Bob Bruce is away until after the deadline for this issue. I was told that Kelly Gilmour was my only hope. No such luck. Mrs. Gilmour just recently had a baby and in on maternity leave. Congratulations Kelly. But no Congratulations to me. I came up a day late and a question short.

-Big Lou

Anyone interested in joining or contributing to The Cairn is welcome to attend our meetings held Thursdays at 12:30 in the Campus Center Music Room.

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Did you know THE BUS schedule has changed? THE BUS now services Castleton State College at night (free with a college ID). Pick up a schedule in the Student Life Office, located in the Campus Center.

Castleton Reacts

Student Association Treasurer Resigns

The election scandal that recently rocked our student government has claimed it's first casualty. Jessica Gulley has resigned as treasurer of the Student Association due to a moral conflict, and consequently, Castleton State College has lost one of its most dedicated and hard working class officers. The Cairn would like to thank Jessica for her service to our school, and commend her for her integrity in making this moral stand. The following is her letter of resignation, explaining the circumstances for her decision. Good luck Jess, we're all behind you...

-Ed.

November 18, 1997

The Code of Conduct of our Student Handbook states "Falsification of information on College records or providing false information to the College is prohibited" (CSC Handbook, pg. 12). Two weeks ago, Alexandria Pinizzotto, our student body President was accused of violating the Student Association Constitution by involving herself with the class elections. Alexandria has also been accused of lying to a college official to cover up her own actions, and attempting to rely on other members of the SA to lie for her. Therefore, it is my opinion that she "provided false information to the College." In a Senate meeting held on November 5, 1997, Alexandria admitted to committing the actions stated. On November 16, 1997, a petition for impeachment was taken to the Senate, by a student-at-large, and it was narrowly voted down. All of these actions show a lack of honesty and integrity by Alexandria.

Due to the moral and ethical conflicts that have arisen, I have chosen to withdraw myself from the student government. I hereby resign as Treasurer of the Student Association Executive Board, effective immediately.

I have been on the Executive Board as Treasurer for the past two terms. In the past two years, I have gotten to know many of you very well and have helped your clubs and organizations the best way I knew how. I have given my all to the Student Association and have enjoyed every minute of it. I want you to know that this resignation was not an easy decision. It is with a heavy heart that I give up a huge part of my life. I want you to know exactly why I made this dicision. It is because I refuse to be associated with an organization whose President violates the SA Constitution to benefit herself, and then have her go unpunished, especially with the actions being so blatant and deceitful.

I personally want to thank everyone for a wonderful two years. I hope that all of you, those who are involved and those of you who are not, understand what has happened in your student government. Maybe because of this, more people will become aware of what goes on in their student government.

Sincerely,
Jessica A. Gulley

Problems in the ACC

There are a lot of problems in the ACC. On some days, computers are down, launchers are nowhere to be found due to a type-39 error in the system, spell checks won't work or printers are not working properly.

The ACC is for students to get work done on the computers, and especially now, at the end of the semester, students don't have the time to deal with freezing screens and other hassles.

There is also the problem of the ACC monitors, some of whom are helpful, and some of whom are definitely not. Many times the monitors act like it is a burden to help students out, but isn't that their job? Isn't that why they are getting paid?

It seems like it is time to get the ACC back on track. With exams coming up quickly, there will be limited time for students to use the computers, and the last thing they need are problems with the terminals. Let's hope that when students come back from break, these little bugs will be worked out.

Erin McGann

Chief Justice Reacts

I got involved with the Student Association two years ago. The reason was because I thought I would feel proud of belonging to an organization whose main purpose is to defend the rights and be the voice of the CSC student body. Lately my perceptions of the SA have changed. People taking sides and getting involved for the wrong reasons have given the SA a bad reputation.

The purpose of this letter is to express my discontent with the quality of the work that is coming out of the SA. Impeachments, misunderstandings and conflicts between members have destroyed the communication and lack of interest within this organization whose main purpose has become a constant competition to demonstrate who has more power and more guts. Today, I am ashamed to admit that I am part of this Student Association.

This is not a letter of resignation, but a wake-up call. I, like many of my coworkers, am tired of useless meetings that are just a waste of time. The lack of communication and people taking sides are destroying this organization. We need to open our eyes and realize that nothing is getting done. We are not achieving anything.

For most of us this is our last year. We should be an example to the students that are taking over our positions next year. Instead we are teaching them how to waste time and go through a whole year without accomplishing anything. We need to start working together as a team. Differences need to be either brought up and resolved, or kept in and forgotten. We need to realize that there is only five more months left in the school year. For us seniors, that means five months to make some changes and leave our landmarks, and for the remaining students, it means getting better and striving for higher positions. The way I see it, we have two choices. We can either stay in and work hard to accomplish some things as a team, or quit. I hope our positions are meaningful enough to realize that staying in is the right decision.

Thank you for taking the time to read this letter. Please feel free to give any feedback, or offer any suggestions.

Sincerely,
Victor Hugo Echandy
Chief Justice of the College Court

Thanks!

For the past four or five years, as many of you know, we did not require residents to move their cars from the resident lots when snow storms occurred. We would plow the roadway behind the vehicle and clean the lot during break weeks. This policy was adopted because many students would not move their cars when a "snow emergency" was declared, making plowing virtually impossible.

This winter, in an effort to respond to student's concerns, we agreed to try the old "move your cars and move them back when asked to" policy. I would like to take this opportunity to thank the resident student population at CSC for making the first "snow emergency" declaration of the winter an absolute success. We were able to plow and salt all of the resident parking lots in a very efficient manner, and only a handful of cars had to be towed.

If the rest of our "snow emergencies" go as well as this one did, we should have a much more enjoyable winter. Who says we can't all cooperate and unite on a common issue?

If you have comments, good or bad, I would like to hear from you. I can be reached at x1335 or by e-mail (parkerg@sparrow.csc.vsc.edu). Once again, thanks for making it work!

Gary F. Parker
Assistant Director
of Physical Plant

Due Process at CSC

by C. Greene
Staff Writer

As a state college, CSC is bound by certain regulations that make it mandatory for them to have "congruency" with Vermont State Law. Due Process, or the College's disciplinary process a student (or faculty member, with some differences) is entitled to and required to go through when there is an infraction of the rules, is an example of this accordance with federal and state laws.

Traditionally, discipline has been carried out from the top down; The president of the college delegates the responsibility of initial judgment to an upper-level administrator, typically the Dean of the College, who in turn, passes some of that responsibility on to other entities. In a move aimed at placing more control in students' hands, the creation of a new College Court, a functioning, disciplinary arm consisting of students, is now being formed. This court would function like any other disciplinary body but would have the distinction of being run by students for students, a true jury of one's peers. The court would handle infractions of the rules at the discretion of upper levels of the administration, and the student would have some say as to which entity, college administrator or College Court, would hear their case. In a recent interview, Joseph Mark, Dean of the College, described the court as an "emerging body," but a step in the right direction that would take "energy and commitment" to create and sustain. Members of the court are training now in workshops aimed at eliminating bias and other hurdles that would impede a fair hearing.

The creation of this entity would serve an important purpose on several levels. Providing students with an opportunity to discipline one another is empowering, and giving students a choice in who hears their particular case is similarly empowering. At its best, the court could serve as "real-world" training, where responsibility for the actions of the individual and the community should be everyones concern.

If a student does not wish his case to be heard by a student panel, the process might include a hearing with the Dean of the College, or the Assistant Dean of College Life, Liz True. Penalties handed down for any infraction could be as severe as dismissal or as mild as community service. Obviously, the discipline would fit the infraction. As it is in the larger community, if the student is dissatisfied with the result the option to appeal exists.

The system is set up to serve the college community's best interests. A College Court made up of students will serve to empower this school's most important group. Ideally, it will bring students and the administration to similar levels and foster a better atmosphere.

National Literacy Program Underway

by Jeremiah Sargent
Staff Writer

President Bill Clinton issued a challenge to mobilize students across the country to assist in children's literacy, and many CSC students have accepted his challenge.

The goal of this program: to fight illiteracy by sending 100,000 students to serve as reading tutors for children across the country. The battle grounds: libraries, schools and head start programs.

Equipped with books and a giving spirit, 23 CSC students and community members have taken on the president's challenge to increase literacy across the country. The program, which is in its first year of existence, pairs students with children, who range in age from grades K through fourth, and assists them with reading skills.

All of the state colleges, including the University of Vermont, are dedicating funds and workers toward this program.

Many of these Reading Partners as they are called are work-study sponsored, but several volunteers have also offered their services. The school has allotted $12,500 toward the program, enabling students to get paid for their efforts.

The coordinators for the program in Castleton are Brooke Martin the RD in Wheeler Hall, Ken Moulton director of financial aid, and Joyce Cunningham chair of the education department. "It's very exciting being part of this program, students across the nation are going out and helping kids learn to read better," Brooke Martin said.

The Reading Partners are required to go through a day long training program which helps them understand how to teach and work with students.

Not only are the children benefiting but according to Martin the schools are reaping the rewards. "The teachers are very excited about the program, and the kids love the students as roll models," she said.

"You get the opportunity to work with all different types of students and all different types of learning styles," said Cory Monastero, one of the Reading Partners. "Our only goal is to be there to help the students."

According to Martin they intend to continue the program into the spring semester and that several positions might be opening next semester. If you are interested in this program you should contact one of the three directors of the program.

The staff of The Cairn would like to wish everyone a safe and happy holiday season. See you next semester!

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New plans in the works for Ellis Hall

Daniel P. Hunt
Staff Writer

CSC has decided to close Ellis Hall in the spring of 1999 for renovations. The renovations will consist of the repair of the electrical, plumbing and heating systems, which have been major problems in the past for the building. The final decisions on the closing have yet to be decided and will be worked out this semester by the college and a newly formed campus organization, the Residence Hall Association.

The largest problem that is foreseen with the closing of a residence hall at the mid-semester point is the issue of housing. Liz True, the Director of Campus Life, believes that the transition can be smooth if the correct amount of planning is done, "I think that the more planning we do now the better that transition will be in '99."

CSC sees an average nine percent attrition rate in the spring semester, bringing the total number of students housed on campus down from 650 to 592. "Upper-class students who live on campus now should not panic about the availability of housing on campus next year," True said, but she also stated that there is a possibility of a waiting list being created after the May 1 deposit deadline.

Some of the ideas that have been discussed by the college to counter a possible housing problem is to offer double singles to those students who will be graduating in December. True believes that this would be a good way to free up housing in other halls, allowing roommates to stay together, a major priority of the college.

The college is also planning to make all of the rooms into doubles and some of the bigger rooms into triples. One definite location of a triple would be in the Babcock study lounges, which are scheduled to be vacant in the fall semester. Other rooms around campus that might be left vacant for the fall semester are the guest rooms in Adams, Haskell and Babcock.

The college is also planning on offering incentives or rebates to those students who choose to live in a triple. This would mean that each student who lives in a triple would have a lower housing rate.

Information sessions will be held on this issue before housing in April.

Social Issues Club sponsors homelessness awareness event

by Tara Rodin
Staff Writer

The battle against homelessness and hunger has begun for some members of the CSC community. Students took part in the Social Issues Club's Homeless Awareness Night, in honor of National Homeless Awareness Week, on Thursday, Nov. 20.

Homeless Awareness Night took place outside the Campus Center from 8 p.m.-11 p.m, and both students and faculty members were bundled up in their warmest clothing to fight off the cold. The purpose of the event was to make people more aware of the reality that homeless people face everyday.

John Cassarino, a speaker from the Open Door Mission in Rutland, was on hand to talk about his personal experiences working with the homeless and in shelters, as well as to raise questions and provide answers concerned with these very issues.

Nonperishable food items were collected throughout the day at an information table which was set up in the Campus Center prior to Homeless Awareness Night. The table gave students information and statistics on homelessness and hunger.

"On our campus there's such a lack of community, we hope this will bring people together for a common goal – to fight homelessness and hunger," said Sara Bergamo, vice-president of the Social Issues Club.

Castleton and Rutland are such rural areas that many people are not even aware that the problem of homelessness exists. "There's a lot of hunger and homelessness in this area, but because it's a rural area, we don't see it," said Nikki Peters, president of the Social Issues Club. "With this day of awareness, we hope to bring these issues to the public eye. We hope each year awareness will become stronger and stronger and more people will become involved."

Business Internship Program has bright future

by Gregory T. McGannon
Staff Writer

The school administration has given the go-ahead for the Business Department to expand it's internship program. Though in the past business majors have had the opportunity to take part in an internship, their wasn't much structure to the internship program. With permission now granted from up above, the program will start by contacting companies who have participated in the past, as well as all of the Rutland county businesses to see if there are any other interesting opportunities to be taken advantage of. There is even talk of developing out-of-state opportunities for summer employment.

The basis of the business internship program is to give students a chance to get hands-on learning experience of how a real business runs, receive 1 to 9 credits for their work, and if possible an hourly wage t- boot!

"It's really a win-win situation, said Paul Cohen, program director. The student learns a tremendous deal about business in everyday life and earns credits in doing so, and the business procures an eager to learn employee." The best time to get involved in the business internship program would be the summer when a student can have more time and energy to get the full experience and knowledge an internship has to offer.

Once such student to take advantage of that opportunity was Castleton graduate Jason Rudy. Though Jason had his own contact in getting the internship, he worked at TFX Medical, a Medical supply company out of Jaffrey, New Hampshire. Jason's job as an intern involved marketing, his major, and his duties were to work with the contact management program and target mailing. But once he became involved, the opportunity just exploded. Rudy stated, "Once I started to fulfill my job requirements, I began to coordinate the rewriting of our company's literature and then I just gradually moved up to product manager, which is the title I currently hold." On the subject of the internship opportunity, Rudy stated,"It's a great way to prove to yourself that you can make it in the real world."

The program is primarily composed of business majors but is open to students of all disciplines. Some of the typical qualifications businesses look for are good oral and written communication skills, word processing and spreadsheets and database knowledge. If anyone would like to learn more about the business internship program, contact Professor Paul Cohen at 1453, or Chip Stevens at ext. 1339.

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of everyday products are
being made from the paper,
plastic, metal and glass that
you've been recycling.
But to keep recycling
working to help protect the
environment, you need to
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Parable of Two Worlds

by Frank Morgan
Contributing Writer

Once upon a time in the country of Flatland* there lived a moderate and modest person whose name was A. Square. Flatland was like a vast sheet of paper within which figures could move freely about but were unable to rise above or sink below the flat plane of their existence. Flatland had an east/west axis, and a north/south axis, but no up or down. It was a two-dimensional world with time as ours is three-dimensional universe with time. Flatland residents had thoughts, emotions, and aspirations like ours, but had shapes like plane figures, mostly polygons, though some had so many sides that they were almost circular.

It was approaching midnight of the last evening of the second millennium, the year 1999. Mr. Square was sitting in his living room waiting for the new millenium to begin. Just as the clock finished striking twelve, a figure suddenly appeared within the locked house. It seemed to grow rapidly from a mere point to a full-sized circle. In his astonishment, Square cried out to the creature to identify itself. The stranger explained that he was from Space, the land of three dimensions.

After several unsuccessful attempts to explain three-space to Square, the circle (actually Mr. Sphere) did a demonstration. By moving up, he shrank to a point, then disappeared from Square's view above the plane of Flatland. Moving parallel above Flatland, he descended into Square's closed bedroom and took a tablet from Square's closed, locked cupboard. As Sphere moved he described all his actions, and soon reappeared with the tablet in his possession. He then tickled Square's insides causing a shooting pain, and his chuckle seemed to come out of Square's stomach.

This was more than our hero could take, and he charged angrily, sticking an angle into Sphere's clothing. Refusing to back off, he was carried into Space as Sphere moved up out of Flatland. Suddenly Square could see at once the inside and outside of his whole house and all its contents and occupants as well as his neighbor's. Square cried to his companion, "Behold I have become as God!" Sphere explained that knowledge was not the most important quality of godliness, but that love was greater.

Then Sphere whisked him off to the metropolis where the High Council of Flatland was in session for its millennial meeting to squelch the reports of revelations from other worlds. They were about to start the millennial search for misguided persons who claimed to believe in.the third dimension. Square saw that imprisonment would await the apostle of the third dimension. But now he so well understood the existence of higher dimensions that he thought he could explain it to a child. But Sphere forbad him to do a demonstration to the High Council. Then Sphere himself entered their presence and showed his intersecting circles in their multiplicity of radii. The Council took this to be a magical growth, and ordered him arrested. But Sphere quickly retreated into three-space.

Sphere then gave Square a lesson in solid geometry. Square was a fast learner, and soon was applying the lesson to Sphere's world. Perhaps there were yet higher beings of four or more dimensions who could see through walls and tickle the insides of Spheres! Square said, " Is it not a fact that your countrymen have witnessed the descent of Beings of a higher order that your own, entering closed rooms, even as your lordship entered mine, without the opening of doors or windows, and appearing and vanishing at will?"

As you can well imagine, Square was a different man from that day forward. In spite of the threat of imprisonment in an asylum, he began to speak up. Square often attended seminars where the number of dimensions was to be discussed. One day an arrogant scholar read a paper that claimed to prove that the number of dimensions had to be two. Square could no longer contain himself. He arose and spontaneously gave a complete account of his experiences. As you can imagine, he was immediately arrested and brought before the High Council.

And so Square was sentenced to perpetual imprisonment. There he met others who had seen manifestations. But they could not grasp the nature of the Sphere, and attributed the manifestations to magic rather than movement in another dimension. In time he began to have periods of doubt when the reality of the Sphere he had seen appeared "no better than the offspring of a diseased imagination, or the baseless fabric of a dream." And yet the memory of his encounter with Sphere sustained him as he wrote his memoirs. I share in his hope that "these memoirs might find their way to the minds of humanity in some dimension, and stir up a race of rebels who shall refuse to be confined to a theory of limited dimensionality."

* Abbott, Edwin A. (1884). Flatland. New York: Barnes & Noble, Inc., Sixth Edition, 1952.

HI-AYH offers inexpensive travel opportunities

Hostelling International-American youth Hostels (HI-AYH) and Students Advantage have joined forces to offer college students great discounts and bargains in travel. HI-AYH is the U.S. member of Hostelling International, the world's largest budget travel organization. Student Advantage is the nation's largest student membership and discount program.

Student Advantage members can now purchase a membership in HI-AYH for only $15 - a 40% discount from the usual $25 membership fee. The HI-AYH membership card is valid for 12 months and entitles the holder to the member rate at nearly 5,000 hostels in over 70 countries, including 150 in the U.S. Hundreds of additional discounts are available to hostellers at restaurants, museums, shops and more.

Armed with an HI-AYH card and a Student Advantage card (which entitles the holder to discounts at 15,000 locations nationwide, including Grey hound and Amtrak) the college student traveler, can journey throughout the USA and not pay full price for anything.

Hostels are inexpensive dorm-style accommodations for travelers. They provide separate facilities for males and females, fully equipped self-service kitchens, dining areas and common rooms for relaxing and socializing. In the U.S. HI-AYH has hostels in major cities, national and state parks, beaches and ski areas. Overnight fees range from just $8 to $24!

For more information, contact:

Student Advantage
Membership Services
321 Columbus Avenue
Boston, MA 02116
Telephone: 1/800/333-2920
Web Site: http://www.studentadvantage.com

Student Advantage was founded in Boston in 1992 to improve the lives of college students. Student Advantage offers savings, unique content, services and a community just for the college market.

HI-AYH is a nonprofit organization that promotes international understanding through its network of hostels and educational travel programs. HI-AYH is the U.S. affiliate of the International Youth Hostel Federation (IYHF) which encompasses nearly 5,000 hostels in over 70 countries. Hostelling International and the Blue Triangle are the trademark and seal of approval of the IYHF, assuring the traveler of budget accommodations and programs.

For more information, contact:

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Washington, DC 20005
Telephone: 202/783-6161 Fax:202/783-6171
E-mail: hiayhserv@hiayh.org
Web Site: http://www.hiayh.org

"The surest way to corrupt a youth is to instruct him to hold in higher esteem those who think alike than those who think differently."

-Friedrich Wilhelm Nietzsche

Poet's Pulpit

-Untitled

The silence rules my world,
But not like the lives of many,
The silence of the word,
Aside from pure thought,
The noise of the star is my silence,
The tick of the non-existant clock,
Life, death and re-birth,
For those worthy to see,
For those worthy to feel,
The path which always lies cloudy,
And leads to. . .

- rw

-Untitled

Cast here and there,
But where to stay,
Friends scattered far,
By click and glance,
As seen from the corner,
These souls do dance,
Not from inside,
But hung on a string,
Afraid to think,
To act their brain,
They pass it off,
For fear of shine,
And follow the wicked,
And share in unkind,
So soon they will elarn,
Or fall fast behind,
Chased by the burn,
Of karma and time.

- rw

-Untitled

On Now to where,
From where did I come,
A sad expression,
Ignorance and anger,
Walk side by side,
The Angst,
The pressure,
To be on the team,
So what of the earth child,
So caring and kind,
Leaving wrappers,
And bottles,
And butts as they climb,
To heights which they see,
But don't understand,
They merrily puff,
With mother in hand,
As they slowly destroy,
And wither her land,
Hence we must touch upon,
Mothers fine man,
So blatant with booze,
And fists in command,
So quick to unfold,
The ill-mannered taste,
Of those who surround him,
Of those he would waste,
Does such a place truly exist,
You see it every day,
you are it every day,
Change it every day.

-rw

-silhouettes of you-

see the sky, a pale saint blue
passing clouds form silhouettes of you
feelings that have been long forgotten
surface through my eyes
i begin to realize
i am searching for a feeling
a feeling of being special in your eyes

see the sky, darkened and old
stars shine as silver spun worlds
feelings of need and greed
surface through my eyes
i begin to realize
i am in need of a feeling
a need to be special in your time

say you'll stay, at least till dawn
sing with me beneath the stars
hold me till i fall asleep
and place your kiss upon my dreams

see the sky, a magenta cool
horizons rise to rescue you
feelings of sorrow, i can no longer borrow
tomorrow is here and now
i begin to surmise
my need for your feeling
is because you are special in my eyes

say you'll stay, at least till dawn
sing with me beside the fire
hold me till i fall asleep
and kiss me where you so desire

-Eric Butler

-most of the time i'm drinking alone-

another passage into time
a softening look around this world
she goes on flashing her dreamy smile
near my aura though we share no words

answer me, am i losing direction?
revealing most of my love signs?
rooms are spinning magic conversation
can sense a labyrinth in her eyes

is there a starfish that she hides?
an angel she keeps speaking of?
does she breathe above her lies
as days begin and night skies fall?

yes, the lonely walk can be so cruel
whistling songs drowned from drink
the mind insists i am a fool
waltzing without her name to sing

the door swings open to an empty stare
candles burning flamingo twists
there's something missing in the air
hope is passage to other's a wish

-Eric Butler

-carry me home-

eventual wife
where do you rest
your thoughts tonight?
i am undoubtedly waiting
to be within just
a touch away but,
time feeds freely
on my health and mind
open your moist
tender brown eyes
carry me home before i die
tell me why you've stayed alive
that i'm your chosen butterfly
the one for your future children
which will easily feel so right
for time feeds freely
on my health and mind
and i'll be dust in due time
forgetting why i wrote these lines
please carry me home before i die...

-Eric Butler

The Cairn encourages all forms of free expression. Submit all work to our mailbox in the Student Life office in the Campus Center.

Moral excellence and moral objection : two sides of the same coin

by ProfessorStuart Lavin
Contributing Writer

After studying Frank Morgan's outline for his presentation on "Moral Excellence" and discussing with him his intent and purpose I was at first stunned by Jamie Hecht's fervent and outspoken response to Morgans' presentation. Moreover, I was further perplexed to come to the conclusion that both these men had expressed true and valid claims. Was my assessment correct or had I missed some integral flaw in one or the other's argument and thesis points?

Hecht's historical analysis is accurate and without distortion (though is examples are somewhat exclusive), and Morgan's idea that moral excellence is derivative of the choices a person makes in being an agent of free will and moral goodness (though his examples are somewhat obscure) is also valid.

It is not my intent to pandor or to capitulate on any of the key elements in this point/counterpoint; nonetheless, the discussion is complex and requires more than I can do in this brief response. My response numerically corresponds to Mr. Hecht's.

1. Moral objection obviously exists in other contexts but its relevance in the Hebrew and Christian context cannot be ignored. Homer, moreover, would have known of and been influenced by Hebrew writings.

2. "The notion that moral excellence is not possible [other than] *on the basis of conformity with belief*" adheres to Erich Fromm's concept of "submission to internal authorities, such as conscience" which is often the response to a perverse and repressive government, because destructive and irrational impulses exist in us which we rationally understand.

3. Principles such as Hillel's "13 Principles of Faith" can be premised on belief and in this case are the basis of moral action: "I believe with perfect faith that the Creator . . .rewards those who keep His commandments and punishes those who transgress them." (Number 11)

4. We can use "Law" in the connotative sense (example: natural law), that is, a guiding rail more than a behavioral certainty.

5. The French Revolution produced mob rule and a Reign of Terror as well as the Declaration of the Rights of Man.

6. Eugenics was embraced in the U.S. by notable think tanks and institutions (including UVM).

In Holland Christians (acting out of moral conscience) who hid Jews or spoke out against Hitler's policies were also sent to death camps. In Denmark the entire population, led by their King, refused to comply with the Nazi order that all Jews wear armbands (the first step in isolating and identifying Jews for purposes of extermination). The king wore an armband in defiance of the decree. Everyone followed his example, thus thwarting the entire process. In more recent history the Mi Lai Massacre was abhorrent even to the most hawkish supporters of the Vietnam War, and the Nurenburg Trials have established eternally that moral conscience is a higher authority than obedience to the state.

Miscommunication of ideas may be compelling theater, and the discussion by both Mr. Hecht and Mr. Morgan is welcome regardless of the controversy we now find ourselves digesting, but there is a more important aspect to this discussion which I hope will not end here, whether or not I am correct in my assessment. I say this because we live in morally complacent times, where conscience and matters of justice are simply not discussed and are not central to the "character structure" which ultimately determines how we behave toward one another. *We learn how to behave.* Being honest, intelligent, free of prejudice requires that students and teachers respond with honesty, intelligence and without prejudice. I welcome this discussion and see it as an opportunity to evoke matters of conscience as a priority of the educational process.

"Life is like music; it must be composed by ear, feeling and instinct, not by rule."

-Samuel Butler

Does religious commentary have a place in a state institution?

by Frank Moulton
Contributing Writer

In as much as no attempted reply to Professor Morgan's running commentary has been published in the last three issues, I feel obliged to respond on behalf of those in the campus community who do not share his religious views nor wish to see them expounded upon ad infinitum. While Prof. Morgan is polite and articulate, I believe that his continued use of official and student -sponsored campus forums for the propagation of Christian values is inappropriate at a state institution, and somewhat offensive to those of us who are agnostic (or atheistic) yet morally responsible. Moreover, since the intent of his most recent efforts has been to persuade us to abandon rationality in education and return to dogma, based on the recent, unsupported speculations of one Calvinist theologian, Roy Clouser, I feel impelled to offer a contrary view.

First I must admit to not having read "The Myth of Religious Neutrality". As a librarian, I am singularly aware of the multitude of sources of information and opinion that are regularly published, all of which cannot be digested (or even approached) by one individual. For this reason, like most academics, I rely on the opinion of established writers with acknowledged expertise, as tempered by my own judgement based on personal experience, to aid in the selection of reading materials. That is, I read book reviews. Allow me to quote from one such review of Clouser's book, by Peter Byrne, as published in the March 1995 issue of "Religious Studies:"

> Clouser has not appreciated the full force of a counter to his claims based in a fallibilist, agnostic epistemology. It is a measure perhaps of his lack of awareness of the possibilities of alternative approaches to understanding the nature of reason and enquiry that he appears supremely confident that we know where to get the religious recipe for putting together a right theory of things ... Even granted the point that he is speaking to a Judaeo-Christian audience, even an exclusively Christian one, this stance seems problematic.

Needless to say, Prof. Morgan is not speaking to an exclusively Christian audience. Although other critics hold different opinions of this work (several acknowledge its complexity), my own judgement leads me to recognize his central thesis, that rationalism = naturalism = paganism, as a standard rhetorical device known as "reframing the debate." Apparently the first six chapters of this book are spent in esoteric philosophical arguments intended to support Clouser's redefinition of scientific theory as a (patently inferior) form of religion. From the basic assumption of a divinity which is founded on faith but built on rhetoric, all of his subsequent arguments follow. It is basic to the central tenets of education worldwide for students to understand the difference between assumptions and that which can be proven or demonstrated.

The foundation of the body of modern scientific and analytic knowledge require a gradual accumulation and synthesis of these results of observations and experiments, constantly tested for validity on a pragmatic and empiric basis. Despite its limitations, this reliance on rational investigation, largely free from predetermined value judgements, has resulted in all of the major advances in standard of living since western science emerged from the suffocating cocoon of Christian tutelage during the European Renaissance and Enlightenment. Despite ages of philosophical and religious debate over the existence and meaning of God, no demonstrable progress was made in our material culture until society determined to concentrate on aspects of life that could be proven to have a consistent basis in reality, at least at the level of our senses. To consider the effects of state-supported theistic moral judgements on the progress of knowledge, one need look no further than the persecution of Bruno and the forced recantation and imprisonment of Galileo.

Prof. Morgan refers to cosmologists and their reliance on "a couple of dozen finely-tuned, unchanging mathematical constants and physical relationships that have allowed the universe and all of life to unfold," which he calls an assumption and, following Clouser, a "pagan religious dependency idea." What these cosmologists have, and what apparently Prof. Morgan lacks, is sufficient humility to acknowledge that all of their theories are tentative and subject to change upon the presentation of new evidence. To consider this as pagan and "reductionist" is itself reductionist, as two more new books based on scientific principles demonstrate. Martin Ree's "Before the Beginning" (Addison Wesley, 1997) and David

[illegible] page 9

ılton from page 8

ch's "The Fabric of Reality" (Viking ain, 1997) both use the sometimes oxical principals of quantum physics stulate the existence of multiple uni-s, in which our "unchanging mathe-al constants and physical relation-" would not necessarily apply, thereby king Clouser's redefinition of scientif-uralism as a form of faith. Both of rationalist writers have the courage onesty to question even the most basic of their upbringing, with a will to from the results. Can Roy Clouser (or Morgan) claim the same?

"I know but one freedom and that is the free-dom of the mind."
-Antoine de Saint-Exupery

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IS YOUR CONDOM ON UPSIDE DOWN?

THE SURPRISING THINGS PEOPLE DON'T KNOW ABOUT CONDOMS

Eatontown, N.J. [November 24, 1997] – No doubt condoms will make headlines as long as AIDS is an epidemic. Despite what reporters and consumers think, there still are a lot of misconceptions about these latex lifesavers. The consumer information specialists at Ansell Personal Products, maker of LifeStyles and other condoms, want to share some surprising facts that may make you laugh.

THE BARE FACTS

1. *The most common condom mistake is putting on the condom upside down. It should unroll smoothly and easily from the rim on the outside. "If you have to struggle, or if takes more than a few seconds to put on a condom, it's inside out," says Carol Carrozza, Director of Marketing for Ansell Personal Products. To take off the condom, don't try to roll it back up. Hold it near the rim and slide it off.*

2. *People ask about condom sizes. It's not like buying a shirt. There generally are three sizes available and size differences are subtle. For example, LifeStyles Ultra Sensitive is a standard condom size. The LifeStyles Form Fit condom is contoured to provide a snugger fit for those who prefer it. Ansell also offers a Mega condom which is just 2 mm larger than the standard size. But sorry, guys, they don't get bigger than this, despite what you claim to need.*

3. *Use a latex condom. The Centers for Disease Control says that for the sexually active, latex condoms provide the best protection against sexually transmitted diseases. Latex also offers variety. It can be molded into condoms with bumps, ridges and different shapes to provide different sensations.*

4. *Condoms are like cartons of milk. Both have a shelf life and an expiration date on the package. Don't buy old milk or use a condom that's expired. Condoms with spermicide have a shelf life of three years; those without spermicide have a shelf life of five years.*

5. *The worst place to carry a condom is your back pocket. Think about how a stick of gum looks after a day in your back pocket, and you'll know why a shirt pocket makes more sense for carrying a condom. Don't store condoms for a long time in your glove compartment, pocket, wallet or purse. Lengthy exposure to heat can break down the latex. And in a purse, keys, pens or other sharp objects can damage a condom if it's not in a protective case.*

6. *The foil packet has a tear strip; use it. You can damage the condom by tearing open the package with your teeth or something sharp. Also, once the condom is out of the package, handle it gently. Jewelry and fingernails often are culprits in tearing condoms.*

7. *Another common mistake is to pull the condom on too tightly, with no room at the tip. If the condom doesn't have a reservoir tip, squeeze the end to remove air, and leave a little room at the end. This is the origin of the condom nickname "Jimmy Hat."*

8. *Body oil, ice cream and whipped cream are fun, but they're not good lubricants for latex condoms because they can damage the latex. Use only water-based lubricants. The package will be clearly marked.*

9. *If you feel a condom break, stop and withdraw immediately. Then use another condom. If another condom in the same package should break, keep the unused condoms and call the manufacturer. Lot number tracking will help get to the source of the problem. Ansell has a toll-free consumer line at 1/800/633-0909 if you have any questions about condoms.*

10. *Most people don't realize that condoms are classified as medical devices. Their production and marketing is regulated by the Food & Drug Administration.*

There are stringent quality controls and testing that Ansell uses in the manufacture of condoms. The company has a quality assurance and testing program that meets standards for more than 100 countries worldwide, and its condoms must meet more than 24 international requirements.

PASSING THE TEST

1. *Every single condom is tested electronically for holes.*

2. *In addition, samples of every batch of condoms undergo inflation testing. A typical condom will inflate to about three feet high and one foot wide before it bursts.*

3. *Samples of every batch of condoms also are tested for water leakage. A condom must hold 300 ml [10.2 oz.] of water without leaking.*

4. *Finally, other samples of condoms are stretched lengthwise and crosswise to test for tensile strength and elongation.*

5. *Ansell voluntarily retains samples of every batch of condoms produced. They can be used as control samples in future quality tests.*

The LifeStyles Web site, www.lifestyles.com, has more condom information, along with contests, sweepstakes and free sample offers. "The more you know about condoms, the more you can relax with them and have fun," says Ms. Carrozza.

FOR MORE INFORMATION, CONTACT JEANNINE ADDAMS
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Movie Review: The Wings of the Dove

by Eric Butler
Staff Writer

If you have any free time outside the doldrums of upcoming finals, papers, and partying, I suggest an evening well spent with your friends, family or loved ones while viewing the sexually dark and dreary film "The Wings of the Dove." By no means, do not expect another "Boogie Nights" extravaganza, but do cherish a remarkable and passionate Henry James novel adaptation that will leave you questioning your own morals and shaking yourhead by the beginning of the closing credits. Helena Bonham Carter stars as Kate Croy, a wealthy young woman threatened with disinheritance if she marries her true love, lower-class journalist Merton Densher, played by Linus Roache. As Kate succumbs to her Aunt's strict marriage policy, she lives the easy-going high life without the companionship of Merton and socializes with the snooty local upper-crust instead. Throughout these galas of genuine scotch and cigar smoke clouds, Kate befriends the much desired Millie Theale (Alison Ellio Millie is a bubbly yet, dying Americ heiress whose deepest yearnings stem fr restoring a Venetian church, losing her v ginity and falling in love. Can you say "m termind?" Kate Croy becomes that and mo Nonetheless, Kate decides to persua Merton into trying to win Millie over, th enabling them to eventually get married at Millie dies and Merton inherits her weal Pretty sick and sneaky, eh? As usual, I lea the rest up to you to find out what unrave Besides the flawless acting, the filr Victorian costumes and settings in Lond and Venice should make this little colle town the last thing on your mind. Direct by Ian Softley, "The Wings of the Dov deserves best film for this winter and ye utmost choice of what to go see these da Have an eventful break and happy holiday

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VOLUNTEER CORNER

By Michelle Merrow

The Community Service Office (x1429) located in the lower level of Adams Hall (Wellness Center) currently has several excellent volunteer opportunities available. If you are interested in any of the opportunities listed below or have any questions call Brooke or Michelle at x1429. CSC students, faculty and administrators can make a difference!

YOU CAN STILL JOIN the Community Service Club! Meetings are biweekly with several service projects planned throughout the semester. Sunday, Dec. 7, the group helped with a Christmas party for 125 children who live in a low-income housing development in Rutland. They colored with the children, painted their faces, handed out presents to them and much more. Approximately 15 CSC students helped make the holidays special for these children.

There is a **FOOD/CLOTHING DRIVE** currently going on in the residence halls sponsored by the Community Service Club. All items will be collected Thursday, Dec. 18 and will be delivered to the Castleton Food Shelf and the Rutland Mission. If you have any decent clothes you never wear of food you don't want to keep in your room over break, donate them!

The **RUTLAND DISMAS HOUSE** need volunteer cooks to come in and make dinner for the residents, former prisoners. It only takes about two hours to prepare the meal, and then sit down and eat with them. This would be a great community service project for an SA club. Also, the Dismas House is looking for interns—Great opportunity for Criminal Justice majors!

HEY GRADUATES! Are you interested in working with homeless and runaway youths for a year? Join the Faith Community, a group of volunteers who commit to serving 13 months at Covenant House, a nonprofit, child-care agency serving homeless and runaway youths. The sites are in New York City, Toronto, Houston, Ft. Lauderdale, Los Angeles or New Orleans. Room and board provided! Call the Community Service Office for literature.

FIRST NIGHT RUTLAND, an organization that puts on activities in Rutland for New Year's Eve, is looking for volunteers to help with their activities. Volunteers are need on Dec. 31 between 3 p.m. and midnight. Lynn Mack, the coordinator, is only looking to fill 90 minute time blocks.

Have a few spare hours while you're on break?
Volunteer in your local community!

The Newest organization at Castleton is the Community Service Club which hopes to get students volunteering in non-profit community agencies as well as with on-campus organizations. Brooke Martin, Wheeler Resident Director, is the group's advisor.

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14 10:00 AM to Midnight	15 8:00 AM to Midnight EXAMS	16 8:00 AM to Midnight EXAMS	17 8:00 AM to Midnight EXAMS	18 8:00 AM to Midnight EXAMS	19 8:00 AM to 4:30 PM EXAMS	20 CLOSED
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	The library is extending its hours for study during exam time by opening earlier than usual and by closing later during the period of December 8 - 19, 1997.					

Final Exam Schedule - Fall 1997

MWF	08:00-08:50 A.M.	MONDAY, DECEMBER 15	08:00-10:00 A.M.
MWF	11:00-11:50 A.M.		10:30-12:30 P.M.
MWF	02:00-02:50 P.M.		01:30-03:30 P.M.
MW	05:30-06:45 P.M.		04:00-06:00 P.M.
M	04:00-06:30 P.M.		04:00-06:00 P.M.
M	07:00-09:30 P.M.		07:00-09:00 P.M.
TH	09:30-10:45 A.M.	TUESDAY, DECEMBER 16	09:30-11:30 A.M.
TH	02:00-03:15 P.M.		02:00-04:00 P.M.
T	02:00-04:30 P.M.		02:00-04:00 P.M.
TH	05:00-06:15 P.M.		04:30-06:30 P.M.
TH	07:00-08:15 P.M.		07:00-09:00 P.M.
T	07:00-09:30 P.M.		07:00-09:00 P.M.
MWF	09:00-09:50 A.M.	WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 17	09:00-11:00 A.M.
MWF	12:00-12:50 P.M.		12:00-02:00 P.M.
MW	04:00-05:15 P.M.		04:00-06:00 P.M.
W	04:00-06:30 P.M.		04:00-06:00 P.M.
W	07:00-09:30 P.M.		07:00-09:00 P.M.
TH	08:00-09:15 A.M.	THURSDAY, DECEMBER 18	08:00-10:00 A.M.
TH	11:00-12:15 P.M.		10:30-12:30 A.M.
TH	03:30-04:45 P.M.		03:30-05:30 P.M.
TH	06:30-07:45 P.M.		06:30-08:30 P.M.
H	07:00-09:30 P.M.		07:00-09:00 P.M.
MWF	10:00-10:50 A.M.	FRIDAY, DECEMBER 19	08:00-10:00 A.M.
MWF	01:00-01:50 P.M.		10:30-12:30 A.M.
MWF	03:00-03:50 P.M.		01:30-03:30 P.M.

NOTE: Courses with irregular class meetings will have the exam scheduled at a time suitable to the needs of all students in the class. The instructors of these classes should notify the Registrar's Office of the variations in exam times before December 1, 1997.

La Posada

Wednesday, December 10th

A Mexican Christmas tradition – a candle-lit procession through the campus, ending in the Campus Center where we'll... **SMASH PINATAS!!!**

We'll be leaving Leavenworth Hall at 4:10 p.m.
Woodruff..... 4:20 p.m.
Ellis.....4:40 p.m.
Haskell.....4:55 p.m.
Adams.....5:05 p.m.
Babcock.....5:15 p.m.
Campus Center.....5:30 p.m.

Senior Research Proposal Presentations

Exercise Science and Athletic Training Majors will be presenting their research proposals in Glenbrook Gymnasium on December 11th from 12:30 to 2:00 pm. At this time they will be available to answer any questions about their research.

faculty, staff, and students are all welcome to attend. Topics include biomechanics of throwing, attitudes toward physical activity, flexibility in the older adult, physical activity and children, and music as a motivating factor during exercises.

Hope to see you there!

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The Cairn

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Spice Girls = Girl Power?

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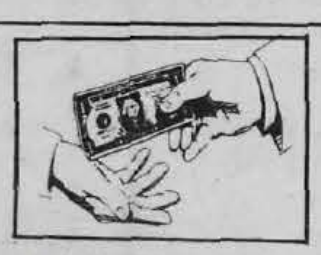

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The Cairn

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The Cairn

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The Cairn is Castleton State College's only student newspaper. It is published six times a semester entirely by students who are solely responsible for its content.

Questions, comments, and letters to the editor are encouraged. All letters must be receieved by the deadline date to be included in the next issue; all letters must be signed, but names can be witheld by request. We reserve the right to edit letters if deemed necessary by the Editor-in-Chief.

The Cairn
Castleton State College
Castleton, VT 05735

Anyone interested in joining or contributing to The Cairn is welcome to attend our meetings held Thursdays at 12:30 in the Campus Center Formal Lounge.

From the Editor's desk...

Hey kids, welcome back for another semester. Issue #7, the paper you're reading right now, represents the end of an era for us at the Cairn. We are very pleased to announce that we will be teaming up with Jordan "The Man" Davies and his Graphic Production class to give *The Cairn* a much needed face lift. We're looking to create a more exciting format, so if you have any ideas for a sleeker, hipper *Cairn*, by all means let us know.

Some concern has been raised by some of our traditionalist readers who happened to love the clip art and inanimate objects that graced the paper's cover last semester. Well guys, as you can see by the cover, we thought of you too. Enjoy 'Turtle' as you enjoyed 'Leaf', 'Tracks' and everyones favorite newspaper delivery boy, 'Johnny'!

The Cairn is pleased to welcome Nadia Adams on board as our new staff photographer. She'll be sharing photo duties with Kristin Walters. Tim Matteson, sports writer extrordanaire, is also new to the staff. Finally, we'd like to thank Marjorie Ryerson's News Gathering and Writing class for submitting the articles in our "Briefs" section. We look forward to working with this class throughout the semester.

The Campus Center Advisory Board would like to thank the following individuals for keeping the Campus Center open until 3 a.m. during exam week:

Elizabeth True
Brooke Martin
Professor Tim Grover
Julia Burke
Victoria Angis

CLASS OFFICERS 97-98

NAME	CSC BOX	POSITION	CLASS	Phone #
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Did you know THE BUS schedule has changed? THE BUS now services Castleton State College at night (free with a college ID). Pick up a schedule in the Student Life Office, located in the Campus Center.

News Briefs

Nursing building under construction

Plans to extend the nursing building at Castleton State College, which would provide not only more space for the nursing program but also offer more space for classrooms and lecture halls, are in the final stages. In the March 4, 1997 issue of the Cairn, we informed the student body that the proposed construction for this extension was to begin in the 1997-98 academic year. We are now pleased to announce that, according to Bob Bertram, the architectural plans are completed and being reviewed by the Department of State Buildings and are currently out for bid to contractors. Once a construction company is found the project will break ground on schedule in early spring, weather providing of course.

CSC celebrates Women's History Month

March is Women's History Month and Castleton is proud to take part. On February 26 the Fine Arts Center is showing the theater production of Overtones and Creedo, two one-act plays written 82 years apart that illustrate the evolution of women in our society. The main focus, according to co-producer and director Loraine Reynolds, is to utilize women and show them in diverse roles and social interactions.

"America Reads" on

America Reads, the national program initiated last year by President Clinton to help children read better, is a success here at CSC. Kenneth Moulton, head of the financial aid department, stated that the program is going very well and was pleased to announce that this year the college not only has the ability but the funds to expand the program from 24 participating students and volunteers to 32.

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85 Tanks to Choose From

OPEN 7 Days a Week
10-6, FRI 10-7, SUN 1-5

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Literary Club seeking submissions

The Literary Club, one of CSC's less publicized organizations, is searching for new members as well as more submissions for the literary magazine The Vermont Literary Review. The meetings are held at 4 p.m. on Wednesdays and Fridays in the Formal Lounge of the Campus Center. Submissions can be given to Anne Tabor, the president of the Literary Club, or put in the Student Life Office. The deadline for submissions is February 27.

Hall councils holding AIDS benefit

An AIDS benefit, semi-formal dance is being planned for Saturday, March 14th, at 7:00 p.m. Tickets will be sold ahead of time in various locations. The dance is open to anyone in the college community, the Rutland area, and the general public. It is being sponsored by the Ellis Hall Council, the Residence Hall association, and various other Hall Councils on campus. If you have any questions, you can call 468-1416 and leave a message. All proceeds will be donated to Vermont Cares.

Preparations underway for "Guys and Dolls"

Beginning on March 19, the CSC community will be treated to a performance of "Guys and Dolls." The production will be a result of cooperation between the Art, Theater and Music departments, and promises to be a visually unique experience. Tickets for the general public will cost $10 and are available at the FAC box office.

CSC graduate headed to summer games

Kristina Sabasteanski, a 1991 CSC graduate, was named to the U.S. Olympic Biathlon team on January 3, after winning the qualifying race held in Jericho, Vermont. Sabasteanski was a physical education major at Castleton. She decided to train for the 1998 Olympic team after she narrowly missed qualifying for the 1994 Olympics. In 1996, she placed twentieth in the 15 km World Championships in Germany. By finishing the 7.5 km course in 26 minutes and 10.8 seconds, she won her place on the Olympic team. Sabasteanski has already left for the World Cup Competition in Europe.

Big fun scheduled at Club Toast

Big Heavy World presents the Rent Party Prom and Groove Apocalypse Video release party. The event, scheduled for March 2, will be a non-alcoholic live music rockout at Club Toast in Burlington. The celebration will feature live music from Chin Ho!, Chainsaws and Children, Spill and many more. Door prizes include tapes and CDs from Pure Pop Records and Big Heavy World. Admission will be $8 and the show is all ages. For more information, visit Big Heavy World's website at www.bigheavyworld.com.

The staff at The Cairn would like to thank the News Gathering & Writing class for their contributions to this issue.

General Manager resigns from WIUV

by Dave Mance
Editor-In-Chief

The student-run radio station, WIUV (91.3 FM), is an important part of campus life. WIUV serves both the College and the local community, broadcasting varied programs of music, sports, news and weather and ski reports, as well as airing features concerned with public service and education...Emphasis is placed on training students in the techniques of radio presentation and mechanics...

- 1997/1998 Undergraduate Bulletin, pg. 31

From left: Alex Pinizzotto, Greg Topf, Governor Howard Dean, and WIUV staff members

If you enter Haskell Hall, go down the stairs into the basement, take a left, go through a short hall into the room with the garbage cans and white mildewy ceiling pipes, take another left, go past the water stains, fuse boxes, stepladder and bagged up aluminum cans, you will come to our college radio station's door. It will be locked, and the station will be dark. The only sound to be heard will be the hum of the building's heating system.

For CSC veterans, the station's dead air will certainly come as no surprise. Despite the hard work of those involved, the station has been notorious for its sporadic schedule and general disarray. This semester, things are even more confusing at WIUV since Greg Topf, the general manager, has resigned.

Topf's resignation came as a surprise. In a letter that he sent to the Student Association, he sighted the election scandal involving the Student Association President, Alex Pinizzotto, as a major factor in his decision. "I cannot in good faith, allow myself to represent an institution which harbors confessed liars and yet also professes to prepare us for the rest of our lives," declared Topf. The letter went on to implicate the general apathy of CSC facility and students. Topf's story might be a good place to start in a quest to discover what's wrong with the station.

Topf became the general manager of WIUV in 1995 after working for a year and half at K101 in Middleberry. To some he was overbearing and demanded to much. He liked to run things his way. Like him or hate him though, his knowledge of radio, his work ethic and his desire to make WIUV a better station went unquestioned. When Topf took over, the stations signal wasn't strong enough to leave the campus. What's more, the station wasn't legal and hadn't been liscenced for three years.

The source of these continuous problems can't be blamed on any one person. The internal struggles within WIUV were simply a microcosm of a much larger problem, specifically, the general coldness of the school. Topf remembers that all involved with the station became disheartened when their requests went unanswered.

The stone walls put up against the radio station started in the Communication department itself. None of the radio classes showed any interest in using the station, contrary to what the CSC Bulletin suggests. Even the clubs faculty advisor, Bob Gershon, took an indifferent stance as he regularly failed to attend meetings.

Despite these obstacles, the station forged ahead. A plan was hatched that would move WIUV to the old Student Life offices, across from the mail room in the Campus Center. Measurements were taken and proposals were drawn up and submitted for approval. The Campus Center Advisory Board turned down the proposal, claiming that the station didn't have the interest or the commitment to make the move.

Topf resigned with a bitter taste in his mouth. "Castleton has the second highest out of state tuition rate in the country for a state school", he recalls, "and frankly, it seems very immature to me. CSC is telling people that we're paying all this money so they can prepare us for the rest of our lives...well what kind of a start is this? They don't even take any interest in their own clubs! It's worse than pulling teeth with this school , because you don't get anywhere, no matter what you do".

The club will carry on. Jeremy White, a member of the executive council at WIUV says that the staff remains pretty optimistic about the future. "There are many DJs at WIUV who do care and do want to see the station succeed", White said. By next Thursday the station will have a new general manager, and will be on the air shortly thereafter.

The story ends, for now, back in the basement where it started. I crack into a dusty file cabinet and go through the faded yellow play lists and archives. With astonishment and admiration, I picture the station as it was in its glory days: 24-hour-a-day-programing... a waiting list for shows...It must have been very nice. I think I speak for all in wishing the staff good luck, and hoping that someday WIUV will once again become the voice of CSC.

Keep out! No men allowed!

by Jessica Bullock
Assistant Editor

The Massachusetts State Senate recently passed a new bill which allows women to have private and public clubs that are only open to other females. The motivation behind the bill? One man and hundreds of Boston area women.

Less than a month ago, Mark Harrington, a Boston area businessman, was involved in a messy lawsuit. He was being sued for sexual discrimination because he owns and operates Healthworks, a chain of health clubs in Boston that only offer membership to women. The management of the clubs consists primarily of females, as does the staff of athletic trainers and instructors. A male lawyer felt that the structure of the clubs was unjust, and with the support of such organizations as NOW and the ACLU, he pursued the legal action which would allow him to become a member of Healthworks. In the end, Harrington prevailed, the lawyer was denied membership and it is now legal for clubs like Healthworks to exist in the state of Massachusetts.

So, as a feminist and a liberal, am I happy with the outcome of the case? I certainly am. Although I support equal treatment and opportunity for women and men in almost every instance, to me there are still some places where women should be allowed to share company only with other women, and a gym is one of those places. Some women feel totally confident wearing spandex, sweating and grunting in front of strange men, while others do not. Why not give the others a place where they can feel comfortable, abandon their inhibitions, and focus on the objective of joining a health club – to achieve and maintain good health. Also, many women who have experienced large co-ed health clubs claim that the singles scene takes precedence over the fitness scene. A large number of women want to work out without worrying about accepting, declining or proposing nightcap invitations. Many women want to sweat and use the treadmill or the climbing wall without having to confront the opposite sex; the profit margins and rate of membership for Healthworks serve as proof of that notion.

In addition to being an important social issue, the establishment of all-women gyms is a critical health issue as well. The fact is, women and men have different bodies, and when they exercise, they use different techniques. Granted, the common goal for most people who exercise is to maintain good health, but I don't know a lot of women who are interested in toning their "pecs," nor do I know a lot of men who want to work on the loose flab under their arms. My point is, men and women take different approaches during exercise, so why shouldn't health clubs accommodate to these differences? Wouldn't a woman feel that she was getting the best workout possible if all of the equipment was designed for her body and her goals and all of the athletic trainers were accustomed to working with only women each day?

The lawyer who was suing claimed that Healthworks provides equipment and facilities that are not available at other clubs in Boston. In such a large metropolitan area, Healthworks is the only place where he could get in shape? It's a health club, buddy, not the Citadel, and I'm sure a Bostonian could achieve the same results at any of dozens of gyms in the area.

I do give the lawyer credit if he was sincerely trying to combat sexism and not just acting like a petty instigator. However, I might suggest that if he wants to devote a lot of time and energy to closing the equality gap between the sexes, he should start by fighting for equal salaries for male and female lawyers.

Percussionists bring Japanese tradition to CSC

by Andrew Buck
Staff Writer

On Thursday, January 28th, in a huge burst of energy, the Burlington Taiko drummers erupted into a frenzy of excitement. Taiko, an ancient, Japanese form of festival drumming, is rapidly gaining popularity in this country as an expressive, thunderously exciting, and exhilarating form of entertainment and exercise which incorporates movements from the martial arts. A smaller group comprised of eight impressed the audience with their rhythmic playing. The total Burlington group is thirteen, with a total of about 120 groups across North America. The Burlington group started in 1987, led by their sensei, Stuart Paton. The popular Japanese art form was invented about 1,500 years ago but came to the U.S. only fifty years ago.

One of the pieces, Shi-Shi Mai, The Lion dance, introduces a favorite mythical creature who brings good luck, especially when he bites you. The Audience found this particular piece the most humorous because one of the entertainers dressed up as a lion and danced around the stage. Another piece, Tsunami or tidal wave began on the O-Daiko(big drum), followed by a fan drum duet. A series of O-Daiko solos surged to a resounding conclusion.

"Taiko is neat because you use your entire body when you play." explained the sensei.

After the performance, the group stayed behind and answered any questions the audience might have.

The group practices every Tuesday night and all are encouraged to learn the Japanese art.

College store blamed for inflated book prices

by Erin McGann
Staff Writer

It's that time of year again here at CSC – time to buy books. Students lined up to spend their hard earned cash on books they feel are too expensive. We've all moaned and groaned about the unfair prices but it's time to explain why we pay so much for our textbooks.

John Schwaner, director of the College Store, explained that it is not the college that charges the inflated prices of books, but the publishers. According to Schwaner, the College Store marks up the books only enough to cover the shipping, and actually makes only a fraction of the profit. If the books are not all sold to students, they must be shipped back to the publisher, also at the cost of the college.

There are a couple of reasons the students feel the brunt of the book expense. It is the professors who decide which books to use in their classes. They send the name of the book and the publisher to Schwaner for ordering. According to Schwaner, professors need to be more cautious of the books they decide to use, there may be a similar text for a better price. Professors also need to predetermine whether the books they have chosen will be mandatory reading or simply a suggested title. This will eliminate the possibility of students paying for books they will not actually need for classes.

Schwaner noted that though he is always looking for better prices from publishers it is difficult because he can only order through four big companies. Like most businesses, those publishers have competitive prices to make a profit also. The publishers' cost of books rose 8% this year, that's 8% more than we had to pay last year.

Everyone knows that buying books is expensive, but after the first few semesters the students should be accustomed to the prices. It should no longer be a surprise that books cost a lot. As for incoming freshmen, their parents are a given a clear idea of how much it will cost their children to buy books. During the summer orientation periods the SOS leaders and faculty explain that books will be costly.

CSC men's basketball team off to a great start

by Tim Matteson
Staff Writer

The CSC men's basketball team is having a good season so far. Their overall record is 7-6, but the team is a very impressive 5-0 in Mayflower Conference play. Coach Dave Blake told me in an interview that the Spartans have lost to many tough teams, including Middlebury College, Elmira, St. Thomas Aquinas and Dominican College.

The team has many talented players that work together and compliment each other very well. Blake said, "A different player can step up his game on any given night."

The player that has "stepped up his game" the most this season is senior Tony Higgins. Higgins is the team's leading scorer, averaging 15 points per game. He just scored his one thousandth point last Sunday against Dominican College. He also leads the team in rebounds, averaging eight per game.

Other players that have played exceptionally well so far this season are senior Scot Sweeney, who leads the team in assists and is the second leading scorer, averaging 11 points per game. Senior Chad Downs, Freshman Scott Keefe, Senior Jon Cobb and Sophomore Justin Pecor are also off to a promising start.

Coach Blake is happy with his team's play this year especially in conference games. He is excited about his chances of winning the Mayflower Conference tournament in late February and going to the national tournament in Idaho. "I feel that men's Mayflower Tournament is wide open this year," said Blake.

The Spartans still have some tough games with conference rivals Johnson State, Green Mountain and St. Joseph's College, as well as a tough road game against Plymouth State.

The men's basketball team looks like it has a great chance to win the Mayflower Conference this year, due to their ability to work well together and get along on the court. They have a good team balance that will most likely enable them to have a successful season.

Religion, Science and Dialogue in the Public Square

by Frank Morgan
Contributing Writer

I want to thank Stuart Lavin for his constructive comments in the December issue of the Cairn regarding moral excellence and moral objection. Also appreciation goes to Frank Moulton for his frank response to my Cairn articles. His commentary will serve to sharpen the discussion, though I admit I find it ironic that a librarian would suggest censoring my thoughts on the connections of religion, naturalism, and morality. But in our society, no one is excluded from civil discourse in the public square because of religion. And a state supported institution is part of the public square. Please hear me out.

Having recently returned from a conference on teaching courses in science and religion, I can report that there is an increasing interest in the connections. My own study on the impact of mathematics in the history of ideas has convinced me that these interconnections should not be denied or trivialized. Mr. Moulton is correct that the contribution of Roy Clouser to the discussion of the relationship of science and religion has not been widely recognized. However, there is a small, growing network of scholars from several countries who are using a similar approach. In brief, this approach agrees that religion is not part of what constitutes science. Rather all theory making including science is regulated by religious belief. Science in turn casts its light on all other aspects including religion. All the aspects are inter-related. The scientific method with its requirement of repeatability and falsifiability in the buildup of scientific theory is indeed a wonderful success story. We are tempted to take a position that science should be free from all regulation, certainly religious control. But here is the point — the position that science should be free from control is itself a claim that is not verifiable or falsifiable by science. Clouser showed that this position has religious roots. The regularity of nature becomes the divinity as we give it the status of the Creator — independent, autonomous, and controlling everything else. This is the definition of the "pagan" religious control idea. Let me repeat — I am not saying that the discoveries of science are assumptions. I rather think that the models of science are useful, theoretical constructs that correspond to entities or structures that actually exist in the universe. I am saying that belief in the regularity of nature as independent, autonomous, and controlling everything else is a religious belief.

Clearly the scientific method is not necessarily contrary to religion. We should be reminded that Galileo and his contemporaries were Christians, and that the primary opposition to Galileo's support of the heliocentric hypothesis came from the academy, not the church! Even a cursory reading of his "Dialogues" will show that Aristotelian physics was the problem, not "state-supported theistic moral judgments." I couldn't agree more that the church was out of line in using political clout to stifle ideas. But a more accurate description of the protected view is "state-supported Aristotelian philosophy." This is akin to the stifling role of the present "state-supported naturalistic philosophy" that I argued against in an earlier article. Far from abandoning rationality and returning to dogma, I question the new dogma, and seek a true pluralism.

Mr. Moulton states that " it is basic to the central tenants of education worldwide for students to understand the difference between assumptions and that which can be proven or demonstrated." Though I am not a post-modernist by far, I recognize that one of its positive effects has been the demonstration that the idea of the "impartial investigator" is a myth. It is clear that even the act of observation and the use of instrumentation can impact the outcome of the experiment. This is especially true in the social sciences perhaps more than biology more than physics more than mathematics, More significantly, even mathematics has shown us the necessity of undefined terms and postulates to avoid circular reasoning. The scientific method has indeed led to great progress in our material culture, but our science will never get us comprehensive truth. For some of us, the unreasonable effectiveness of mathematics and science points to a higher reality, an eminent and transcendent Creator.

The personal qualities of love, justice, mercy, forgiveness, and respect are the foundation of my ethics because I believe a Personal Creator holds everything together and calls us to be faithful to an ethic of agape love and justice. This viewpoint cannot and should not be excluded from the conversation of what ethical principles will guide scientific research. Whether Christian, Jewish, or "morally responsible agnostics and atheists," we must continue to cooperate to adopt standards that will guide research. The caveat "if it can be done, it will be done" is a frightening prospect in a day when an American scientist has announced

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How it looks from here

by Nancy Smolke
Staff Writer

The rock whizzed past my head and ricocheted off the parched exterior of the barn. "A little close for call," I said, laughing in mock alarm. Sharon didn't laugh, she didn't seem to notice me at all. Her blue eyes narrowed to a slit as she calculated the distance and angle between herself and the open knothole high on the leaning structure. Already, projectile number two rotated impatiently between thumb and forefinger of her good hand. She lowered her gaze to study the rhythmic movement. I wondered if she also paused to relish the moment of grace.

Sharon's coordination is a gift; an unpredictable reprieve from the intrusion of Multiple Sclerosis (MS). MS is potentially crippling disease of the central nervous system which creates a mind-boggling array of symptoms and disabilities. When Sharon's doing well, parts of her body, not yet surrendered to the intruder, miraculously return to perform the daily twists and turns most of us take for granted.

On this particular day, Sharon bent and rose seamlessly. Setting her left foot forward, without the tell tale spasm, she swung her arm an fired the second volley at the target on the wall. "About two feet low and to the right," I reported, official like. This time she heard me. Wagging one finger in my direction, she clucked, "I hit the broadside of a barn... that's progress." Sharon's eye for progress is why I think of her as an authentic athlete.

Athletes are big in our culture. We adore them. We send our children off to bed safely wrapped in their image or cuddled up to their likeness. We collectively spend over $60 million to share in their glory; at the stadium, on the tube, in sweatshirts, posters, sneakers, ad nauseam. Who qualifies for this level of praise? What amazing contortions must be performed to win national admiration and envy? My hero won't make the front of a box of cereal. The TV networks won't beg for a few words from her talented lips. She's an athlete nonethe-less because she says something about the game that doesn't smack of shallow entertainment or mindless diversions.

If an athlete is one who trains in feats of physical strength and agility, then Sharon fits the bill; especially when she's at her worst. She speaks life to me.

I've seen her maneuver robot like, swinging one hip and then the other, determined to propel stiffened lifeless legs. Is that not feat of strength? I've watched mesmerized as she forces gnarled shaking fingers to button her coat or pull a comb through her long, auburn hair. Is that not an act of agility? At her worst, she may lose her sight, hearing, speech and the contents of her bladder. At her very worst, she does not walk, nor can she recall what we discussed just minutes ago. But it's here, at her worst, when I see the athlete and gather the invaluable lessons they teach us, mere mortals.

When her limbs curve like question marks in the effort to rise from days in bed, I gather courage to face my own insurmountable odds. When she reaches one tremulous hand forward to lightly touch the cup of tea I hold to her lips, I receive discernment to understand what constitutes true grace and beauty. And when she misses her mark, whether it be to set herself upon the toilet squarely, or place a spoonful of peas in her mouth, i know I too can fail and try again and again and again, and in the trying learn to value success, no matter how small.

Sharon is not a happy cripple. She isn't in love with the disease; she's in love with life and grabs the fleeting here and now to squeeze the contents out of it. But she is not what I would call a serious person. Her sense of humor carries her around like two good legs.

Sharon is only 27, and newly divorced. Prior to this, she was newly married. Her former husband's vow to remain "in sickness and in health" allowed for colds, the flu and perhaps broken bones. He did not realize how enormously unhealthy sickness can be. Neither did Sharon. "We talk of tragedies," said Sharon, "of auto accidents, severed limbs and lost lives, but it's always someone else, not me and my protected world." Sharon lives with loss and prepares for it. Not only the loss of her husband's companionship, but the loss of self-esteem. "There are times, huge clumps of them, when I'm feeling like nothing going nowhere," Sharon said. "I adjust to that like a necessary evil, it's where I am."

Like any athlete, Sharon craves and relies upon the support of others around her to fight these unseen, internal struggles. We attended an MS pep-rally where we could mingle with the "glory gang of wounded soldiers," as she fondly calls the support group. It was a strange and rewarding experience.

there were no pompoms, cheerleaders decked out in team colors or hysterical fans on the sidelines. No band played. Instead, 12 or more people wheeled, hobbled and staggered their way into a small conference room at the local hospital. They reminded me of the halt and lame coming to Jesus to be healed depicted in Bible scenes. Each found a place in the circle of chairs and open spaces and greeted one another like old friends.

Jack began by reading the minutes of the last meeting. Halfway through this formal procedure, a latecomer entered the room. She was an attractive young woman (MS is a young disease), in her thirties, with blond, curly hair gathered in a loose knot on the top of her head. The room grew quiet as we watched her navigate the course from the door to an

continued on pg. 10

Castleton Reacts

What is your opinion of the Clinton sex scandal?

"I think he should be impeached"
- Eric Siegel

With this whole investigation going on, we can't really concentrate on world events, which is what he should be doing."
- Sophie Washburn

"Honestly, I don't believe much of anything that I read in the paper."
- Sue Goodman

I think it's another one of his cover ups."
- Ryan Laferriere

It's the greatest country in the world, but...

by Duncan Simmons
Staff Writer

It seems extraordinary to live in a nation where the President is asked about the shape of his penis during important press conferences. Do we really need to degrade Clinton and the office of president? Can't we look the other way? Not when it's Watergate, but we can when it's the personal sex life of anyone, including our leaders. Whose business is it? If he did lie, or encourage others to do so, he has committed a crime that most all of us have at one time or another. If you say that you haven't, then you're probably lying again! That's two lies of yours compared to Clinton's one. No one wants their sex life examined this closely. The scrutiny and scientific investigation that has been applied to Clinton's orgasms could have cured cancer by now.

If you are sick to death of all the Clinton Scandal coverage then you are certainly not alone. Over three quarters of the people polled by CNN stated that there is too much media coverage of the White House controversy. If your wondering who to blame, it is us. The people of the United States starve for tabloid news and we prove it by the exceptionally high ratings that the major news networks have received as a result of the scandal. Diana's death was not even a close second in comparison with Clinton's White House woes, as there were significantly fewer news stories run concerning the princess.

The polling numbers seem accurate as about 75% of the people I have talked to had the same thing to say. CSC's Erin Lonergan stated, "We should worry about what he has done for the country not what he has done with that thing in his pants. His personal life is between he and Hillary." Tim Smith reflected the same as he said, "We are making too big a deal of the whole issue. I feel that society is at risk of sounding hypocritical when questioning Clinton." I say that we are not that far removed from hair pulling, stone chucking and cave mating. We should stop pretending that we are.

The State of the Union address apparently boosted the President's approval as his rating is the highest ever at 67%. This strongly supports those of us who consider this investigation adolescent finger pointing. Kenneth Starr began White Water investigation four years ago. He has spent 40 million tax dollars and has come up with nothing.

Linda Tripp gave it all away when she initially approached Starr with the taped conversations which, according to Maryland law, were illegally taped. We should have suspected something when she had a book deal prearranged with her publisher. The F.B.I tried to entrap Martin Luther King J.R. by taping his adultery in hotel rooms. The tapes were never released because of Kings assassination, and Hoover's racism has been forgotten. King was an incredible leader and our country would have been in grave danger if we'd held him accountable for his personal life and not his politics. We will be in grave danger if we do this to President Clinton.

What's your opinion? Send your responses to *The Cairn* mailbox in the SA office in the Campus Center.

Poet's Pulpit

Peaceful Being

Angel hair and a feathered face,
Her fingers,
They touch the porcelain sea.
Befriending peace,
With lips of love,
Unlike those of others.
Her feet,
They sort the human confusion.
Strumming strings,
As she hums a tune,
Children frolic in the deep, dark woods.
Her eyes,
They show the realm of reality.
Whispering words,
When no one listens,
No one hears,
But appear to understand.
Her thoughts,
They tend to settle too low,
While among too high
Realizing this,
After time has gone by.

-Amara Boesch

Promesa del Amor

quiero amarte por siempre,
sin vompimiento o decaimiento.
Cuando todas las colinas son planos,
y todos los rios secos;
cuando hay relampagos y trueno durente invierno;
cuando hay lluvia y nieva en verano;
cuando el cielo y tierro mezclan-
hasta este momento,
nunca te abandono

-Amara Boesch

The Cairn encourages all forms of free expression. Your creative submissions can be dropped off in our mailbox.

-Sweet Land of Liberty-

stars
wrought stripes
rags
inspire riches
genocide
seldom discussed
democracy
evolving dictatorship
nationalism
alcholic's fantasy
Kennedy's
flagrant romanticism
legalization
paradoxical fixation
NASA
the Antichrist
AIDS
lovelorn roulette
media
pro-British
Hollywood
inescapable nepotism
satellites
greasy spatulars
racism
getting old
military
removable tattoes
politicians
laboratory animals
taxes
"blue balls"
degrees
toilet paper
abortions
birth control
bulimia
jet proplusion
what
bothers you?
am
I suicidal?
no
not really...

-Eric Butler

-Weathering and Love-

the frigid earth
pulsates beneath
January soil
wherever i tend to
catch my breath
' electrified
utterly spellbound
however simple was
your kiss

the birds head south
in traditional forms
like one who skims
through ancestral
hand-me-down recipes
all the while ignoring
winter's forewarning glances
and crispy uneven winds
as some incompatible and
unwelcomed friends

why?...why does love
warm the soul through the coldest season?
why do the birds choose
to test their bravery and endurance
only when it's needed?

surely we will live forever
as it is to be
like two lovers moving earthward
planting memories quite effortlessly

-Eric Butler

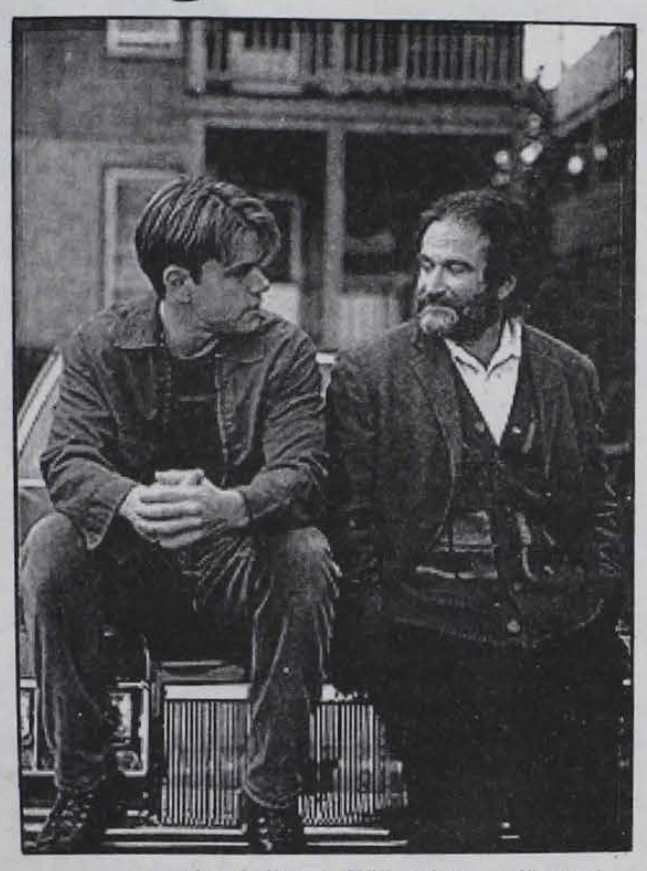
Echoes

The cry of a loon,
The oils from his body bead the water,
As it falls from his feathers.
Rings surround the creature,
Descending larger and further,
Out into the nights water.
The echo of his cry,
Finds peace among the land,
Stilling all to be stilled.
His red, mysterious eyes,
Show great among the moon's light.
Listen to his call,
Reach and understand,
For the beauty of nature,
Lies within us all

-Amara Boesch

ovie Review: Good 'ill Hunting

ra Rodin
Writer



With hordes of both young and old ; to see the outstand- opular Titanic, I feel d be a great disser- my fellow Castleton . if I didn't profess dying love for an amazing film, Good nting.

The film was co- by Matt Damon (my oyfriend) and Ben . and recently won rd for best screen- the Golden Globes. Vill Hunting is the a young man named Damon) from the side of the tracks Boston with an o match) who proves a math genius as is a delinquent. hout the film, Will divides time his cronies (Ben Affleck) with a pporting role from Affleck's younger Casey, who plays the runt of the a therapist that is battling his own , played wonderfully by Robin s and finally Will's girlfriend played always effervescent Minnie Driver, who challenges Will to love, to live and to overcome his fears about both.

Good Will Hunting is both humorous and sad, but above all else it is the absolute honesty of the film that leaves the audience with one of those warm-fuzzy feelings, and the best part, it's completely believable.

Deconstructing Eric

by Eric Butler
Staff Writer

Happy New Year and welcome back to good ol' C.S.C. Well, over the holidays I got a chance to waste an evening while viewing Woody Allen's latest release, "Deconstructing Harry." I use the term "waste" rather loosely; however, I sincerely enjoyed this comedy despite my full blown denial to accept a failed attempt to have an incredible time in grandiose NYC. Here's the low down, for some reason or another, (I don't know if it relates to your area or not but) in Bergen County, N.J. one can see somewhat fairly new released films at dirt cheap ($2.50) movie theaters. I don't understand why this phenomenon exists but it can be most satisfying to your monetary funds that usually go to alcohol, cigarettes, etc. Back to my story, I had made some plans with a friend of mine for a Sunday evening "take it slow kind of night" movie which we could barely agree upon. We both sort of wanted to see something that was intense and quite thoughtful as well. I suggested to her that we choose "The Ice Storm," which I've already seen but would have loved to checked it out again, and although she had mentioned something about a new Woody Allen flick, we felt at ease over the first one. We found out that the movie wasn't playing anywhere in Jersey anymore so we opted for a theater in NYC, since my desire for her to see that particular film was like the cliches "I'm telling you, this is a great film, trust me, you'll love it." It was cold that night and on the way over the bridge, we were on pace to be at least five minutes late for the film at the Lincoln Theater down near the 60's and Broadway, somewhere across the grand Lincoln Center, the movie was scheduled for 9:30 p.m. Nonetheless, we found a parking spot a block away from the theater (of course, only on Sunday nights can you find a decent parking spot in NYC without losing your mind in the struggle) and could you imagine, we both had no idea on how to manipulate her mother's "The Club." We left that car thinking it could be gone by the time the movie would be over, but who would steal cars on such a religious day. Oh well, that's what makes life so thrilling. To our chagrin, the theater had misprinted their movie schedule in the "Daily News" for that weekend and in turn, Woody Allen's "Deconstructing Harry" had replaced "The Ice Storm" which sort of made me upset but, to her it didn't matter. To make matters worse, the movie was playing an hour later too. Anyways, we headed down the street for "a drink or two" (something everybody has said at least once in their lifetime) and could only find a mildly crowded T.G.I.F. The bar was smoke free somehow and the cheapest beer on earth was all they had on tap served by a man dressed like a candy-cane. To make a long story short, we caught our movie, everybody who was at the bar ended up at our same movie including the happily married talkative couple high on cocaine, the screen was the size of the WestWay's Mall Theater (if you know what I mean), every seat was taken so some people actually had to stand beside the aisles or sit down right

continued on pg. 12

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"Religion" cont. from pg. 6

plans to go forward with research in cloning humans. Science is not a religion. So it must be controlled by some belief system. I repeat — in our society, on one is excluded from civil discourse in the public square because of religion.

A personal post script is necessary lest I be misunderstood. I agree with Mr. Moulton that some popular science writers are showing increased humility because of the uncertainties that have appeared in mathematics, physics, and biology. This is a welcome development and a great story in the history of science. As for my own humility, I confess that I, too, live by faith. That means I am open to all the data, including that which is not explainable from a logical positivist worldview, as I indicated in the "Flatland" article. My personal courage and humility is not the issue. I am pretty ordinary — no better than average on some absolute scale of moral excellence. But I can say with confidence that my belief system is a positive factor in holding me to account as a moral agent. To the extent that I live up to the standard of my Boss, I should be more courageous, honest, righteous, and humble than I would otherwise be. I celebrate my belief that there is ample evidence of a personal God whose character includes mercy and grace. My feeble attempts to serve Him are meant to flow out of a thankful heart rather than fear or legalism or ideology. I accept the premise that all persons, being created in the image of God, are gifted with an ethical sense. So I certainly don't deny that an agnostic or atheist can be morally responsible. In fact I can coherently hold high expectations for all women and men, including all my students. My complaint is that naturalism has a reductionist tendency on the humanities including the fiduciary, ethical and esthetic aspects. Perhaps I am wrong! My challenge, that has not been answered, is this: what is your basis for moral action? And are there not principles in every cultural tradition for human moral choice? And could we not reason together and come up with a covenant that would lead to a better quality of life at Castleton?

The next deadline for The Cairn will be February 27. Submissions can be placed in our mailbox in the Campus Center.

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"How it looks" cont. from pg. 6

open seat across the room. She did not walk straight-way, but staggered precariously, outstretched, balancing upon an unseen tightrope. There was an unmistakable leaning left. Near her seat, she stopped, waved her arms wildly and lost her footing. She crun into the lap of a man sitting next to me. Patricia, a normal looking woman across the shouted, "Hey! What's the matter with you, you drunk or something?" Silence fell, laughter. This would have been a dagger through the heart on the outside, but here indifferent, careless expressions were exchanged like shared secrets, delicious bits of in cy.

Patricia introduced herself first after the minutes were read. I noticed she mered and rounded her consonants when she spoke. She said her throat constricted a and made swallowing painful and frightening. At times she felt she would choke on her saliva. Bonnie, the "drunk," suffered from loss of balance and was learning to fall grac ly. Fighting the inevitable, she said, left her with internal, as well as external woun recalled a friend telling me that the problems I had with facing trials in my life were n much the trials themselves as my own spirit of resistance to them. Bonnie shared how t with ease.

Larry, a tall man with a full reddish beard and gray, deeply set eyes, complain wetness. Several thought he meant incontinence and jokingly offered some long term tions. Larry said it was his right foot that felt wet, not his bottom. It bothered him most he drove truck for his construction company. He pulled off the highway once, he said in front of his partner unlaced his steel-toed boot expecting to find a water-soaked inside. Not only was the sock dry, but after he frantically peeled it off, he found the foot warm and dry to the touch. His partner couldn't fathom his disbelief, but several peop the group understood.

Each expressed the various abnormalities they dealt with. John, a quiet, dark-h man who clutched his ornate wooden cane close to his chest, said touch or vibration o kind sent painful electrical shocks through his body. One woman, afflicted with the di for nearly a decade and totally paralyzed by it, reported that her sight and hearing were "shorting out." She lost the vision in her left eye for three days and some of her hearin cannot feel with my hands anymore, what happens when I can't see or hear?" she a "How will I continue to know the world?"

Everyone felt tired. Fatigue is the constant plague of people with MS. Larry s good night's sleep felt like a small truck hit him rather than the usual freight train. This of fatigue coupled with treacherously unpredictable nature of the attacks induce a sen dread about the future.

Paula tensed every time one of her grandchildren approached her. She feared would ask for her help with car pooling to the next game or baking pies for the big fund ing fair for her seventh-grader's class trip. "How can I respond when my body may down at any time?" she said.

Jack, the secretary of the group, shared a time when he borrowed trouble became his own worst enemy. Every night while lying in bed, he would imagine hir totally disabled. His wife would wait on him until, fed up disgusted by his dependency, she'd leave, taking the chil with her. And Jack would have nothing; no family, no jo purpose in life. "I'd lie there going deeper and deeper despair," Jack said, "and none of it was present truth... nothing more."

While I sat among the wounded soldiers, these para ical athletes, I wondered aloud what made them such medicine.

"It's the way you face things." Sharon said. "You h choice. Either the predicament is an obstacle or a hurdle. I an obstacle, it makes you stop short, but hurdles are ma jump."

"Money made the wise man bleed egg wax" -Joey Stefano

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"Deconstructing" cont. from pg. 9

under the screen, I felt my large head was blocking the person behind me's view, the movie was very funny since Woody is very imaginative, everybody seemed to laugh in unison after each amusing scenario, and some bald headed man with Converse sneakers (Chucks) sitting next to me kept on releasing terrible gas. The irony to this story, Woody's film was playing at the Plaza 35 for $2.50 in Paramus N.J.(five minutes from our houses), where there aren't any sour tasting bars at hand. Overall, this is why I sometimes say I have "wasted an evening." Wait this is supposed to be a movie review... Allen acts and directs this emotional comedy while casting some popular faces such as Demi Moore, Billy Crystal, Robin Williams, Elisabeth Shue, Kristie Alley, etc. It's a story about an author coming to grips with his sexual impulses and steamy affairs (his art and work reflects his life too much!) which he brings to life in his stories, yet by doing so, he upsets the women who have loved him and taken him there. Lastly, I'm not sure it's still playing around here since most movies get a "shelf-life" of about three to four weeks and this movie was released on

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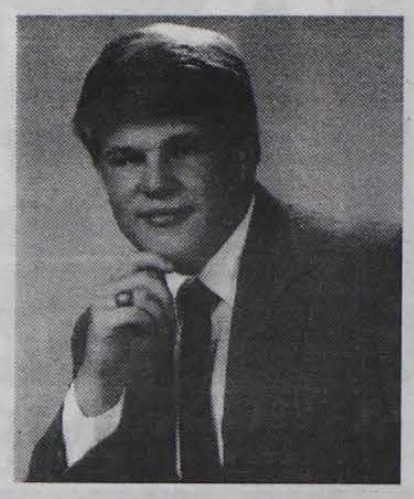

Jason J. Ashby
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Winter Recess, February 13-22
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Exam Period, May 11-15

The Cairn

CSC

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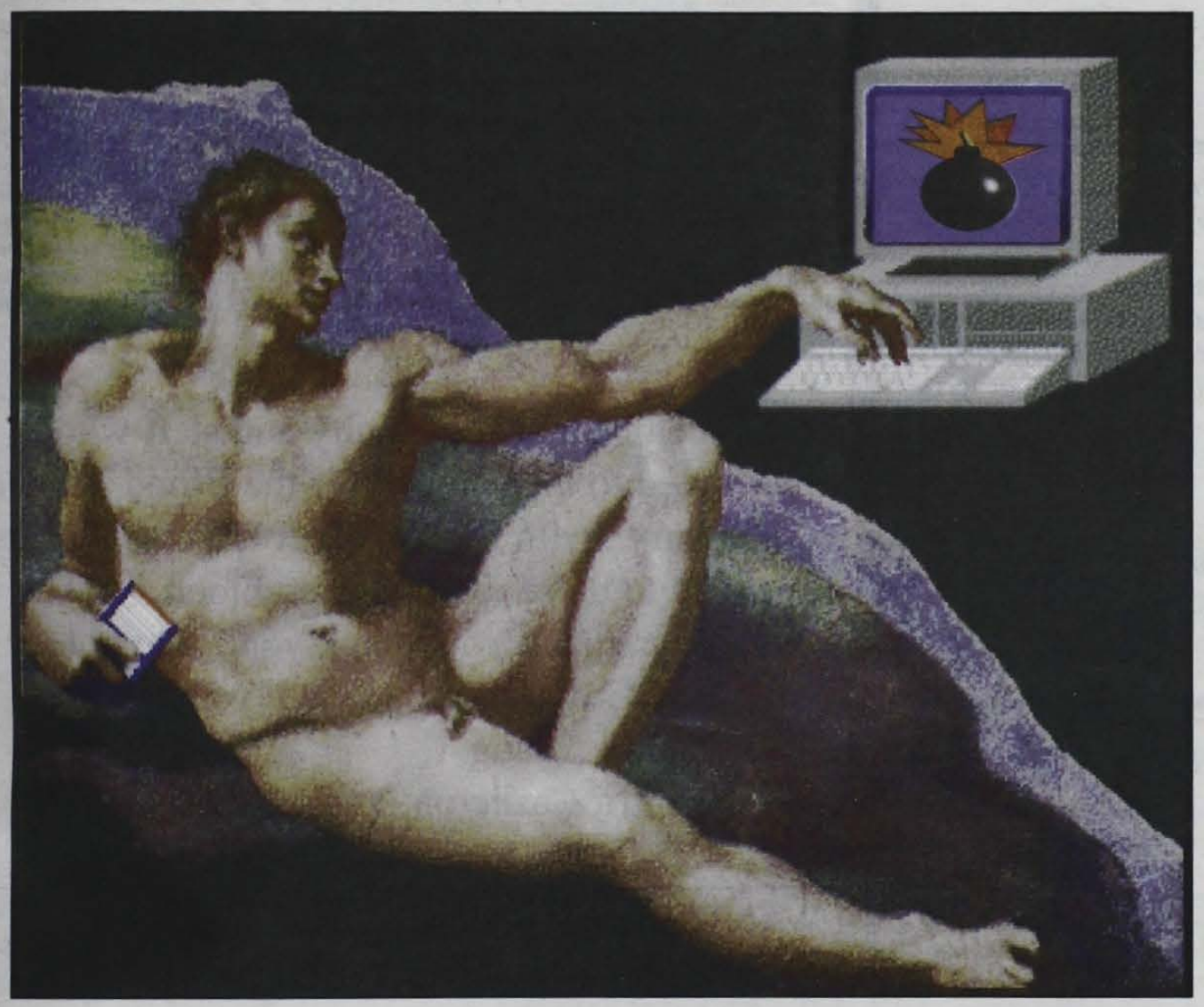
March 3,1998



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"Today hackers are more apt to perturb you than steal from you; this why checking my e-mail box has been so frustrating the last few months. It's not computer problems or network problems that get me frustrated, it is what's in my mailbox that bothers me: Bombs."

John Sokolich

page 4

CASTLETON STATE COLLEGE

The Cairn

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The Cairn is Castleton State College's only student newspaper. It is published six times a semester entirely by students who are solely responsible for its content.

Questions, comments, and letters to the editor are encouraged. All letters must be received by the deadline date to be included in the next issue; all letters must be signed, but names can be withheld by request. We reserve the right to edit letters if deemed necessary by the Editor-in-Chief.

The Cairn
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Anyone interested in joining or contributing to The Cairn is welcome to attend our meetings held Thursdays at 12:30 in the Campus Center Formal Lounge.

From the Editor's desk...

Activists wanted

As the world holds its collective breath while observing the tentative peace in Iraq the threat of armed invasion still lingers menacingly on the horizon. Also fresh in the mind is the memory of 4,000 college students drowning out Secretary of State Madaline Albright' promises of a U.S. military attack at last week's "town meeting." Their protest commanded national headlines that day.

Ohio certainly hasn't been the only hotbed of social criticism over the past few weeks. Right here in Vermont, over 200 UVM students staged anti war protests in Burlington. In Middlebury, students from Lyndon, Johnson, VTC, UVM, SVC and a handful of other schools converged at another rally. Curiously enough, there was no one to represent Castleton at either function.

I honestly don't know why we didn't organize. I think that certainly there are many conservative thinking individuals on campus who supported our governments threats. On the other hand, I think a lot of students probably didn't really care. Who I'm concerned about are those that maybe had an opinion and were simply not heard.

College is the time in our lives when we can make a difference. As students, we are connected to and supported by other students all around the world. Our collected opinions are extremely influential on world events (as the "town meeting" demonstrated), and our voice is loud enough to be heard.

Assuming we do have silent activists out there, I urge you to stand up and be active. Whatever the issue, whatever your platform; get the word out. Hang a banner, organize an event, write an article for The Cairn, or simply help spread the word about regional events. It frightens me that at press time, despite the fact that our world is alarmingly close to war in the Middle East and disastrously close to environmental catastrophe (as shown in the recently released rain forest clear cutting figures); despite the fact that the United States has political prisoners locked away in jail and a government that is becoming more and more conservative every day; despite the genocide in Rwanda, the slaughter in Chiapas, the torture in Kenya; the only form of propaganda I see adorning our campus walls are Christian proverbs.

It's your world you can change it.

To all members of the faculty and staff who contributed to the canteen for the Blood Mobile of February 3with food and beverage as well as time, and to those who donated blood, I say, "thank you, thank you, thank you." On behalf of the Red Cross, we appreciate your support.

- Pauline Young
Chair of Castleton Drawing

WANTED: Anyone with goalie experience for the Women's Lacrosse Team. Open tryouts for goalkeeper are now being held. If interested, please contact the Women's Lacrosse Team in the athletic office at the Glenbrook Gymnasium.

Did you know THE BUS schedule has changed? THE BUS now services Castleton State College at night (free with a college ID). Pick up a schedule in the Student Life Office, located in the Campus Center.

Letters to the Editor

Hail to the ex-Chief

One of the first things that most people notice when they come to a college campus is the radio station. College radio is a vital part of the college community. Coming from a college town, I have listened to, through much of my high school years, a college radio station. Here, in Castleton, the college radio is practically non-existent. This is mainly because the single individual who gave a damn about the college station has thrown in the towel. Greg Topf, who has been the general manager since 1995 has resigned and who can blame him? Before Greg was the GM here, he had a real show on a real radio station in Middlebury. I think that says something about the man he is.

Mr. Topf is the one who was responsible for having all of those basketball games broadcasted last season via WIUV. Can anyone remember the last time that happened at CSC before Mr. Topf? I doubt it. Most likely it was because it was long before many of us were here, or even thought of attending college. He personally sat in the station and made sure that everything ran properly while his air talents got to watch a game.

Lets look at the communication classes. Do they even use the radio station for educational purposes? No. The travel to a station in Rutland. How embarrassing, when a perfectly good station goes unused right here within walking distance. It must be a big hassle for those students who do not have cars to travel to Rutland for class.

Lets take a look at where the college station is located. It is in the musty basement of Haskell Hall. Where does this compare to other colleges? The radio station at Western New England College, Springfield, MA is located in the middle of the campus center. The radio station at SUNY Oneonta, Oneonta, NY, is located on the top floor of the communications building, yet is very prominent to all of campus. by now all of you are wondering how I have come across this bit of information. I have friends who are air talents at these various colleges. One time we were comparing notes about our colleges and the topic of radio stations came up. I supplied with this information. Little did I know that some day it would come in handy. Mr. Topf proposed to the Faculty, Staff and Administration of this college to move WIUV to the campus center. The proposed site was the former home of the club offices just off the mail room. You all know where that is. It is that dark empty area that no one uses. Ironically, WIUV was located in this very location until its move in 1981 to its present location.

Mr. Topf has all these great ideas and no one who listens to him. If they do listen to him, they never follow up on what they say they will hoping that he will disappear like a ship in the night. Not so. Mr. Topf was the kind of person who was very dedicated to the station. Many individuals supported him. Did you know that Mr. Topf was elected GM unanimously last spring? Where are these supporter of his now? We as a college community have to realize that the radio station is an important part of this campus. We also have to realize that all of Mr. Topf's ideas cannot be accomplished if he is the only one trying to make a difference. We should have supported Mr. Topf in his efforts to make WIUV the best that it could be. It should be one of the corner stones of Castleton. Instead, it is locked up in the musty basement of Haskell Hall, quiet. Now, Mr. Topf is fed up with making suggestions, writing proposals, and not being heard. Castleton State College has lost a valuable and dedicated asset in Mr. Topf. This listener will sadly miss him. however, I understand his reasoning. There is only so long you can ask for help and not receive it.

-A faithful listener and supporter of Greg Topf

Irresponsible reporting?

What is going on with this school? I thought that a newspaper was supposed to be a unbiased as possible. A newspaper is supposed to cover the news as it happens, and a newspaper is suppose to cover both sides of the story. The controversy that has been brewing concerning Alex Pinizzotto is almost entirely one sided. It seems like the newspaper has a personal vendetta and wants nothing more than to smear her name, as well as, oust her from Castleton. This is outrageous!! How can such an influential form of media use its power for what seems like its own crusade?

I read your last paper before the winter break and was disappointed at the approach taken by the Cairn and its staff. The story on Alex Pinizzotto and the controversy surrounding her as president of the Student Association, angered myself, as well as, many other people. The cairn accused Alex of various acts, these acts were not clearly outlined or discussed by the paper. Alex Pinizzotto's name was dragged through the mud and not once was there a comment in the article that the paper tried to contact her for her statement. It seems that the paper saw an opportunity to disgrace her and took it.

Where is the line that says "We tried to contact Alex, but she did not want to speak to us!" The Cairn? Where is her side of the story? Where is her defense? Where are the people that do not agree with your views and believe that Alex was not at fault for the actions she is accused of? (They may be seeing that the article was more about smudging her name then getting any type of story across to the readers.) Where are the follow up stories? Is it just that the damage has been done so now it can be forgotten?

I would think that the Cairn would honor its responsibility to its readers by following up and investigating all aspects of the story. It seems that this is a big story that has many sides. Jess Gully wrote her resignation letter and it was printed during this time. Where is the investigation into why she resigned and what Jess's role was in the SA. Where is all the background that helps us to understand the main story? Did Jess and Alex get along? Were they friends? We don't know because the Cairn did not follow these avenues. I am asking why? Is it really that personal? Is the Cairn staff using the newspaper as a way to carry out personal vendettas? All these questions and right now the only answer is YES. I come up with this answer because of the articles that I have read and continue to read on this topic. It seems that any way the Cairn can add insult to injure they will.

A good example is the late article on the General Manager of WIUV resignation. The Cairn printed this article with out doing some investigation into Greg Topf. Who is he and what type of person is he? What has he done in WIUV? In Greg's letter he mentions the Alex Pinizzotto controversy and claims that this had a great influence on his decision. Why? Greg says it is because he cannot in good faith allow himself to represent an institution which harbors confessed liars and yet also professes to prepare us for the rest of our lives. What is the connection to this and the rest of the story that talks about WIUV needing repairs? Why only mention the Alex controversy for one line and not explain it more? Could it be that it is another personal vendetta? Could it be that Greg Topf is upset that Alex got Governor Dean to come to the radio station and that she asked Greg to fix up the station for the visit? Could it be that Greg does not want to continue being the station manager? I see this controversy as a perfect way for Greg to get out of his responsibilities and look good. Really good.

We may never know the answers to some of these questions because the Cairn fails to cover both sides of a story. Where are the stories about the Cairn and their misdoings or failure to cover the entire story?

-Luis Daniel Turner

Well Danny, I'll try to address a few of your many questions right here:

1. *"It seems like the newspaper has a personal vendetta and wants nothing more than to smear her (Alex's) name as well as oust her from Castleton."* Frankly Dan we don't care if Alex stays in Castleton or not.

2. *"Where is the line that says we tried to contact Alex but she did not want to speak to us."* The line is actually the last line in the story (SA President implicated in election scandal, p. 3). It says "Alex could not be reached for comment."

3.*"Did Jess (Gully) and Alex get along? Were they friends?"* Hmmm, lets see. In Jess's letter that we printed she says "It is with a heavy heart that I give up a huge part of my life... I refuse to be associated with an organization whose president violates the SA constitution to benefit herself. " I don't know for sure Dan, but I would guess that no, they're not friends.

Well, I hope these answers helped you out. Feel free to write that in-depth story about the Cairn's "*misdoings*" anytime, and remember Dan, there is no such thing as an unbiased media

-Ed

E-mail bombed... again

Hackers: Robin Hoods of Cyberspace

John Sokolich
Contributing Writer

Authors note: This is the first of a two part story on computer hackers. The first installment is a bemused look at hackers in the everyday on-line environment. The second installment will feature computer crime and its criminals; it will also explore what is being done to prevent these crimes.

"Another one got caught today, it's in all the papers. 'Teenager Arrested in Computer Crime Scandal', 'Hacker Arrested after Bank Tampering...' Damn kids. They're all alike."

These are the opening lines of the Hacker Manifesto; The Conscious of a Hacker written by the Lloyd Blankenship after his arrest for computer hacking on January 8, 1986(full manifesto on page 12). Blankenship was one of the first hackers ever arrested in the United States, but by far the least annoying.

I refer to him as the least annoying because he used cyberspace for crime. Today hackers are more apt to perturb you than steal from you; which is why checking my e-mail box has been so frustrating the last few months. It's not computer or network problems that get me frustrated, it's what's in my mailbox that bothers me; Bombs.

Perhaps it was curiosity that made me want to know more about computer hackers, or perhaps it was just too much caffeine and too little sleep that actually made me pursue my curiosity and try to find some hackers. I have been paying the price for it ever since.

Changing my e-mail address and getting different screen names doesn't help. The hackers find me and mail bomb my box about once a week. They fill it with hundreds of pieces of e-mail; e-mail that has no content; e-mail that is meant to upset me.

I have to admit though, I find the whole thing pretty cool.

My pursuit of hackers came to me after I found myself looking for software pirating rooms on American On-line. As a beta-tester for AOL, I sometimes have to find out where people illegally trade software on their systems. This illegal trade is termed "pirating".

Hacking on the other hand, is defined as a sort of breaking-and-entering in cyberspace. Though most people perceive hackers as computer geeks who break the law, the term hacking in the late 20th century has broadened to include many other types of computer crimes and pranks. One of the most abundant of these crimes is also the most costly for computer software companies: the notorious pirating.

Pirating is the illegal trading of software; taking software for free. In 1997 pirates cost software companies over $60 billion in lost revenue. The illegal software is coined "warez," and one of the best places to get these "warez" is on American On-line in designated "warez rooms". These are private chat rooms with secret names where pirates gather to give away or trade software. Spending as little as 30 minutes in one of these rooms a person can get e-mailed over $50 thousand in software by merely joining a mass mail. Mass mails are a type of sign-up sheet to get software mailed to you. My job is to close down these rooms and report the names of the people in these rooms to AOL. Unfortunately, many software pirates also dabble in hacking as well.

Meet "James" (a.k.a. Mad Cow, Milk, AOCow and Holstein). He is just 12 years old and has been trading illegal software since his parents bought him a computer when he was 10. "The way I see it,"he begins, "my parents bought a computer for $2000 dollars and it is generally useless unless you buy another couple thousand dollars more in software. Who can afford that?"

And so he trades software. But pirates and hackers alike don't consider the illegal distribution of software as hacking. "Hacking is breaking into computers...trading software is taking from the rich and giving it to regular people," says James. But his philosophy has strong hacker innuendo that can be seen in the further lines of the Hacker Manifesto: "This is our world now...the world of the electron and the switch, the beauty of the bawd. We make use of a service already existing without paying for what could be dirt cheap if it wasn't run by profiteering gluttons."

So if pirating software is not considered hacking, the quest began to find out what indeed was hacking . The answer was surprising. Where James had been a kid merely looking for free goodies, Mark was an adult

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CSC brings learning outdoors

by Ray Beaver
Contributing Writer

In the April 19, 1995 issue of the Cairn, an article appeared confronting President Farmer for the treatment of a tract of wetland located by the observatory. This wetland, known as a vernal pool, serves as an area in which a multitude of zoologic life, particularly amphibians, breed. Birds inhabit this area as well as invertebrates, small mammals and deer. The CSC campus was asked by a group of concerned biology students to become cognizant of this treasure and to preserve it as a learning environment.

For those who have found themselves without parking and end up at the end of the lot by the observatory, a kiosk is located in the middle of what some might believe to be no where. There is a logical explanation. The kiosk, arranged by Karen Sanborn of the library Media Center, serves as an introduction, for those who venture near, to the Outdoor Classroom.

What started as an attempt to save a wetland has blossomed into an outdoor learning area. Vegetation and bird life have been cataloged. Amphibians have been photographed and identified, and records have been sent to Middlebury College where a book is being written about amphibians in Vermont. Markers are set in the vernal pool area to guide people to points interest, and information at the kiosk alerts us to the many wonders which exist in this four-plus-acre treasure.

A recent walk, around the area found me following a fox track as it seemed to follow a rabbit track. As I stood at station number seven, I was able to view bird tracks in the snow. As I proceeded along the path surrounding the vernal pool, I wanted Spring to arrive so that I could hear the Spring Peeper's mating sounds which we all have heard and have even become the base for a story by Vermont storyteller Mac parker.

No project would have succeeded as this one has without dedication and perseverance. We at CSC have a group who have been instrumental in seeing this project through to fruition. Initiated by then senior Julie Farrell and other students, the conservation of the vernal pool area has been embraced by several professors and CSC staff as well as members of the town of Castleton. There have been as many as 13 members at some meetings; currently the group is chaired by professor Jeff Freeman. Their discussions range from how to best conserve the area, creating inventories of the various organisms in the pool, and how to best allow for observation of the area while conserving the integrity of the vernal pool.

Assistant Physical Plant manager, Gary Parker, biology professor Anne Hampton business professor Angele Brill were asked by the group to write a grant from the Vermont Watershed Grants which is funded through the Vermont Conservation License Plates sold in the state. There were 11 finalists in the state of Vermont. The Outdoor Classroom was one of the finalists. The group recently learned it was awarded a mini-grant of $500. the award demonstrates the importance of this habitat and will aid in further development of the project.

This endeavor has not proceeded without difficulties. Mowing too close to the pool area, cars encroaching on the habitat, and vandalism to the kiosk have all added to the difficulties in conserving the area for outdoor studies. Dr. Hampton made an observation that we are so lucky to have such an opportunity for study within walking distance of the college.

For now, the vernal pool community waits for spring's thaw to signal the beginning of renewed life and a chance for us to enjoy the unique area most of us have often lamented about when we have had to park there. As the sounds of the Spring Peepers echo across campus this spring, take a minute to reflect and maybe take a stroll to the kiosk to see what is happening in the Outdoor Classroom.

The Cairn encourages all responses. If you have any letters, stories or poetry, drop your work off in our mailbox in the Student Life office.

Ice fishing derbies equal big prizes

by Liam Callahan
Contributing Writer

Ice fishing derbies have been the hot spot in recent weekends throughout Vermont. The area lakes have been populated with both avid and novice fishermen. Those brave souls, who bundled up to protect themselves against the cold weather, were in search of the lunker that would win them big prizes. It paid off!

The derbies around the state have different ways of winning prizes which include; weight categories, specially tagged fish and raffles. The prizes range anywhere from small cash awards to ice fishing equipment such as tip-ups, power augers or shanties. The top prizes can even consist of $10,000, a new truck or a new fishing boat.

In Brattleboro, a specially tagged brook trout was caught during the 14th Annual Harriman Ice Fishing Derby which won the angler $10,000. On Lake Bomoseen, a brown trout brought out of the ice during the 25th Annual Great Benson Ice Fishing Derby turned into a new Ford Ranger pickup worth $13,500 for the fisherman.

Photo by Kristin Walters

VAHPERD conference held at CSC

by Tim Matteson
Staff Writer

The Vermont Association for Health, Physical Education, Recreation and Dance is holding its spring conference at the Glenbrook Gym gym on Thursday, March 12. The conference was organized by Dr. Tracey Fogarty, Dr. Bob Grace and Dr. Karen Ruder.

There will be approximately 30 different workshops and presentations. These workshops will be aimed toward elementary and secondary physical education teachers, coaches and health and recreation professionals. The workshops will be grouped into four blocks of sessions throughout the day. There will be bulletin boards placed in the gym to provide the times for each workshop. Some of the workshops are on aeroboxing, softball pitching, baseball pitching, Project Adventure and African dance.

The conference will be headlined by Dr. Carole Oglesby. Oglesby is from Temple University and is an internationally renowned sports psychologist. Oglesby is also a past member of the International Olympic Committee. Her speech will be entitled "Olympism: More than Money and Medals." She will also be doing a presentation on the Olympic movement.

There will be an estimated 150 people expected to attend from throughout Vermont. Even though the conference is targeted toward physical education majors all students are welcome to attend.

Dr. Ruder is excited that the conference is being held at CSC for the fist time in five or six years. Ruder is also looking forward to Dr. Oglesby's appearance. "This will be an unique opportunity to hear someone of her caliber speak."

For more information about the conference contact Ruder or Fogarty.

CSC theater celebrates Women's History Month

by Alison Morse
Staff Writer

The Pleiades Theatre Project held two one-act plays Thursday, February 26, to celebrate Women's History Month. Lorraine Reynolds and Nichole Miller produced the plays, "Overtones" and "Credo."

The first play, "Overtones," is about two women in 1913 and was written by Alice Gerstenberg. The play is set in Harriet's house, (played by Erin Ballard), a wealthy socialite. She invites Margaret (played by Amy Collemer) over for tea. Throughout their conversation, the audience gathers that these women are very unhappy with their lives.

Their true personalities and feelings toward one another are expressed by their consciences. Lynne Wifholm plays Harriet's conscience, Hetty. Amy Bader plays Margaret's conscious, Maggie. While Harriet and Margaret converse, their consciences express how they truly feel about each other.

By the end of the play, the audience realizes that these two women virtually lie to make the other person jealous and make their lives seem better than they really are.

The second play, "Credo," written by Craig Lucas, starred Heather Edwards. Lit by a spotlight, her character sits in a chair wearing a bathrobe and smoking a cigarette. She tells the audience about the misfortunes of her life: her boyfriend breaking up with her, her dog dying and attending her first Alcoholics Anonymous meeting. The manner in which she tells her story is dramatic, yet has a comical twist that keeps the audience entertained.

During her monologue, she says something that the audience can relate to: "I will have an extraordinary and rich and complicated life. It is entirely up to me."

Listen: change is on the air

by David R. Nadeau
General Manager WIUV

WIUV is changing its image and its attitude. Teamwork and responsibility are the two new catch phrases. However, to have teamwork a team must first exist. WIUV needs personnel to run the station properly.

WIUV is a membership driven machine. Membership is open to anyone with the desire to do radio and a modest amount of aptitude. The slogan, "Change is on the air," is our new motto. If you are interested in doing a radio show, or know someone that is, set up an interview with the program director and the general manager, David Nadeau. Staff membership meetings are held every other week. These meetings are held in the television studio located in the Fine Arts Center.

The meeting dates for this semester are February 26, March 5 and 19, April 2, 16 and 30, and May 14. If you are interested in doing a show, please call Nadeau at (802) 773-4305 or page him at (802) 775-8392. Nadeau might also be reached through campus mail, CSC Box 913, or through e-mail, wingswackyworld@hotmail.com.

Two new student organizations have recently formed at CSC

The Track and Field Club, advised by John Klein, Associate Professor of Psychology, aims to "provide students with the opportunity of participating in track and field events." Annette Purdy is the group's organizer.

The purpose of the Hunting and Shooting Club is "to allow hunters to get together to hunt and to provide an opportunity to better their skills and knowledge of hunting." Ryan George is the organizer and Mike Davidson, director of Public Safety, is the advisor.

Some catch flies

by Dave Mance
Editor-in-Chief

Veranda was a knock-kneed girl, tall and slender, with a nose like a prizefighter and a smile the size of Manhattan. I say girl although she was actually around forty years old. Still, to me (I was about 9 at the time); she was my equal, and thus still a child. Her raven hair was streaked with silver and she wore it combed straight down, cutting it herself and tying the loose ends in blue bows. Her eyes were gentle, but a bit startling if you looked into them for to long, kind of like staring into the eyes of a baby tiger; cute and adorable windows to a wild, untamed soul.

Veranda was a wandering poet and for a few weeks, my best friend. She was hired by my elementary school to teach poetry during the school day. Her nights were spent in the attic guest room of my family's home. Veranda became my mentor, teaching me how to rhyme and forget reason. She also taught me the therapeutic values of poetry and prose. "Just pour it out," she'd say. "Tell me about this. Tell me about that." So I did.

I told her about church on Sunday where I watched an old man keel over in the front row. Poor old bastard just died right on the spot. Could you imagine, dying in church. Mom said he was lucky, assuming that he had prayed for forgiveness before throwing himself on to the floor and wrenching violently in seizure, but that made no sense. He's squirming around there foamin' at the mouth, looking anything but fortunate. I wrote a prayer in the hymn book as they carted him away.

I told her about my friend Noah Mercier and his family who were sitting in the pew next to me. We used to sit up in Noah's room and watch his dad smack his mom around through the floor vent. Him grabbing her head and squeezin' it kool-aid red, her screamin' HBO dialog - smashing dishes like a cartoon character, then getting hurled onto the floor like a pro-wrestler and all the while we'd be staring, four little mouse eyes in the vent watching.

Now I hope I haven't lost you. The church, the Merciers, the dead guy, they may seem like random stories, but that's why I remember Veranda. Not because she shared the moments with me, but because she taught me how to question blind faith and obedience. She taught me how to cope with adolescent questions and contradictions. She taught me how to understand life. Church would end, and I would escape unscathed, running home like a freed prisoner, ready to go worship my own gods of nature and ink.

Veranda and I spent most of our spare time together in those days, taking long walks and unwinding. She was definitely at home in the forest, and would use those beautiful spring afternoons to teach me, among other things, the peculiar rejuvenatory qualities of icy May water. She had a poetic name for sitting naked up to out necks in the forest stream, envisioning where the water would take our detached heads. I simply called it damn cold water sitting...but hey, I never forgot. To a 9 year old boy, sitting in a spring stream, becoming runoff, and flowing to the sea made a lot more sense than church or school. While in the river we talked; Veranda waxing on in her Dickinsonesque way about lost butterflies and Taoin prophets, stuff way over my head. I liked to talk about fishermen and trout...

Other days we'd go to my backyard pond and the red clover field. On the inlet stream's riverbank, beneath the willow tree, we'd listen to frogs croaking spring contentment and watch the red wing blackbirds shadow box defiantly. Veranda explained to me about the feisty bird, using her as a metaphor for life in the city, a time that she was trying to forget.

This place, where she used to live in the city, housed many personal demons for Veranda, but to a nine year old, stories about New York in the sixties were great fun. High rise monster beasts and gasoline rainbows, lost lovers and dead dogs. At the time Veranda lived on a rooftop with pigeons who she'd named after artists and prayed to when she was alone. Some stories healed, while others brought the tiger out of her eyes. I don't think her scars ever healed from these jackal people and burning hot asphalt which blistered and peeled. Other people wrote about this though, not her. "Bee boppin" she called it, painting with words. I would read them later in life; niggers named Ginsburg and Kerouac; but they were always too holy and grand for me. Kind of like urban priests, I think, burning their worlds from both ends with their fire and brimstone.

After Verandas stories we'd eat peanut butter sandwiches, drink lemonade, and quote Dr. Seuss.

For two weeks we lived the simple life, 378 miles away from beat poetry and the city. While her poems and philosophies would live in my head forever, our time together came to an end. Quickly, before I get to the moment that changed my life, I want to tell you about the last day of school before Veranda left. It's not a very exciting story, just a moment, when in English class, we finished the book Bridge to Terebithia. I remember it because it was such a bizarre scene, 24 kids weeping genuinely innocent tears - but the teacher, Mrs. Sears, didn't find it sad at all. She told us she had read it too many times. I guess this is my metaphor for my time with Veranda. She was my friend who left and my Terebithia all rolled into one. When I told her about the story she cried a little, good tears though.

The Saturday morning before Veranda took off, I crept up into the attic, a glass of tea in hand, to say goodbye. I found my friend sitting "Indian style" by the huge semicircular window, bathed in soft light. Like a picture she glowed, swaying back and forth, and I paused for a moment before letting her know I was there. Here, in my attic as a silent visitor, I saw Veranda's world clearly for the first time. I can see her still, a model of concentration, carefully catching the window flies between her long fingers and humming softly to them; a big black ugly one with green eyes, a little baby one with a broken wing, a lost honey bee, buzzing and homesick. I stared in amazement as she sensed my presence and requested my company with a smile. "Alive," she whispered, thanking me for the tea and sitting me gently between her legs. "Do you know they've been dead all winter long?"

That was the moment I remembered - when science, reason, the fear of God, and all of life's problems were forgotten. That was my moment. A moment when this little boy didn't have to question. The moment when the dead came back to life when kissed by the sun.

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Touch

by Nancy Smolke
Staff Writer

Early in the morning of January 28 I fell asleep at the wheel of my Plymouth Horizon and slammed head-first into bridge number seven just outside of Castleton. Fortunately I remember little of the actual accident. Impact and pain is the extent of it. Collectively I spent 10 days in the hospital. I have some bad memories of that time, but finding myself alive means I must act accordingly. It is foolish to demand healing if I'm flat on my back looking for trouble. I figure flat on your back dictates a certain upward view. Amazing what happens when you follow the lead.

Out of all the nurses, I cherished but one. Her name was May, a true Vermonter. She talked the whole while she was near me. She sympathized with my pain, groaned when I groaned and winced when I winced. Most importantly (and this is the crux of the matter) *May touched me.* I don't mean her kindness touched me, I mean May literally touched me. She stroked my head when I shuddered. She rubbed my arm when I cried. When chills set in, May hurried off wordlessly. In my morphine haze I thought I had lost her. Not so. May returned with a blanket fresh from the oven. She tucked me in like a long-lost child found in the cold night air. Her lovely hands instinctively smoothed the furrows in my brow and closed my weary eyes.

May was not the only hero in my misery. Every night, my friend Janice, drove straight from her work in Granville to the hospital. When I was at my worst, Janice cradled me in her arms. Each night she made it a point to touch me in some tangible way. She rubbed my back, massaged my battered legs, petted my hair. Her hands were never far from me, even if it meant to simply sit and stroke my cheek.

Afterwards, I asked Janice why she dedicated herself in such a way. "It did you good," she said, "and it did me good to see that."

Looking up has taught me the incredible untapped power of human touch.

Abraham Maslow identified five hierarchical levels of human needs. He may have a problem with the ordering. At a recent conference of the Society for Neuroscience, the largest organization of scientists and physicians dedicated to understanding the brain, spinal cord and peripheral nervous system, it was revealed that providing junior with food, shelter and warm just didn't cut it. Denial of adequate touch had serious biochemical consequences for the child. Caresses influence the production of certain hormones involved in "learning, memory and the management of stress." How serious can it get?

Over a century ago most children died before the age of five, but did you know that over half of the infants under the age of one succumbed to a diseased called marasimus? The term is derived from a Greek word which means, "wasting away." The situation was far worse in foundling institutions, even in progressive America. The death rate for infants in these "homes' were nearly one hundred percent. The trend did not reverse itself until the late 1930's when someone discovered that infants who were cuddled, stroked, rocked and pampered thrived where others in the prescribed "managed care" met an early grave. Whitman, in his "Song of Myself," had the right idea, "*I make holy whatever I touch or am touch'd from.*"

Psychology Today cites research showing that people who grow up with touch are more talkative, cheerful, socially dominant and nonconforming. By contrast, the rest of us unfortunates, deprived of healthy human touch are gen

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Castleton Reacts

How do you feel about a state college such as CSC funding the Christian Fellowship, a religious club?

"I think that at this level of academia it doesn't harm anyone."

-Rosemary Wright
Sophomore

"It doesn't directly affect me, so I don't care, but fundamentally it is wrong. It shouldn't be funded by the school."

- Kevin Rapf
Junior

"I think it's a good idea. There are a lot of religious people on campus that can get involved."

-Brooke Haley
Sophomore

"I don't' agree with it, it totally contradicts the separation of church and state. Would they fund an Islamic group? I don't think so."

-Brendon Davis
Senior

Inner thirst and the source of life

by Frank Morgan
Contributing Writer

The buck pauses at the edge of the clearing, sides heaving, panting and worn out. The dogs are barking in the distance, the pack of coyotes in silent pursuit. The deer has eluded the pursuers momentarily, and is trying to rest, but cannot because of thirst — a dry skin, burning throat, indescribable sensations, longing for water — for the cool refreshing liquid to be in the mouth and down the parched throat. For the flowing stream in which to plunge and find relief. The deer senses a spring nearby, and staggers about, seeking only that which will satisfy the unspeakable longing.

The man walks alone seeking whatever will quench his appetite and thirst. The pursuit of meaning leads to a small hill. The climb requires discipline. New insights are gained, new perspectives on the world and life are exciting. Things look different. Newly discovered muscles are developed, and the wonders of life are contemplated. For awhile the thirst is forgotten. He is the center of his attention on his little mountain. His thoughts said, "I got up here by myself. Life is good on MY little mountain!"

But alas, the pursuers are still on the trail — the distress and boredom of life reappear in uncountable forms, and the inner thirst returns. " What has man in all his labor, and the vexations of his heart with which he labors under the sun? For all his days are sorrow, and his travail, grief. His heart takes not rest in the night." The little hill is a trap. He cannot ascend higher, but the hounds are below. There is no water on the little mountain. There is no unquenchable spring inside him. The mountain is called Mount Misar (smallness). His thoughts said, "I am alone. I am thirsty. Is there no one to care? What can satisfy my inner thirst? Can matter and energy? Can self-fulfillment? There has to be more. Is there no THOU above the ME and all the ITS?"

He remembered being with a joyful throng. He remembered being drenched in pouring water — was that it? He remembered singing and rejoicing because he was forgiven. He remembered a gathering of thankful people. A sense of unity — like a chorus making harmony. Many voices with a single theme. Something about a lamb. This memory is like a laughing brook, outside himself. He looked down from Mount Misar, and saw the valley of the river Jordan. His thoughts said, "I must descend from Misar to get to the flowing water." But Misar is a good place from which to look around. Can the Jordan dry up? What is the source of its sparkling water, its singing and rejoicing? The happy throng is quieted the farther it gets from its source. The water becomes stale and ends far below sea level in the Dead. It cannot quench my thirst. His thoughts said, " I must find the source. Where is the Spring of life?"

He looks up from Misar Mountain. His eye follows the Jordan north, and lights on the Sea of Galilee. A gale is blowing, and the waves crash on the shore. He almost feels the waves of fresh water breaking over him. But there is still more. Why is the Sea of Galilee not dead? What is its source? His eye is drawn up, up, up, the upper Galilee. Up past the Lake Huleh, up past the roaring rapids, up beyond the cascading waterfalls, up to the flowing springs and snowcapped peak of Mount Hermon (sanctuary). His thoughts said, "How did I miss it before?" Words he
used to sing tumble forth in his mind. His thoughts said, "I will lift up my eyes unto the mountains. From whence shall my help come? My help comes from the Lord, the Maker of heaven and earth."

The melting snow feeds the flowing springs and beautiful cascades with a never-ending supply. He senses the reality of the abundant Supplier who can meet his inner thirst. The THOU who fulfills all the ITS. More real than the clouds that feed the snowfields that supply the springs of the Jordan, the descender. Descending ten thousand feet from the heights of Hermon to the depths of the earth and the salten, lifeless waves of the Dead Sea. This water must be taken in and given out to retain its life. Joy received and shared. Another song comes to his mind. "The one who drinks the water that I give will never thirst, but it shall become a spring of water welling up into eternal life."

His thoughts said, "Why are you in despair, O my soul? And why have you become disturbed within me? Hope in God, for I shall yet praise Him, the help of my

Mixed Media

Music Review: Ani Difranco's latest

by Jessica Bullock
Assistant Editor

The Folksinger is back,- and with her latest release *Little Plastic Castles* Ani Difranco proves that lipstick is not a sign of her declining mind.

For Ani fans in search of *Imperfectly*'s acoustic poetry or *Dilate*'s electric fury, *Little Plastic Castles* will not satisfy your craving, as it exhibits Ani from an entirely different angle. Gone is the musical notion of the lone folksinger armed only with her poetry and her guitar, and in steps electronic sampling, production wizardry and in some cases, a five-piece horn section. On this, her tenth full-length release, she is soundly backed by longtime drummer Andy Stochansky and occasionally by bassist Sara Lee and new bassist Jason Mercer. Throughout *Little Plastic Castles* Ani proves that her music has undergone some sort of evolution; she has grown as an artist and she is no longer the one-woman-acoustic show that she was years ago. However, for longtime Ani fans – fear not, because the grittiness, the poetry, the quirkiness and the attitude are all still there, but they have just emerged in slightly different forms.

The diverse range of songs on *Little Plastic Castles* is typical Ani. As with many of her albums, the first track (in this case the title track) is the most engaging. "Little Plastic Castles" is an enduring little ditty that she's been performing on the road for the past year, and serves as an ideal way to ease the listener into the experience of this CD. "Fuel" is a spoken word piece that laughingly criticizes the entertainment industry in a manner that only a such a performer who has refused to be its slave could ever attempt ("people used to make records as in a record of an event / the event of people playing music in a room / now everything is cross-marketing / it's about sunglasses and shoes or guns or drugs / you choose"). "Gravel" and "Pulse" are both songs that Ani has been playing on tour for some time, but hearing them in studio form provides for an entirely new musical adventure. "As Is" is pure pop, but can not be classified with the radio variety (thankfully). "Two Little Girls" is a lovely ode to a troubled gal-pal and "Deep Dish" is a swinging musical tale complete with sampling and ska-like horns. "Loom" and "Pixie" are straight rock and roll. "Swan Dive" is an introspective glance at loving and being loved and contains such unforgettable lines as "cuz I've built my own empire out of car tires and chicken wire / and now I'm queen of my own compost heap / and I'm getting used to the smell." "Glass House" is an eerie yet vaguely angst-filled collection of musings and "Independence Day" is classic Ani – just The Folksinger, her acoustic guitar and an assembly of regrets. Each track on *Little Plastic Castles* possesses its own unique appeal, as they range from the profoundly silly ("we know the difference between the font of twenty percent more and the font of teriyaki") to the blatant ("I'm gonna pull out my tampon and start splashing around") to the beautifully poetic ("and I realized that night that the hall light which seemed so bright when you turned it on is nothing compared to the dawn which is nothing compared to the light which seeps from me while you're sleeping").

Throughout *Little Plastic Castles* there are many references to fish and fish tanks; the front cover of the CD even pictures Ani's face on the body of a goldfish and the back cover shows her looking frail and tired, curled up on the pebbles at the bottom of a fish bowl. Is she providing some sort of commentary on the media frenzy that has surrounded her in the past year? Admittedly, she is a rather unlikely and seemingly hesitant superstar, but judging by the music she makes on *Little Plastic Castles*, it seems that for Ani Difranco, life in the fish bowl is just fine.

Movie Review: Half Baked

by Eric Butler
Staff Writer

I remember when 'Roll up a fat one and pass it around' sounded like sweet music to my ears while in search for the ultimate high during adolescence many moons ago. The days when mastering the intricate art form of rolling tightly packed joints were like taking the training wheels off of my speedy Red Line bicycle in hopes to make my father proud. Although I am no longer in need of any marijuana to enhance my perceptions at the present moment and you can bet your money that I'll pass any urine test too, I will take only the fondest of memories regarding my relations with 'Mary Jane' to the inevitable eternal sleep. So, have you been stoned lately? Well, comedian Dave Chappelle hopes you are still preserving America's favorite pastime since the invention of the hula hoop and the fading popularity of baseball because he has co-written a slap-schtick comedy with Saturday Night Live funny guy Jim Breuer bluntly entitled 'Half Baked.' Now do not get me wrong I laughed just about as much as anybody during the Cheech & Chong classics and the amusing Dazed and Confused, but you would have to be completely stoned out of your skull rather than 'half baked' to choose this flick over any others playing at the theaters. The film was released on January 16th of this year, so maybe you will be lucky enough to have avoided this lame excuse for drug exploitation as well as embarrassing drug culture stereotyping of the post-Hippie era. The story revolves around four friends (Dave Chappelle as Thurgood, Jim Breuer as 'Deadhead' Brian, Guillermo Diaz as Cuban Scarface and Harland Williams as Kenny) who share a NYC East Village apartment while maintaining minimum wage jobs. Lo and behold, after a smoke session on their 'Billy Bong Thorton' hooka (which brings back visions of Haskell Hall dorm life),

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From the asylum to the community

The mentally disabled's harsh road from institutions to mainstreaming within communities

by Lea Verna Reed
Contributing Writer

A dark, damp place. Overrun with rats and other vermin. The trees, flowers and grass are on the other side of the strong iron bars of your narrow cell. Your wrists and ankles are chained to the cell wall. You're sitting in a pile of your own waste, wearing filthy, torn clothes. Your meals of stale and rotten food leave you semi-starved and ill. An attendant walks by with a whip, ready to strike at the slightest outcry. It is amazing that you are even alive.

The above description is not of a prison for convicted murderers awaiting execution; criminals were treated much better. The above setting is an asylum for the insane.

The definition of insane during the 18th and 19th centuries was expanded to include alcoholics, the mentally retarded and people suffering from a mental illness such as Schizophrenia. In many of these asylums restraint and corporal punishment were the order of the day. People were often restrained with chains, ropes, strait jackets or housed in cages or cells. Often times they were beaten with whips or clubs, tortured and raped. Asylum, a word that mean protection, was the name often given to buildings which housed the mentally ill. During this time, however, an asylum was the last place to look for health and healing.

There were some people who fought for more humane treatment of the mentally ill. Dorthea Lynde Dix spend two years touring Massachusetts' almshouses, jails and asylums where the insane and disabled were kept. She appeared before the state legislature with her evidence in hopes of implementing a change in the way the mentally ill and physically disabled were cared for.

Her solution to the problem was to have state hospitals built in which the disabled could be cared for. She was able to convince the Massachusetts state legislature to enlarge the Worcester State Hospital. After this first victory, she extended her travels to include parts of Canada and most of the states east of the Rockies, advocating for those who had no advocate.

The hospitals might have provided a cleaner bed and better food, but the mentally disabled still suffered abuse and neglect. Often times the hospitals were overcrowded and understaffed. The available staff were often inexperienced and abusive. Instead of being restrained in a cell, the patient was often restrained in a bed.

Deborah Reily*, a former state hospital caregiver, remembers the hospital where she worked. "In 1948 the hospital wards had 40 patients to a room. The patients didn't do anything but stay on their beds all day. Two staff were assigned to each room and their jobs were to change messy briefs and bedding, feed the patients and administer patient's medications."

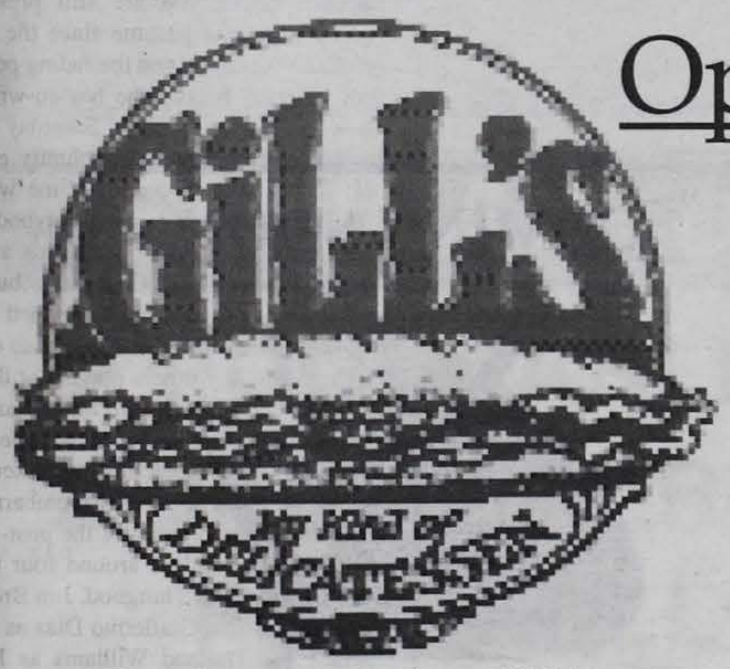
"When I came to work there, the place had undergone many changes. There were only two or three patients to a room and the rooms were setup to look more homelike. Curtains were put up between the beds for more privacy, the patients were able to do arts and crafts, go outside, learn new skills and take part in group activities."

"Mainstreaming" is now the latest change in care for the mentally ill. Essentially it means becoming a part of the community and that includes more personalized care. It is not unusual for the mentally ill to attend public schools or be employed at regular, full and part-time jobs. Some people, like Reily, believe that the best place for the mentally ill is in the community. Reily takes care of a lady with Down's Syndrome. The lady lives with Reily in her home and has become part of the family.

Instead of living in a private home, some mentally ill people are able to live in group homes. Group homes provide a more homelike atmosphere than the state hospitals. Here the patients are able to work with staff and fellow patients creating a feeling of family and community.

Mainstreaming is not without opposition. Some people, including doctors and parents of mentally ill children believe that their family and patients were receiving better and more specialized care in an institutional setting. Others believe that the mentally ill are more likely to harm someone or be harmed outside the safety of the asylum walls.

We, as a society, tend to be ignorant of the needs of people with mental illness. The mentally ill are lumped together as one problem and offered one solution. These are individuals, however, with individual needs. One person might require the care that only an institution can provide, with round the clock medical care, while another might fare better in a group home. It doesn't matter whether the mentally ill are placed in a home, institution or asylum; if society wants to start treating these people more humanely, why not start by treating them like one of us?



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Plans for London semester '99 underway

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-Pat Morris, London Semester, 1997

"I enjoyed the London Semester so much, I may be going again in '99."
-Jamie Brassard, London Semester, 1997

How would you like to spend four months with 15 fellow CSC students in one of the world's great cities, and earn up to 16 college credits in the process-all at the turn of the millennium!

The London Semester Committee is now officially recruiting students for the spring 1999 CSC Semester in London Program (January to early May). Sociology and Anthropology Professor Philip Lamy will be guide, advisor, instructor, counselor and "father figure," if need be, while in London. Using London, Great Britain, and Europe as our subject matter, five courses will be offered covering a variety of disciplines (some to be cross listed) including sociology/anthropology, history, communications, art and theater (Courses have not been finalized). Students also will be able to construct independent studies and internships (in any discipline) for credit while in London.

Look for further information on the program coming your way soon. There will be an "afternoon tea" and informational meeting scheduled in the next couple of weeks to provide more specific information (costs, room and board, course credit, itinerary, ect.) for interested students. But space is limited to 15 students, so if you're interested please let Professor Lamy know so as to "get on the list" and look for the "tea".

Interested students should contact:
Professor Philip Lamy
Sociology, Social Work, Criminal Justice
Office 468-1345
E-mail: lamyp@sparrow.csc.vsc.edu

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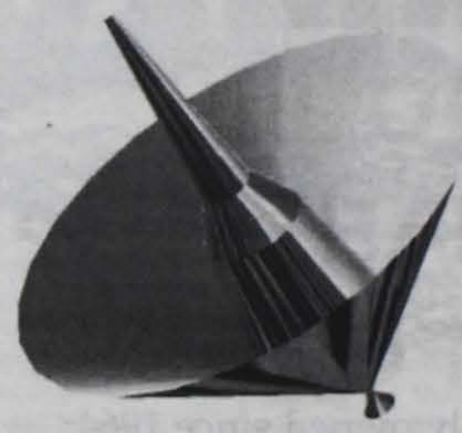

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"Hackers" continued from page. 4

who had spent many nights breaking into computer systems for the mere enjoyment and social upheaval. And as of this article, he also enjoyed mail-bombing my e-mail box.

Mark and his concepts of social structure are as mysterious as the subject he talks about. Knowing that what he says could land him in jail, he is careful and vague with his answers. Mark is the ideal hacker—he is the vision that gets conjured up in peoples minds when they think about hacking. His social skills seem weak from malpractice and his attitude is that of an anarchist. His persona alone makes him the quintessential hacker.

"My job as a hacker is to even the score between the have-nots and the upper one percent," Mark states. "Myself and other hackers are not criminals, we are truth seekers."

The line about being truth seekers has been used and over used by the world and the media time and again. The latest Hollywood movie about hacking used the slogan, "Their only crime was that of curiosity. Ironically, the line is not a cliche', but a definite ideal that most (if not all) hackers live by.

"Generally I break into computers to seek out answers," says Mark. "There is a lot more technology and secrets out there than the government and corporate world is telling the people about."

Amused by visions of The X-Files, I had to ask Mark what secrets he thought were out there. His answer was not what I expected...

"I think that there are technologies out there that can revolutionize the way people work," he began, "just like the internet did in the late 80's. Only now do we find out that it was really invented (the internet) in the 1960's."

So basically, hacking is like a robin hood in cyberspace type of project I implored him.

"To some it is," he said. "To others it is a dark realm of profit and crime."

I found it hard to believe that the same people who have been mail bombing me for the last several months were capable of high security crime, albeit of the white collar kind.

He agreed that it wasn't the same type of hacker who would do both: Pranks and crime. So the question remains who the hackers really are; computer nerd pranksters or hardened criminals?

E-mail bombing is not a crime. It is annoying and at time childish; nothing to criminal about it. But who are the hackers in jail? What exactly are their crimes? How exactly did they do what they did? My search continues, as does my list of screen names.

Conscience of a Hacker

by The Mentor

Another one got caught today, it's all in the
papers.
"Teenager Arrested in Computer Crime Scandal,"
"Hacker Arrested after
Bank Tampering..."
Damn kids. They're all alike.
But did you, in your three-piece psychology and
1950's
technobrain, ever take a look behind the eyes of the
hacker? Did you
ever wonder what makes him tick, what forces
shaped him, what may have
molded him?
I am a hacker, enter my world...
Mine is a world that begins with school...I'm
smarter than most of
the other kids, this crap they teach us bores me...
Damn underachiever. They're all alike.
I'm in junior high or high school. I've listened to
teachers
explain for the fifteenth time how to reduce a
fraction. I understand
it. "No, Ms. Smith, I didn't show my work. I did it in
my head..."
Damn kid. Probably copied it. They're all alike.
I made a discovery today. I found a computer. Wait
a second,
this is cool. It does what I want it to. If it makes a
mistake, it's
because I screwed it up. Not because it doesn't like
me...
Or feels threatened by me...
Or thinks I'm a smart ass...
Or doesn't like teaching and shouldn't be here...
Damn kid. All he does is play games. They're all
alike
And then it happened...a door opened to a world...
rushing
through the phone line like heroin through an
addict's veins, an
electronic pulse is sent out, a refuge from the
day-to-day
incompetencies is sought...a board is found.
"This is it...this is where I belong..."
I know everyone here...even if I've never met them,
never talked
to them, may never hear from them again...I know
you all...
Damn kid. Tying up the phone line again. They're all
alike...
You bet your ass we're all alike...we've been
spoon-fed baby
food at school when we're hungered for steak..the
bits of meat that you
did let slip through were pre-chewed and tasteless.
We've been
dominated by sadists, or ignored by the apathetic.
The few that had
something to teach found us willing pupils, but those
few are like
drops of water in the desert.
This is our world now...the world of the electron
and the
switch, the beauty of the baud. We make use of a
service already
existing without paying for what could be
dirt-cheap if it wasn't run by
profiteering gluttons, and you call us criminals. We
explore...and you
call us criminals. We seek after knowledge..and
you call us
criminals. We exist without skin color, without
nationality, without
religious bias...and you call us criminals. You build
atomic bombs, you
wage wars, you murder, cheat and lie to us and try
to make us believe
it's for our own good, yet we're the criminals.
Yes, I am a criminal. My crime is that of curiosity.
My crime
is that of judging people by what they say and
think, not by what they look
like. My crime is that of outsmarting you,
something that you will never
forgive me for,
I am a hacker, and this is my manifesto. You may
stop this
individual, but you can't stop us all...after all, we're
all alike.

"Touch" continued from page 6

erally more emotionally unstable and withdrawn, more apprehensive about communicating and suffer lower self-esteem.

When you think it through organically, our bodies are asking for a healing hand. Our skin is the largest sensory organ of the body. The most sensitive areas of the skin are our hands and face, especially the lips (hence the popularity of kissing). The largest area of our brain surface is devoted to the sensation of the hands alone.

I remember a particularly black time in my life. I had nothing. No home, no car, no income, nothing but a clinging ten-year old who wondered if mom was going to fold. One night I wandered into the local university to get out of the cold. The doors of the inner auditorium opened and soon the foyer where I previously stood alone was filled with warm bodies intent on discussing the play they had just experienced. The sudden change from silence and solitary existence to the growing crowd made my head spin. Then it happened. Someone, quite innocently, pressed a bit of themselves against my upper arm. We stayed this way, this stranger and I, for nearly 20 seconds. The sensation it created startled me. *I felt loved.* Maybe that sounds melodramatic but it was true.

Rod McKuen wrote: "The need to touch someone can be so great at times that it's as close to madness as I ever hope to come." I knew a little of this madness last summer.

I returned home to the mid-west to care for my dying younger brother, David. He was not a great one for being touched. David was tough, period. I respected the way he faced the grisly effects of cancer. He spat blood with reserve and kept his cool when the red ooze bubbled down his chin and spattered into my face. We kept it together and remained apart. I kept watching for a break. When would he need more than a witness?

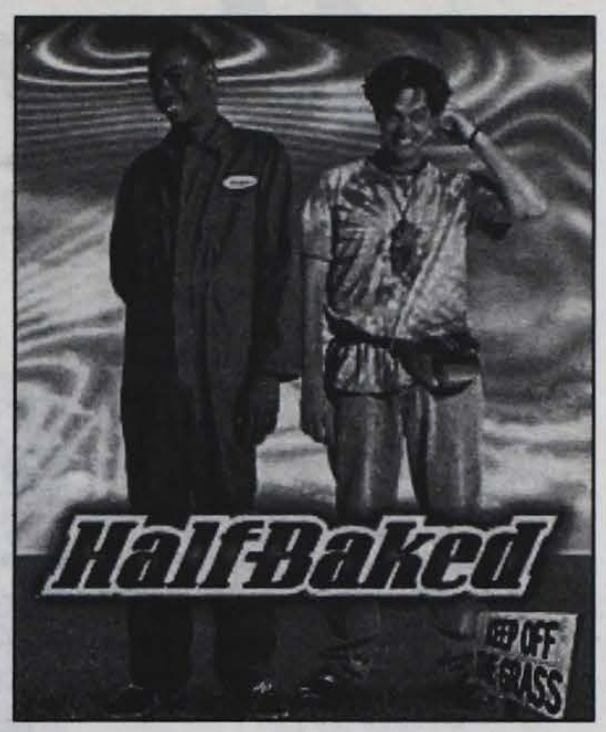
My answer came two days before his death. Out of the blue he arose from a three-day coma and asked for food. A piece of toast, with strawberry jam and a little peanut butter. Did we have any fresh fruit? He wanted watermelon and a bit of chocolate. Is the milk good? Pour a bowl of cereal and chop a banana up in it. I joyfully prepared his meal, anxious to tell everyone of his sudden and remarkable recovery. David hoarsely called my name, "Nan," "Hmm?" I said, poking my head around the corner. He mouthed the word, "White." Two weeks earlier I had slipped him some of my whole wheat toast and he had spit it out in disgust. He gave me a suspicious look and wagged one finger in my direction, smiling broadly. We talked, watched TV and talked some more. At ten-thirty it ended.

"I'm tired Nance," he said. I lowered his bed, gave him his injection, checked the morphine pump, helped him with the urinal and tucked him in. As I stood near his bed putting the syringes away, David reached out and took my arm. He was nearly asleep. I stepped closer. My brother pulled me to his side and then, for the first time in over 30 years, leaned his head against my breast. "I'm dying Nanny," was all he said.

We stay there, frozen in my mind, bridging the distance between us.

For someone like me, who grew up spinning from the backhand and a swift kick, touch, kindly touch is a radical experience. The first dictum in medical education, "Above all, do no harm," is a code that can just as easily be violated through doing nothing at all. One thing is for certain, if you decide to "reach out and touch someone", you may alter a life, for good.

"Baked" continued from page 8



Kenny is chosen to go grocery for various junk foods to cure their grueling 'munchies.' Suddenly, we are brought to the point of the film and it's probably one of the only bright spots that displays a trace of writing genius. Upon Kenny's voyage back to the apartment, he stops to have a brief conversation with a police horse and offers the animal a morsel of his Funyons. The horse chows all of his food instead; keeling over with four stiff legs up in the air since it was diabetic. Kenny gets arrested for 'killing a cop' with a bail estimated at $100,000 dollars. Oh no!Thurgood decides to devise a plan to raise the money and save Kenny from the nightmares of 'doing time' with sexually frustrated inmates. Thurgood's idea is to continually steal pound after pounds of government medical testing marijuana from a hospital where he mops their floors for a living in order to sell enough weed to meet Kenny's bail. "We're not drug dealers, We're fund raisers!" demands Thurgood to his cohorts. The plan seems sensible with one exception; a very powerful reigning drug dealer known as 'Samson' surely will not enjoy his target market being interfered with by these novice pushers. As always, I leave the rest of the movie up to you (if you even wish to see or rent this disaster) to discover what happens to poor ol' Kenny and da' boys. The one cool aspect to the film are its cameo appearances of such faces as Tommy 'Chong,' Snoop Doggy Dogg, Janeane Garofalo, Willie Nelson, Jon Stewart, Steven 'I'm zoning' Wright, Clarence Williams III, Rachel True, Stephen Baldwin, Bob Saget and Jerry Garcia?!? The film also does a decent job of mocking other popular movie scenes inside such films as Shawshank Redemption, Jerry McGuire, Dead Presidents, etc. Tamara Davis directs this D- comedy that falls way short of providing a wholesome laugh even if you're as high as a kite and prone to be vulnerable enough to laugh at recycled jokes. I may conclude that Jim Breuer should stick to his night job doing Jack Nicholson impersonations for the aging trendy Saturday Night Live.

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Poet's

-Read Between The Lines-

jealousy
a ghoulish mask
lodged behind
these blue eyes
that lust to laugh
and ease the pain
locked inside my
emotional vending machine
As she circles
the wooden floor
for one last dance
oblivious to the hour
though in the arms
of a lucky man
her typical heroic
masculine godsend

funny how
mother was right
"my love you fall for them too soon"
she always advised
father seldom had the time
"education comes first!"
was his sacred reply
brother would grin and often say
"come to grips, it's all a game"
to me that sounded all too vague
where i'd insist "kevin...maybe we're just not the same"

poise
a cryptic prescription
for sudden recovery
pride's rational substitution
immediately transforms me
eight seconds after
abandoning sullen sorrow
and her worthiness
As she pisses away
our potential
for the very last time
kissing openly
the lips of the lucky man

funny how
i've endured this before
As a loving naive fool
to many heartless predators
As the devourer of trust
to former loyal followers
thus, believe me when i say
she'll get hers in the end
and the feeling shall be uncouth
for what comes around
most often goes around
when you're a gambler
with the belief "i'll never lose!"

-Eric Butler

Photo by Linnea Spelman

Techno

YMCA,
Moving booty on the dance floor.
Formations of kinds,
Cheers and chants,
Sweat and long, hurling hair.
rage of hormones,
Pulsate to the rhythm of the music.
A dominant bass,
Fills the space in the room.
While people bounce around the room
Disco lights and a disco ball,
Flash life among the live audience.
The diskjockey scratches his equipment,
While the bartender pours another drink.
Cheap perfume and too much makeup,
Clash with the aroma of rank cologne,
And alcohol breath covered by mint.
The place gets hotter,
As night sets to early morn,
Until a dead calm comes over the place
When energy is exhausted,
With none left to spare.

-Amara Boesch

Photo by Nadia Adams

Flower Pot

I uprooted myself today,
For a long period of time.
The resplendent sun soaks deeper,
And with more warmth than ever.
Various sensations,
Roam throughout my renewed body.
Born again,
Everything is unfamiliar and refreshingly so.
Dancing and frolicking on an adrenaline high,
I progress rapidly,
Performing out many acts of longed temptations.
I did not permanently damage my roots,
So they are unable to immerse back into the ground,
Rather,
I temporarily detached them,
From being damaged and seduced by dirt.

-Amara Boesch

Pulpit

Photo by Linnea Spelman

Photo by Linnea Spelman

The Silver Dragon

High upon the mountain the *Silver Dragon* dwells, he sits in his cave waiting to carry out the protection spell. He is a kind and gentle creature, as beautiful and powerful as can be, but a certain someone waits for him, could that someone be thee?

His wings are of purest silver and his eyes of fire red, and when he roars his arrival no one ever fears to dread. He is a good natured fellow, who loves a good tale, but sometimes one wonders "Does he ever fail?" Silver is a good dragon, as anyone can tell, you can even ask me because I know him well.

So the next tyme whenst thou art scared and have no where to run just think of that kind hearted fellow, *The Silver Dragon*, and thou wilst have a lot of fun. He is a beautiful, who is as kind and gentle as can be, but still someone waits for him and that someone is thee.

-Kimberly Anne Remsen

The Touch of Desire

I am alone and my need is great.
Can you feel it reach out to you?
My breasts ache for you to touch them.
They feel so hot, full with need. I can close my eyes
and almost feel your touch graze my nipples, teasing me.
I imagine you running your hand,
along the inside of arm, touching my breast
ever so lightly and stroking my neck
Your lips exploring my lips, my ear,
sending fire throughout my body.

I want you to take me, stroke my warmth.
Heat spreads over me. You raise my passion higher,
slowly stroking my leg, my thigh. Lightly teasing me.
My breath is ragged with anticipation.
Hesitantly, I reach for you, through time and space.
My fingertips finding your nipples,
exploring the texture of you skin.
My lips, feverish, move along your fingers, your arms.
I kiss your lips, your needing brow.

If you were here I would explore,
my aching need igniting your passion.
My hand, my face traveling the expanse of your chest,
imprinting all upon my fingers. I must look into your eyes,
hear your voice wanting me, kiss you lips.
I touch your leg, your thigh,
gently stroke and caress you. Your hair brushes my cheek.
I take you into my mouth feel your hardness respond to my need.

Your hand guides my movements.
You pull me closer, our bodies rhythms match our need.
Candlelight dances with us on your wall, flames reaching higher
Time stands still as the sweetness
of ecstasy flows through our bodies. Gently we touch;
lying together as sleep delivers us into the night.

-she who longs to soar with the hawk

One Sad Song

I can still remember the stillness in
the air,
the quiet weeping in the shadows
near the window,
the window that overlooked a
gloomy, rainy night.
In the middle of this room lay my
sister
in a hospital bed.
She wheezed,
she coughed,
she gasped.
The machine played a sad song in
rhythm with her heartbeat.
She looked over at me,
her face pale,
her bones frail,
her eyes tearing.
She looked right through me.
Someone from the shadows took
my hand and led me away
from my sister lying in that hospital bed,
in the middle of the room.
As I walked away
I heard the machine play its last
note of that
one sad song.

-Alison Morse

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Volunteer Corner

By: Michelle Merrow

The Alternative Spring Break Group will be going to New York City on March 29 to April 3 to perform community service at God's Love We Deliver. God's Love We Deliver is a nonprofit, nonsectarian organization that delivers nourishing meals to homebound people with AIDS throughout New York City and nearby Hudson County, New Jersey. The group will be helping prepare and deliver meals to approximately 1150 AIDS patients. The following people are participating: Jessica Gulley, Beth Lanpher, Sarah Mitchell, Erin Moriary, Martha Murray, Alysa Snyder, Sara Patch, Brooke Martin and Nick Regas.

The Community Service Club is planning to have a St. Patrick's Day party at the Adams House in Fair Haven on March 17. The 10 club members will share punch, cookies and conversation with the elderly residents. For Easter, the group will be making 30 Easter baskets for less fortunate children in the area. Other activities this semester might include: cooking dinner at the Dismas House, activities with the children at Rutland Head Start, and a food and clothing drive. If you would like to take part in any of these wonderful activities, please contact the Community Service Office (x1429).

Rutland Intermediate School is looking for volunteers to help with their Community Service Club. The club meets every Monday from 2:45 to 4:30 p.m.. If you are interested please contact the Community Service Office at (x1429).

Do you want to do community service, but can't find a site? The Community Service Office has a resource book of over 50 organizations that are looking for volunteers on a regular basis. Stop by the office in the Wellness Center (Adams Hall) and take a look, or call (x1429).

Women's History Month at CSC 1998

Monday, March 9 at 6 p.m. – Women & Cinema film showing, "Some Like it Hot" and discussion: Sex Symbols & Homoerotic Overtones –**Science Auditorium**

Tuesday, March 10 at 8 p.m. – Lecture: Katherine Kolbert on "Reproductive Rights" (soundings event)– **Glenbrook Gym**

Wednesday, March 11– Equity Bake Sale and information table – **8:30 a.m.-10:30 a.m. in Woodruff Hall & 11 a.m.-1 p.m. in Campus Center**

Wednesday, March 11 at 8 p.m. – Coffeehouse featuring Settie **–Campus Center Snack Bar**

Monday, March 16 at 6 p.m. – Women & Cinema film showing "Julia" and discussion: From Sex Symbol to Post Feminist Heroine – **Science Auditorium**

Monday, March 23 at 7 p.m. – "Where is Stephanie?" film showing and discussion with filmmaker Bess O'Brien, co-sponsored by the Vermont Women's Fund – **Fine Arts Center**

Wednesday, March 25 at 4 p.m. – Second Annual Student/Faculty Symposium, panel presentation and discussion sponsored by the Women's Studies Committee – **Old Chapel**

Wednesday, March 25 at 8 p.m. – Coffeehouse featuring singer/songwriter Lisa McCormick – **Campus Center Snack Bar**

Thursday, April 23 at 12:30 p.m. – Reading group: discussion of In These Girls Hope is a Muscle by Madeline Blais, books available in the Wellness Center **– Library Student Lounge**

Tuesday, April 28 at 12:30 p.m. – Lecture: Madeline Blais on "Playing for Keeps: Writing, Sport and the Female Experience" (soundings event) – **Fine Arts Center**

Thursday, April 30 – Take our Daughters to Work Day

The Cairn CSC

Vol. XXXXVIII **March 17,1998**

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"We *have discovered today that our good will and flexibility was in vain.* Putting the pen and paper down, he withdraws into the corner of his cell, a man with no options left. Here, amidst the foul stench of the no-wash protest and the cries of the tortured, Bobby realizes that someone will have to die to achieve political status. At dawn, he volunteers to lead a hunger strike."

The Bobby Sands story page 4

CASTLETON STATE COLLEGE

The Cairn

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The Cairn is Castleton State College's only student newspaper. It is published six times a semester entirely by students who are solely responsible for its content.

Questions, comments, and letters to the editor are encouraged. All letters must be received by the deadline date to be included in the next issue; all letters must be signed, but names can be withheld by request. We reserve the right to edit letters if deemed necessary by the Editor-in-Chief.

The Cairn
Castleton State College
Castleton, VT 05735
CAIRN@CSCACS.CSC.VSC.EDU

Anyone interested in joining or contributing to The Cairn is welcome to attend our meetings held Thursdays at 12:30 in Leavenworth room 107

From the Editor's desk...

On this most reverent of days, I propose a toast to Irish men and women everywhere.

Here's to the famine Irish who endured.

Here, here, to our ancestors, crowded into America's slums, who rose up to build our country's railroads, to mine our precious metals and to lead our country's government.

Here's to the peace talks and the IRA cease-fire. Not enough can be said about the ability to turn the other cheek for the greater good of a nation, despite the defiance of the radical paramilitary. A rebel yell for the prospect of peace for the six counties within a unified Ireland, and a moment of silence for those who have lost their lives.

Bottoms up to U2 and the Popmart tour. You might not be selling out stadiums here in the States like you used to boys, but to the true fans, you're still the greatest band in the world.

Here's to green beer and traditional Irish music, drunken jigs, phony accents, leprechauns, parades, Lucky Charms, pots of gold and the whole American interpretation of March 17. What's lost in the translation of the holiday is made up for in the sheer fun of it all.

Cheers to Irish wit, humor and the appreciation of a good laugh. Lord knows the world needs one.

Here's to the Irish everywhere, a people of unsurpassed resilience and character.

Happy St. Paddy's day all...

Shame on you, Cairn!

After reading the last issue of The Cairn, I began to question the integrity of the journalistic standards of the CSC paper. The content of the poem "A Touch a Desire" was a bit out of range for a college paper. Did you really consider the audience outside of CSC students? Besides our students there are many others who take notice of the paper, including families of CSC students and prospective students and families visiting the college. Personally, if I were in their shoes , I would not be impressed by such decisions. One can only hope that in the future you will be a bit more careful and realize the full extent of the paper's audience and power.

Sincerely,
K. Burton

It's a sure sign of spring! The American Red Cross of Central Vermont-New Hampshire Valley will hold its fourth annual week-long aquatic and small craft school May 24 to 31 at Green Mountain College in Poultney, VT. Twelve different courses on water safety will be taught. Registration deadline is May 16. For a course brochure or other information, contact any chapter office: Rutland (802-773-9159), Berlin (802-223-3701) or (802-295-3635).

Did you know THE BUS schedule has changed? THE BUS now services Castleton State College at night (free with a college ID). Pick up a schedule in the Student Life Office, located in the Campus Center.

A Vermont woman makes a difference

by Tara Rodin
Staff Writer

You have probably seen her rushing around campus, always smiling, always busy, always involved in a million and one things at a time. Well, Tracey Butkus, a senior with a double-major of Criminal Justice and Sociology at CSC, has learned that hard work and dedication do get rewarded.

Tracey has been awarded as a "Vermont Woman Making A Difference." This award, which up until one year ago, was geared toward female community members only, has given Tracey much deserved recognition for a long list of involvements and causes that she has worked for tirelessly. A few of these involvements include bing a member of the Women's Issues Group and the vice-president of Phi Eta Sigma Honor Society, as well as organizing a Rape Prevention and Awareness panel to take place during Sexual Assault Awareness week this April. Tracey also juggles a hectic schedule of classes and a part-time job at J.C. Penney in Rutland.

Tracey found out she had been nominated and awarded as a "Vermont Woman Making a Difference" only one day before the award ceremony took place. In Huden's alumni room the morning of the kick-off breakfast for Women in History Month, Tracey presented her acceptance speech. She included her recognition of the Women's Issues Group and the difference it has made on campus and in the community, as well as "Take Back The Night," which is also featured during Sexual Assault Awareness Week. Most importantly, however, was her mention of Sara Patch, a CSC senior, and last year's first college student to be awarded "Vermont Woman making a Difference" and Linda Olson, Assistant Professor for the Department of Sociology and Faculty advisor of the Women's Issues Group. Tracey's friendships with both women have helped open her eyes to many awareness issues that she now works so hard for. "Sara is my mentor and I feel honored to be awarded for the same thing as her," Tracey said. Professor Olson, who was one of the people who nominated Tracey for the award was thrilled to see her honored. "She's been very active on campus, especially in Women's Issues, and Tracey is very dedicated to social change," Olson said.

Currently, all three women are conducting a survey of female students at CSC on the topic of women's issues that include: safety, political, personal and national concerns. With the results from this survey they plan to report to the Governor's Commission on women's issues and hope to go to a conference to report their findings.

Tracey's future goals include a possible law degree and future involvement for women's causes. "My goal is to be an advocate for women victims of crime, especially rape, domestic and physical violence," Tracey said. With the winning of this award, Tracey has found herself even more motivated and dedicated to making a difference. "All the things I've done for women's issues have made a difference and now I'm even more motivated to raise awareness," Tracey said. It appears that Tracey will not rest until that difference has become a reality for women everywhere.

President Farmer presents award to CSC student Tracey Butkus

CSC student saves a life

by Kelly Ann Burton
Contributing Writer

John Nuceder is a seemingly average student enrolled at CSC. As a physical education major, he attends daily classes and works part time. However, just weeks ago near Lake Bomoseen, John proved himself to be anything but average.

It was the first day of the semester in January and John was working on his pickup when he heard the crash. When he saw a car flipped upside-down and sliding across the road, he bolted into action. After directing his roommate to call emergency services, John ran to the scene. He found the driver of the automobile lying across the front seat. Using "instinct as his guide," he checked for breathing and a pulse, both of which were very faint; the victim was in need of immediate medical care. With the help of another bystander, John removed the driver from the demolished car and proceeded with rescue breathing. The victim was in grave danger, and a wrong move could have meant death.

Thanks to John's ability to respond in a high-pressure situation, the accident victim survived, escaping with only minor cuts and bruises. Without John's know-how, the situation could easily have taken a grave turn. Luckily, as a physical education major, John had to meet certain requirements, including becoming certified in CPR/first aid response. In one of his classes, he gained experience through the local emergency response team.

When asked if he feels like a hero for saving a life, John remains modest. He claims that he has no need for heroic status, he is simply happy that he was able to help someone in need.

The Cairn encourages all responses. Submissions can be placed in our mailbox in the SA office.

Spring Break Warning

Planning a spring break trip? A sunny beach? A foreign country? Skiing? If you're using a tour package, you might think everything's taken care of. How sure are you?

Before you show up at the airport with your boogie board, passport or skis, review the tour package and investigate the operator. Lots of students don't get the trip they expect; others lose out completely. They didn't take the time to evaluate the promotion and make sure it's not run by a fly-by-night company peddling a first-class scam.

Flights for many spring break trips are by public charter, which have different rules than commercial flights. Before you dot the "i"s and cross the "t"s on your contract, do some homework and take a good look at the package. The Federal Trade Commission and the American Society of Travel Agents (ASTA) offer the following tips and information to help you avoid a spring break bust.

Check out the operator. Avoid high-pressure sales pitches for a spring break package. Ask the operator to send you information about the business and the names of satisfied customers. Ask friends who have used the operator about their experience. Check with local travel agents to see if they know if the operator is legitimate, or call ASTA's Consumer Affairs Department at (703) 739-8739.

If the trip involves a charter flight, call the Department of Transportation Public Charter Licensing Division [(202) 366-2396] to make sure that the charter operator has properly filed to operate charter flights from your departure city to your destination. Charter packages cannot be sold until the charter filing is approved by the DOT.

Read the fine print. Get a copy of the operator/participant contract. This will tell you the conditions under which the operator can change flight schedules (charters can be canceled for any reason by the operator up until 10 days before the trip) and hotel accommodations (operators might put you up in an alternate hotel listed in the operator contract that is not as nice as the hotel advertised in the package materials), and the rules and penalties for cancellation. Ask about cancellation insurance. Rules state that an operator cannot ask for or accept your payment until you have signed and returned the contract.

Understand your rights. You have a right to cancel a charter package without penalty (under DOT rules) if a "major change" is made by the operator. Major changes include a change of departure, return date or city, a hotel substitution to a property not named in the charter operator/participant contract or a package

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The Bobby Sands Story

Dave Mance
Editor-in-Chief

While we all get drunk today on green beer and pretend to be Irish, it is imperative that we pray for peace in Northern Ireland and remember those who have fallen. Since 1969, over 3,000 people have died in Northern Ireland's struggle for independence. One of the most horrifying stories to come out of the war has been the ordeal of the ten hunger strikers of 1981. Bobby Sands was the first to die, what follows is his story:

The year is 1954. Beneath the North Star's light in an Irish sky, a child is born to John and Rosalleen Sands. In the couple's brick Belfast home, mother and child rest as Irish men and women have on Irish soil since time began. Forgotten for the moment is the 800 year British occupation of Northern Ireland. Forgotten is the Irish people's struggle for freedom. Here, beneath the crucifixion and the tri-color, a wee Bobby Sands sleeps peacefully in his mother's arms.

The year is 1960 and Bobby has become your typical towheaded six year old. His days are spent minding his two younger sisters, Marcella and Bernadetta, and playing childish games with his brother John. Bobby has developed a great love for nature, in particular the meadow larks which nest outside of his window. His grandfather spoke often of this little bird, in particular, he is especially fond of a certain story about a caged bird refusing to sing. Bobby would write about this years later, and use the lark as a symbol of his people's oppression.

Religious bias and political lines are formed early in Northern Ireland, and it is in school where Bobby first feels the sting of anti-Catholic sentiment that plagues his country. As a seven year old boy he is regularly beat up on the playground and repeatedly subject to denominational slurs. Being the only Catholic in a Protestant/Loyalist class, he never learns about Great Britain's historical colonization efforts. He is never told that his Irish ancestors were driven into the bogs or killed by British invaders who confiscated their lands. He does not hear about the Easter rebellion in 1916 and the successional Irish revolution which liberated the southern half of Ireland from British rule. He only knows that as an Irish Catholic, his place is in the back of the class where he won't be seen or heard. Clutching his bruised little body, he spends his school days watching the windows and longing for the freedom of the meadow larks.

Bobby remembers his mother speaking of the troubles:

"Although I never really understood what internment was or who the 'specials' were, I grew to regard them as a symbol of evil."

The year is 1969 and Bobby is 15. Tired of school, he drops out to work in a coach building factory. As a Catholic, he makes significantly less than his Protestant co-workers but really has no choice. Northern Ireland has become a third-world nation where it is estimated that 57% of all households are living below the poverty line. Despite the bleak surroundings, Bobby remembers that life at this time wasn't that bad. "Starting work, although frightening at first, became all right, especially with the reward at the end of the week. Dances and clothes, girls and a few shillings to spend opened up a whole new world to me."

Unfortunately, things wouldn't stay this way. After serving two years at the factory, Bobby is intimidated out of his job. His sister Bernadette recalls: "Bobby went to work one morning and these fellows were standing there cleaning guns. One fellow said to him 'Do you see this here, well if you don't go you'll get this."

One day on his way home from work, Bobby is cornered by the same Protestant gang. They attack him with their fists and knives, leaving him lying on the Belfast street, his ears ringing and bleeding. After spending time in the hospital to recover, Bobby returns home to find that his family's home has been "sold" to a Protestant family despite the fact that the house wasn't for sale. The Sands family picks up and moves to one of the poorer Catholic housing projects in west Belfast. While his parents look for food and work, Bobby joins the IRA.

The year is 1972 and Britain has imposed direct control of Northern Ireland from Westminister. This action brings a nationalist resurgence to the Catholic communities, who are then singled out and attacked by the British. On January 30, British soldiers slaughter 13 unarmed Catholics in what will later be referred to as "Bloody Sunday." As the IRA begins to fight back, the policy of internment is introduced which makes imprisonment without a trial legal.

Bobby is arrested on a weapons possession charge and taken to an RUC interrogation center . For five days he is held in a basement storage room where British policemen play Russian roulette and implement other forms of psychological torture. His family is threatened, his kidneys are relentlessly punched and kicked and his testicles are squeezed in a vice. Cattle prods and other instruments are forced into his anus. Despite the torture, Bobby refuses to crack and is sentenced to five years in Long Kesh.

Long Kesh, also known as "The Maze," is a prison just outside of Belfast where many Irish political prisoners are kept. Because of their political status, the prisoners are granted five basic rights which set them apart from "common criminals:"

1. the right to wear their own clothes
2. the right to abstain from prison work
3. the right to associate freely within their own prison confine
4. the right to use educational and recreational areas
5. the right to full remission on their sentence for good behavior

Bobby spends three-and-a-half years in Long Kesh where he studies Irish politics and history.

The year is 1976 and upon release from prison, Bobby marries his childhood sweetheart Geraldine. They have a child who hears the same caged bird story that Bobby's grandfather told at night before bedtime. The family is prominent in the community, as Bobby organizes a social club to raise awareness of Irish culture and circulates a Catholic newsletter. Bernadette remembers how "it got to the stage where people were coming to the door looking for Bobby to put ramps on the roads in case cars were going too fast and would knock their children down."

Later that year, Bobby and five other IRA men are picked up by loyalist security forces. Earlier that day, an IRA caused explosion had ripped through a downtown Belfast commercial building. Although the men all have alibis for the bombing, the police find a revolver in the car and charge all six men with possession of the weapon. Bobby is led, blindfolded, to a secret courtroom under Long Kesh where a lone judge, without a jury, convicts him to 14 years.

Bobby immediately realizes that this stay in prison will be much different than his last. Long Kesh has been rebuilt, and now consists of 12 buildings that when viewed from the air look like the letter H. Hence the prisoners refer to them as H-blocks.

Inside the H-blocks, Irish prisoners are no longer granted political prisoner status, as their five rights have been taken away by Britain's newly implemented policy of criminalization. In reaction to this, Bobby and the other inmates refuse to wear prison clothes, opting instead for blankets.

Conditions in the prison get progressively worse. The blanket men are not allowed to wash, shave, exercise or leave their cells unless they conform to wearing a uniform. Since there are no toilets in the cells, they are forced to dump their waste out of the windows or push it under the doors. When the windows are riveted shut and the matter pushed back under the cell doors, the prisoners smear their excreatment on the walls in protest. Soon, all Irish inmates refuse to wash or shower in reaction to the blanket men's treatment. They are joined in their no-wash protest by the women in Armagh Jail in February 1980.

Bobby becomes the public relations officer for the blanket men and is constantly at odds with prison authorities. His beatings continue, as do long periods in the punishment cells and starvation diets. On Dec. 19 he is granted negotiation rights with the prison governor, Stanley Hilditch. Although it seems like a positive step, Bobby's step-by-step de-escalation proposal is rebuffed. That night, Bobby writes: "We have discovered today that our good will and flexibility was in vain." Putting the pen and paper down, he withdraws into the corner of his cell, a man with no options left. Here, amidst the foul stench of the no-wash protest and the cries of the tortured, Bobby realizes that someone will have to die to achieve political status. At dawn, he volunteers to lead a hunger strike.

The hunger strike is the most basic and horrifying form of protest. Following the lead of Brendan Hughes who had fasted until his demands were met months earlier, Bobby refuses food as his last available voice. Hughes' hunger strike had resulted in empty British promises which were never fulfilled and Bobby vows not to let the same thing happen again. This strike will last until death.

It is Sunday, May 5, 1981 and the hunger strike begins. Others are eager to join, but Bobby insists on starting two weeks in front of them in hopes that his death could save the others' lives. It is today that Bobby begins a diary with the words "I am standing

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St. Patrick's Day Treats!

Irish Canadian Sangaree

4 parts Canadian whiskey (2oz.)
2 parts Irish mist (1oz.)
2 parts fresh lemon juice (1oz.)
2 parts fresh orange juice (1oz.)
Freshly grated nutmeg

Pour all ingredients, except nutmeg, into a chilled old- fashioned glass and stir with ice cubes. Sprinkle with nutmeg.

Irish Coffee

4 parts Irish whiskey (2oz.)
Hot black coffee
Whipped cream
Granulated sugar

Rim the cup with sugar and pour in Irish whiskey. Fill the cup to within 1/2 inch of the rim with coffee. Stir. Top off with whipped cream.

Irish Cow

4 parts Irish whiskey (2oz.)
16 parts hot milk (1 cup or 8 oz.)
Bar sugar (1tsp.)

Pour the milk into a warmed coffee mug. Add the whiskey and sugar and stir well.

Irish Shillelagh

4 parts Irish whiskey (2oz.)
1 part light rum (1/2 oz.)
1 part sloe gin (1/2 oz.)
2 parts fresh lemon juice (1oz.)
Bar sugar (1/2 tsp.)
Fresh peaches, diced (1/4 cup)
Fresh raspberries

Combine all ingredients, except raspberries, in a blender with cracked ice. Blend until smooth and pour into chilled old-fashioned glass. Garnish with a few raspberries.

Shamrock

4 parts Irish whiskey (2oz.)
1 part dry vermouth (1/2oz.)
1 part green creme de menthe (1/2oz.)
Green Chartreuse (1tsp.)

Combine all ingredients with crushed ice in a cocktail shaker. Shake well and strain into chilled cocktail glass.

Irish Fix

4 parts Irish whiskey (2oz.)
2 parts Irish mist (1oz.)
1 part fresh lemon juice (1/2 oz.)
1 part pineapple juice (1/2 oz.)
Lemon slice
Orange slice
Pineapple spear

Combine all ingredients, except fruit, in a blender with cracked ice. Blend until smooth. Pour into chilled old-fashioned glass and garnish with fruit

Irish Kilt

4 parts Irish whiskey (2oz.)
2 parts scotch (1oz.)
2 parts fresh lemon juice (1oz.)
2 parts sugar syrup (1oz.)
3-5 dashes orange bitters

Combine all ingredients with cracked ice in a cocktail shaker. Shake well and strain into chilled cocktail glass.

Leprechaun

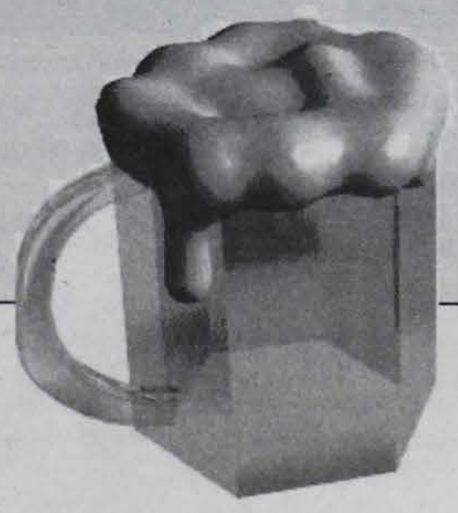
4 parts Irish whiskey (2oz.)
2 parts light rum (1oz.)
1 part sloe gin (1/2oz.)
2 parts fresh lemon juice (1oz.)
Bar sugar (1/2 tsp.)
1/4 fresh peach, peeled and diced
Fresh raspberries

Combine all ingredients, except the raspberries, in a blender with cracked ice. Blend until slushy and pour into chilled old-fashioned glass. Garnish with raspberries.

One Ireland

4 parts Irish whiskey (2oz.)
1 part green creme de menthe (1oz.)
Small scoop vanilla ice cream

Combine ingredients in a blender. Blend until smooth and pour into chilled cocktail glass.



Top Ten signs that the guy at the bar who you're talking to is a "true" Irishman (By Jim Murray, Joys of Irish Humor, 1979)

10. Has such great respect for the truth, he only uses it in emergencies.
9. Can argue either side of the question, often at the same time.
8. Sees things not as they are, but as they never will be.
7. Is irrational in important things but a tower of strength in the trivial.
6. Is against abortion, but in favor of hanging (or vice versa).
5. Believes everything he can't see, and nothing he can.
4. Believes that to forgive is divine-therefore, doesn't exercise it himself.
3. Takes the pledge not to drink at the age of twelve-and every four years thereafter.
2. Considers funerals a festivity, but weddings sad events to be put off as long as possible, preferably forever.
1. Won't eat meat on Friday, but will drink gin for breakfast

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Photo by Pat Morris

Castleton Reacts

What was your favorite St. Patrick's Day memory?

"I was in Worcester at my girlfriend's apartment. We went to a bar...lost our ride...we were hammered...I publicly urinated! Strangers brought us home and I fell on my back after getting out of the car."

-Andrew Tenczar
CSC Senior

"I got my first pair of green underwear."

-Kara Wein
CSC Senior

"This is the first year I'm going out on St. Patrick's Day. I'm going to the Inn at Long Trail to sit on the rock, drink Irish beers and listen to Irish music."

-Dan Corti
CSC Senior

"When I was a freshman I went to my first green beer party."

-Joann Cassano
CSC Senior

"Last year I had my first green Budweiser."

-Matt Hayward
CSC Freshman

"Driving home from the Inn at Long Trail."

-Scott Chapman
CSC Senior

"Three years ago I was drinking green machines all day. It was amusing."

-Nathaniel Jenne
CSC Senior

"When I was in college I went to a place called McSooney's in lower Manhattan that served Bermuda onions and hot mustard & pretzels."

-Dean Mark
CSC Staff

Just hacking...

by John Sokolich
Contributing Writer

(Author's note: This is part two of a two part series done on hackers. The information in this article has been confirmed by several sources. The three hackers mentioned in the article requested to remain anonymous. Though an interview was granted, the hackers asked that I use just the information that they provided and not their statements.)

"Geez...441 pieces of e-mail from the same person," I think aloud. "They all have the same subject heading too: 'Did, Cyberd**k, Die!!!'"

I need not read this e-mail. I can assume they are all the same. A short note from a vivacious computer hacker who writes to inform me that I have once again been mail-bombed.

As night falls I diligently erase the mail bombs that are in my e-mail box. With every tap of the mouse on the delete button, my e-mail box starts to look normal again. Four hundred forty pieces of mail to go.

In a small Washington town with the same amount of people as I have e-mail, three hackers start their night as well. They aren't into mail-bombing; their crime is of money, power and curiosity. Cyberspace to them isn't of chatrooms and webpages, it is of profit and exploitation.

As I erase, they consume. Information about the most intimate parts of our lives is what these three hackers are after. Credit card numbers, social security numbers and PIN numbers are their prey. As easily as I delete bothersome mail, they are into security computers around the United States.

Three hundred pieces of mail to go.

By now these hackers are into some bank computers. They read through millions of lines of digital codes trying to find the most vulnerable parts of the bank's security system to hack into. If successful on their first run of the night, these hackers can obtain more information about an individual than the FBI. By getting one credit card number these three hackers can manipulate the system well enough to each get thousands of dollars of your money and even know about where you shop on the weekends.

Fortunately for this bank, the hackers run into a dead end. The security measures that this bank has, called firewalls, automatically start tracing the call back to the hackers. They must sign off before they are found out. They do so, and start again.

Two hundred ten pieces of mail for me to still delete.

The hackers sign on again. They take preventive measures this time to avoid being traced. Because most line tracing is done with electricity surges run through the phone lines, the hackers plug in a hair dryer to consume the potential energy surge that could lead to their demise.

Their next victim is a computer for a collection agency in the midwest. Though these three hackers are in different houses, they work together, systematically attacking the computer system trying crash it without being caught.

Their self-made programs do most of the breaking-and-entering work for them. By using a program called OneClick they design programs that will try thousands of passwords every second until the security code is broken. They need just wait and the door will be opened for them.

One hundred pieces of mail to go.

Their programs are successful and they start looking around the computer system for sensitive data and possible credit card numbers to steal. Once into these computers they can run the system programs as if they worked in the office and ran the computers everyday. Every person ever in the computer system at this collection agency is fair game to these hackers. On any given night they can gain access to more credit card numbers than I have e-mail.

Ten minutes pass and the hackers get ready to leave. Between the three of them they have changed the credit histories of countless people and taken over 300 valid credit card numbers. Like any good thief, they double check the computer system before leaving to make sure they didn't leave anything behind. They are so good at what they do that nobody will probably ever know that they were ever there.

In a total of 20 minutes of work, these three hackers have made more money than I will make in a year. And in that 20 minutes, I still have 35 pieces of mail yet to delete.

I keep on deleting my mail for the night. I know that tomorrow I will go through the same process of systematically deleting each piece of mail from a hacker I once crossed. As I continue, I wonder how many times my name has been seen by any hacker. I wonder sometimes if my credit report has been changed by these people or if my credit card number has been taken as well.

Ten pieces of mail to go.

It scares me sometimes to think that so much information can be obtained by people who just happen to know a little something about computers.

Five pieces of mail to go.

It scares me that people refer to this type of crime as "just hacking."

One more piece of mail to go.

It also scares me that these three hackers aren't even teenagers yet.

Hoops rejuvenation

by C. Greene
Contributing Writer

Walking up to the door of the gym I could hear the bouncing of more than one ball. It was still too early—too early for me on a Sunday morning, 8:50 to be exact. The glass doors that held back the frigid air were already steamed silver and the interior of the gym was hazy; ghosts dribbled and shot in-between muffled conversation.

When I walked into the gym I was first met by the familiar smell of an old, pit-style gymnasium -- wood and dusty aromas driven up your nose by bodies in motion. I was assaulted by high-school memories still not reconciled; blown shots, losing seasons, an abortive try at college ball and a "career" less successful than in my dreams. I began to remember all the things I didn't like about basketball—the pressure, imagined and real, the hoarse bark of the coaches, the tiny gyms like this one that thundered with opposing fans. I would fail numerous times when it counted and my frustration made worse by excelling during pick-up games with friends. I began to ask myself why I couldn't perform under pressure, and then I began to ask myself why I played the game at all. It was amazing that I took it all so seriously even now, when I had given up my designs on stardom, but it was hard to forget. I would continue playing, though with less frequency and fervor than I did when I thought I was something. I would shoot around half-assed sometimes, feel flashes of my love for the game, but always cloud it with competition after a while. It got to the point where I would hate even watching the game being played. This from a person that once covered his walls with cut-outs from magazines, played with a lucky card in his shoe, and practiced for hours like I was going to be the next "Pearl." Now I wasn't even keeping tabs on my favorite teams.

Why was I up then, out of a perfectly warm and inviting bed, and into this steamy, archaic gym? To lose some pounds? To start my comeback? To convince myself I didn't love the game anymore? I didn't know. But I know now, and this is the story of how and where I came to know.

Proctor High School is a small, old school with a small, old gym. Both inspire intimacy with their size and feel in anyone who has attended or spent time in a school in a small town. Every Sunday a group of men, some young and some not so young, gather in this gym and play for two musty hours, full court, five-on-five basketball. They are a friendly group of men who socialize and play together with high energy and a love for the game of basketball.

The gym is at least three decades old, decorated sparsely with fading banners, yellow where once white, and garish advertisements for local establishments. The bleachers, when fully extended from the walls would place raucous fans alongside the floor at a hair-raising distance from the visiting players. If playing in the game, one could probably determine what color and flavor gum the loudest of those fans was chewing without too much trouble. Dim lights made for dull reflections off the dark-stained floor. Layers upon layers of wood-stain and wax have made some court lines indistinguishable from the long, slim boards, and dust is finely layered in the corners; out of reach of the quick sweep of an equally dusty broom. Six hoops ring the floor, hanging at various angles. Two on either end for the game, and the others for practice when the bleachers are pulled in along the wall. They are all soft, making for some friendly rolls here and there.

The rules are simple: two games on, win or lose, and teams are made up with foul shots. If you are a horrible shot from the line, then you sit until next time. After sitting for two games, you get on. Every player is responsible for calling his own fouls. If you are fouled and happen to be the quiet type, you may be out of luck; not everyone is quick to admit an infraction if there isn't sufficient skin-on-skin noise.

I was told of this informal league by Bill, a friend and co-worker who began going in order to get into shape. He had played in college and described it as a "pretty friendly group" with a decent level of play, which surprised me because all of my experiences with "men's leagues" had been anything but friendly or at a decent level of play. As a younger person I had made infrequent forays into the men's league of my hometown, and was repeatedly sent home with my tail between my legs. These men did not take kindly to my youth or my Michael Jordan fantasies. The play in such leagues was and usually is on the physical side, but when I could come I felt the play go up a few notches. Hit a few in a row, and the play would become decidedly more physical. Cro-Magnon-type physical. As a result of these experiences I met Bill's appraisal with some skepticism, but in a last-ditch attempt to hold back my waist-line and find the game I once loved, I decided to go.

Upon entering the gym for the first time I was met with more than one curious gaze. I am used to a second look now and then. I am a man of color in a fairly homogeneous population, and have been since my move to New England fifteen years ago. Beyond that first look though, I only got a few hellos and was pleasantly surprised; it seemed the only distinguishable thing about me was my presence—I was new and that was all. Comforted, I slowly got ready to play.

As I walked to the foul line to shoot for teams, I could feel eyes once again wander my way. I had anticipated this and knew what they were looking at. I had recently made an impulse purchase of some hoop shoes in the colors of my favorite team as a young kid, the Lakers. When I saw the

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Madness

by Nancy Smolke
Staff Writer

"And without something to believe in?" I asked, "Without hope?"

"We go mad," she answered, "and fulfill another life work."

Have you ever met the evangelist who, after hearing of your near brush with death, asks the million dollar question? "If you were to die right now, where would you be?"

One Bible-thumping Baptist I met at a county fair said death for him was when he gave his life to Jesus and was born again. He even gave me an exact date, time and place; September 3, 1978, 2:31 p.m. in the back of a red Chevrolet pickup truck heading down to lake Bomoseen. Kind of like inheriting a new personal ID: 09-03-78-2-31.

Don't misunderstand me, I believe in being born again. I'm just not so sure that the experience is blissfully universal or instantly realized. To be born again requires a death. Whose? The participants.' Was my exuberant county fair friend dead? "Yes," he said, "I am dead to trespasses and sins and alive unto Christ!" So we die, but not really, not as long as something comes in to take up where we left off. Mickey taught me how it works.

He clung to the rear wall of his bunk-bed, terrified. The old man was on the war path again. Fortunately some of the older ones anticipated the evenings events and hid the shells to the rifles and the keys to the gun cabinet in the dryer. In his drunken rage, the old man tore it apart with his bare hands and finding no ammunition, could be heard from upstairs clattering through the many carving knives he kept in the drawer by the sink.

For Mickey, death came when the knife appears a few inches from his face. Death came when the blade swung out wildly in his direction and he begged, "Please, Daddy, please don't kill me!" Death came when the near-miss second slice ripped through charged air and left my brother unharmed, yet as dead.

"That's when I bought the farm," Mickey told me years later. He was born-again, at first to sheer madness: drinking and drugging, breaking store-front windows, shaving his head and dropping acid, demolishing his farm house with an array of firearms, etc. Then slowly, subtly he emerged making sense, speaking with clarity, compassion, courage, still fringed with madness but telling the truth about human nature, about children who continue to cringe in the dark, about another kind of enlightenment.

One of my favorite 19th century poets wrote:

"Keep out of the Past. It is haunted:
He who in its avenues gropes,
Shall find there the ghost of a joy
prized the most,
And a skeleton throng of dead hopes."

Newsweek (9/29/97), ran a cover story on Ted Turner and his billion dollar gift. The article says Turner views himself as a man dangling above the chasm, always at risk. The cause? His "tyrannical father who beat him severely before committing suicide when Ted was 24 (can you read between the lines?)." After a reckless life, attempting suicide and other imponderables, Turner found relief through treatment for manic depression. Now he gives a billion dollars to aid children in need.

Most people live several feet off the ground. They've tucked away the terror, the tears, the sorrow and live tormented lives in hopes of being reborn from above, by magic.

Bessel can der Kolk, the country's leading expert on Post-Traumatic-Stress Disorder, reported on a 50-year study of Harvard men from the 1940s to the 1990s, those men most traumatized by the events of World War 2 were much more likely to be listed in Who's Who in America than their non-traumatized peers. They are now free to be over-achievers, presidents of countries, charge nurses in critical care units, professional drunks in corporate America or derelict drunks keeping house near the town dump. They skim reality, scrape their toes on occasion and then bounce back into "Please pass the potatoes," and "How was your day?"

Elie Wiesel, a concentration camp survivor, winner of the Nobel Peace Prize and one of our century's most recognized madmen wrote: "Dante understood nothing. Hell is a setting whose serene splendor takes the breathe away. How can I keep from howling?"

"Keep out of the Past! for its highways
Are damp with malarial gloom;
Its gardens are sere and its forests are
drear,
And everywhere molders a tomb."

We need madness. We need those survivors who survive only to speak for those who didn't. They tell us where we ought to go. They relieve our complacency. They ask us to pull our head out of where the sun don't shine. We need mad men and women who close their eyes in death, not knowing that they will be born-again to heal us of our ignorance; to teach us the truth. Every cloud does not hold a silver lining, what goes 'round doesn't always come 'round, and this too shall not necessarily pass. They know the rest of the story and if we are lucky they share it with us, while we cower behind the false security of our books, the flimsy cover of our fashionable clothes or the smug tightness of our too-cool conversations.

We need a shrine for those born-again in madness. We, who cursed them for

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God's Fame and the Scientific Enterprise

by Frank Morgan
Contributing Writer

Less than four hundred years ago, Johannes Kepler uncovered the mathematical structure of the solar system with his three laws of planetary motion. His response was to break out with praise, "The wisdom of the Lord is infinite! So are His glory and His power. Ye Heavens, sing His praises." Two hundred years later, Pierre-Simon LaPlace, mathematician and physicist, speaking of God, was able to say for the first time, "I have no need of that hypothesis." Early in this century positivists decreed that God talk was nonsense, and forty years ago even the theologians finally got on the bandwagon and decreed that God was dead. At that same time my high school science teacher was informing me that Stanley Miller had produced the "building blocks of life," and that the synthesis of life in the laboratory would soon follow, disposing of the need for the Creator. Today God is so marginalized in higher education that many Cairn readers will not look beyond the first word of the title of this article.

O God, how far You have fallen in our estimation! You have been lowered from a transcendent, glorious, living Being to a disposable abstraction whose time has passed. And what has replaced Your glory? The new gods are not alive, but are theoretical constructs — inventions of our minds that describe wondrous real structures — but they rule! These new divinities seem independent of all else and all else depends on them. These gods are mathematical principles, constants of physics, laws of nature, and natural selection. Time plus chance plus the impersonal has yielded the personal. Our new gods have given us great control of nature and material wealth, but we have paid a toll on our humanity. We are biochemical machines who celebrate our freedom from God's authority at the price of meaning. What is this emptiness, this loss of meaning, this joyless search for satisfaction? No more can we sense the trees clapping their hands, no more are the heavens declaring the glory of God, no longer is Love the center of the universe, no longer is it possible to find truth, no longer do we believe that our choices have significance. How great is the defamation of God, and how far-reaching the consequences.

But now at the end of the twentieth century the false attribution of God's creation to lesser gods is being reversed, ironically by these gods themselves. Like the pagan gods of old tipping face down before Yahweh, so the gods of modernity are revealing their limitations. Being within the universe themselves, they can't account for its existence. One of these gods is mathematics. By its own methods, mathematics has declared itself to be incomplete. Its fame has declined from being the source of all truth to being an effective but limited servant. Likewise physics has reached a limit with the discovery of the indeterminism in quantum mechanics. In its servant role, mathematics together with its sister science is telling us that the universe had a beginning, perhaps fifteen billion years ago, and that the universe is expanding. This idea of an expanding universe was unpopular precisely because it seemed to reopen the door to God. Of course, the "big bang" theory doesn't prove the existence of a creator. But it does require us to rethink our dismissal of God. The parameters of nature are finely tuned to allow the universe to unfold in this remarkable way, and we are allowed to observe this fantastic development through modern astronomical tools. No longer does the universe look like a random aggregation of pebbles tossed into space. An appearance of design is emerging.

But the latest wonder is found in miniature scales. The big story in the new discovery of design is in biology, where the god of natural selection is bowing to the discovery of amazing complexity at the molecular level. Against Darwinism it has long been argued that the fossil record has discontinuities contrary to his predictions. My own first great doubts about the deification of natural selection came from the mathematics of information theory. Randomness destroys codes, and life is clearly based on self replicating codes. How could these codes be built up by randomness? But I suppose that these arguments can be turned aside by blind belief that there is no other alternative. It is after all, only an argument that life is unlikely and many unlikely things happen.

But now information has appeared that may do to Darwin's hypothesis what Galileo's Dialogue did to the Aristotelian physics of his day. New evidence for design is coming from within biology itself, as modern biochemistry unlocks amazing complexity at the molecular level. A recent book by Michael J. Behe, Darwin's Black Box: The Biochemical Challenge to Evolution, The Free Press, New York, 1996, points out that the evidence of complexity at the cellular level cannot all be explained by Neo-Darwinian gradualism, or newer models such as complexity theory or Lynn Margulis' view of progress by cooperation and symbiosis. Behe cites examples of "irreducible complexity" including the structure of cilium and blood clotting mechanisms to demonstrate with convincing logic that these mechanisms are clearly a product of design by some superior intelligence. Behe points out that his conclusions do not force faith in God, though they are compatible with such faith. One

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Madness" continued
rom page 8

nember that the truth they tell reflects the s we live.

Tolstoy taught us that being born- ain "proper-like," as his character Ivan ch learns, is the end of doing harm, not end of *their* doing harm, but essentially, tially and perpetually, *the end of doing rsonal harm, at this moment*. It wasn't late for Ivan Ilych, but wait; Ivan was a tional character in a clever tale written by nadman. I nominate both madmen for memorial.

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"God's Fame" continued from page 8

must admire his courage in challenging an establishment that continually expresses unquestioning belief in the evolutionary hypothesis and disparages doubters, reminiscent of Galileo's Aristotelian antagonists.

As for me, the amazing complexity of cilium structure, blood clotting mechanisms, intercellular transport systems, and immune systems add to the fame of God as the great designer of life. The Creator of the sunset, the rainbow, and the trout jumping in the sparkling river is also the Author of love — the relation that gives human life its deepest meanings. The Center of the universe is love, and its Creator is worthy of highest praise and fame. And now in the last decades of the twentieth century more of the Creator's excellencies are revealed from the extremes of outer space and the micro-miniature molecular level! The gods of mathematics and science serve to reverse the defamation of God as more of His incredible excellencies are uncovered from day to day.

"My own first great doubts about the deification of natural selection came from the mathematics of information theory. Randomness destroys codes, and life is clearly based on self replicating codes. How could these codes be built up by randomness?"

Non-Trads form "Connections"

by John Decato
Contributing Writer

There was a time in my life when I would have told you that the idea of going to college was out of the question. Back then, I had a good paying job and a nice apartment. I had nothing to be worried about, or so I thought, until my life took a strange twist. The company which I worked for went bankrupt and had to dissolve anything of equitable value in order to repay their loans. Consequentially, I found myself out of a good paying job and a nice apartment while worrying about what direction my life was headed towards in the future.

My search for a new job in the workplace did not go well. Employers seemed to be looking for people with credentials, you know, someone with a ton of experience and more importantly, a college education. My only experience was in the restaurant business, and as far as college experience went, I didn't have any. I could have agreed to work at an insurance company, but that kind of job didn't get me very excited. Unless I did something to improve myself, I was going to be stuck earning $5.25 for the rest of my life at a local convenience store. If you want to own a house, a new car and have a family, $5.25 is not going to make these goals easy to obtain.

I thought long and hard about what I should do and came to the conclusion that in order to make myself more marketable in the workplace, I was going to need a better education. I applied to CSC and was graciously accepted.

We all go to college for different reasons, but it's important to take advantage of the opportunity to get a good solid education. I came to CSC nearly 10 years after graduating from high school. When I first got to CSC, I was in culture shock and created most of my own problems. However, it would have been nice to know that someone was here to be a friend who I could talk to about my problems. Maybe you have experienced some problems that you don't know how to deal with too?

Recently, a few of us students wondered about the activity fee which the college charges on our tuition bill. We found that the fee supports the athletic department and the clubs and organizations that the college sponsors. Unfortunately, there was no group on campus for the 800 CSC students who are considered "non-traditional."

To remedy this, we have started an on-campus organization called "The Connections Group" which was formally known as "The Cabaret Committee." The organization meets every Thursday at 12:30 p.m. in the Campus Center's Music Room, located on the second floor. Stop by and find out what we are all about and make a connection for the better.

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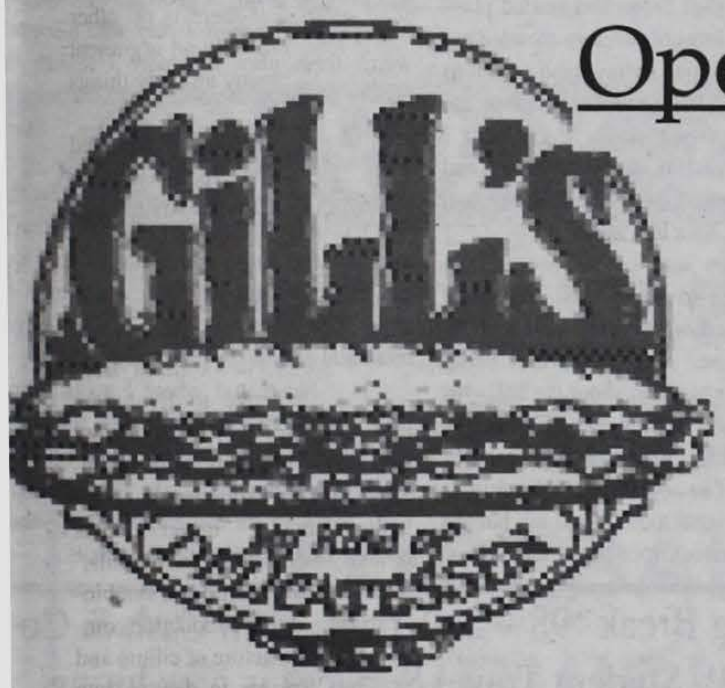

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"Bobby Sands" continued from page 4

on the threshold to another trembling world. May God have mercy on my soul." He will keep this diary for 17 days, writing it on scraps of toilet paper and hiding it inside of his body. He will stop writing on Saint Patrick's day, exactly 17 years ago.

"St. Patrick's Day today and, as usual, nothing noticeable. I was at mass, my hair cut shorter and much better also. I don't know the priest who said mass.

The orderlies were giving out food to all who were returning from mass. They tried to give me a plate of food. It was put in front of my face but I continued on my way through as though nobody was there.

I saw one of my doctors this morning, an ill-mannered sort. It tries me. My weight was 57.70 kgs. I had no complaints.

An official was in with me and gave me some lip. He said "I see you're reading a short book. It's a good thing it isn't a long one for you won't finish it." That's the sort of people they are. Curse them! I don't care. It's been a long day.

I was thinking today about the hunger-strike. People say a lot about the body, but don't trust it. I consider that there is a kind of fight indeed. Firstly the body doesn't accept the lack of food, and it suffers from the temptation of food, and from the other aspects that gnaw at it perpetually. The body fights back sure enough, but at the end of the day everything returns to the primary consideration, that is, the mind. The mind is most important.

But then where does this proper mentality stem from? Perhaps from one's desire for freedom. If they aren't able to destroy the desire for freedom, they won't break you. They won't break me because the desire for freedom, and the freedom of the Irish people, is in my heart. The day will dawn when all the people of Ireland will have the desire for freedom to show.

It is then we'll see the rising of the moon."

Outside the prison walls, marches and rallies for Bobby reach a feverish pitch. When a nationalist member of Parliament dies, Bobby Sands is written in as an H-Block candidate. A vote for Bobby becomes a vote for the prisoners, and he wins the election easily. Even though he has been elected to a government position, Britain's Prime Minister Margaret Thatcher refuses to recognize Bobby or his demands. "There can be no question of political status for someone who has committed a crime," she says. "Crime is crime is crime..."

It is Tuesday, May 5, 1981. Tomorrow, the Catholics in Northern Ireland will be rioting. Three days from today, 100,000 people will be in attendance at the funeral of their martyr. Today, the prison hospital at Long Kesh is silent. On a simple cot in the early morning's blackness, a smile crosses Bobby Sands emaciated face. He has gone 65 days living on only salt and water. Today will be his last. Outside the larks sing as Bobby closes his eyes.

It is 1:17 a.m. Bobby Sands, political prisoner, is finally free.

"It is not those who inflict the most but those who endure the most who will conquer in the end." *-Terence McSwiney*

Refer to page 13 for an article on American political prisoner Mumia Abu-Jamal

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"Hoops" continued from page 7

shoes in the catalog they had appeared strange, but acceptable; now they looked like clown shoes, and I thoroughly regretted buying the bright purple and yellow things. I toed the line with all eyes on my feet; I missed. Badly. Smiling weakly to myself, I made my way back to the bleachers and watched the first games, fighting my natural instinct to leave when things start poorly. I was rewarded for my persistence.

The games were wonderful. Basketball is a game of deception at its basic levels. Back-door cut, sneaky inside passes, and fakes were all employed with aplomb. The game rewards wisdom, hustle, and smarts over physical talents when played well, and the pick and roll, the sterling example of smart play, was used more than any other device to score. The players were made up of all types: the scorer, summoning the cool, sweet, stroke of his high-school or college years from the outside, the all-around player, who passes and steals along with his shot and the grunts, and the inside guys that pick up the missed shots, the "garbage" of the game for their scoring. Nearly everyone playing drifted in and out of the various roles, playing, passing and shooting with something close to joy. Everyone was congratulated on nice plays and most jumped to take blame for the bad ones. Even on defense, some would congratulate their opponent as the ball slipped through the net with that sweetest of sound. Of course, some things were not so idyllic; the "black hole" type of player exists on every basketball court—the ball goes in to them but never comes back—and there were the occasional disputed fouls, but for the most part, it was easy going and competitive, like they were all friends.

When I had sat through my two games in foul-shot limbo and started playing, the old feelings of pressure clouded my mind. Passes zipped by my head as fast as names did in the introductions before the game, and I missed nearly every shot I took. By the end of the first game I had made up my mind to leave after my two and never pick up a ball again.

At the start of the second and what I believed to be my last game, my feeling of dread was slowly replaced by another: surprise. Not only was I being passed to, I was urged to shoot the ball. No one froze me out of play and, heartened, I played along. Of course, the rust of months caused the ball to slip through my fingers easily, and I missed more than I hit, but the pressures of performance that I had placed around my neck so many years ago, began to slowly dissolve into enthusiasm for play with these strangers. I decided to stay.

By the next few games, I had learned some names and even began interacting with my teammates. When on the bench I would revel in my rediscovered respect for the game, cheering even, when a nice pass was made or a play was smoothly completed. The guys that played were easy to root for; Wayne, the man with the keys to the gym and easily the most complete player on the court, made me wonder what he was like when he first came to play at Proctor. He has over 25 years of experience on this court alone and it shows in his smooth ways. He often outplays his opponent, whatever the age or skill level, blending in with his teammates, providing what they need when they need it. He isn't the only one that inspires with his play. Nearly everyone has at least one pretty pass or shot throughout the morning. Jim, "Jimmy" to some, all 63 years of him, plays in every game he can get into, splitting his time with another league in Barstow. Born in Ludlow, Jim has played since he was in his teens, spending his last three years at Proctor, mostly because he thinks "they are all a great bunch of guys." He jokes, "If I stop moving, rigor-mortis might set in," but watching him play you would never believe that, much less his numerical age. He moves better and more smoothly than some men half or a third of his years, including myself.

Since that first time there, I have returned for more Sunday Gospel. The games I play in are often as loose and relaxed as I would have with close friends. More importantly, everyone who comes seems to feel that way. The impression is that the gym is full of good players, but better people. The more I play with them and watch them play, the more I realize the beauty of the game and the importance of playing for the sake of playing. Every touch of the ball inspires me with the joy of the game and erodes the pressures that don't count. They have indirectly taught me that the important thing is to enjoy playing, whatever it's for and whoever it's with. The game takes care of itself if you relax and play it for its beauty.

No matter where I go or who I play with from now on, I will remember those things, and simply enjoy, like that assembly of players in the musty Proctor gym, my love for the game of basketball. Even if I don't make my foul shots.

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Movie Review: "The Big Lebowski"

by Jessica Bullock
Assistant Editor

Complete with pornography, a severed pinky-toe, a turtlenecked band of Nihilists and plenty of bowling, "The Big Lebowski" is a film that proves as memorable and perplexing as the very title that it bears.

Written by brothers Joel and Ethan Coen (Raising Arizona, Barton Fink, Fargo), "The Big Lebowski" revolves around Jeff Lebowski, aka The Dude (Jeff Bridges), an unemployed pothead who gets involved in a case of mistaken identity. Dude, the "hey man" protagonist who enjoys grocery shopping in his bathrobe, smoking joints and a good White Russian every 10-15 minutes, returns to his modest home to find that two thugs have broken into his apartment. After roughing him up a bit, the thugs soon realize that they have mistaken The Dude for the "Real Lebowski," a wheelchair-bound tycoon whose wife owes their boss a hefty sum of cash. Furious that one of the thugs urinated on his rug, an accessory that "really pulled the whole room together," The Dude sets out to find the "Real Lebowski," and as a result, ends up caught in a deceitful web of kidnapping, double-crossing and suitcases full of money/dirty undies.

Surrounding the loveable Dude is a band of typical Coen-style characters including Walter Sobchak (John Goodman), Dude's best buddy who relates every instance to his time in 'Nam; Donny (Steve Buscemi) a mild-mannered quiet guy who endures numerous reprimands of "shut the fuck up, Donny"; and Maude Lebowski, a feminist artist who becomes The Dude's partner in a variety of plots. The film also features a few curious yet pleasing appearances including a bit-part by Flea, who represents one third of the trio of German Nihilists, as well as the character of The Stranger (Sam Elliott) who narrates the twisted tale of Dude while he enjoys a good sasparilla. Sadly, "The Big Lebowski" gives only limited exposure to its most memorable player, Jesus Quintana (John Turturro), the Hispanic bowler/molester who seems ready for "league-play" with his greasy hair and skin-tight purple leisure suit. This film does have that one weakness – it teases us with brilliant characters who we want to see more of.

Director Joel and producer Ethan Coen employ many of their signature cinematic methods in "The Big Lebowski." Their trademark point-of-view shot and "tracking" shot are used more than once, but are done with such variety and technical finesse, the angles never become mundane. Particularly memorable is a shot from one of Dude's dream sequences in which it appear as if the camera was positioned inside of rolling bowling ball. The movie contain many "how the hell did they do that?" shot such as this which serve to reinforce th Coen Brothers' well-established filmmakin prowess.

The film is adventurous, mysteri ous and hilarious; the only thing that it does n't have is a fulfilling exploration of th "league play" between Jesus & Co. an Dude & Co. However, if their competitio was featured, the film might play out mor like the absurd "Kingpin" and less like th grand piece of Coen work that is now play ing in theaters everywhere. Overall, "Th Big Lebowski" is a strange and wonderfu experience that will satisfy your urge for choice film, but might leave you craving hot bath, a good smoke and a cool White Russian.

Broadway comes our way!

by Erin McGann
Staff Writer

Thursday, March 19, 1998 will be the opening night of CSC's production of "Guys and Dolls" at the Fine Arts Center. The musical is directed by Harry McEnerny and has a cast of more than 30.

The story takes place in Brooklyn in the 1940's and revolves around romance, gambling and a night club called The Hot Box. There are four lead roles, two "guys" and two "dolls." There are several smaller roles as well as those who help with the singing and dancing.

The cast and crew have had eight weeks to prepare for the play. There were lines to memorize and also song and dance numbers to work on to perfect everything for the final performance. The scene painting class has also been busy painting drops to use as background for the show.

"It's a big show and I hope it goes well!" says Lynne Wifholm, who plays Miss Adele, one of the lead "dolls" in the show.

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)ne of America's)olitical prisoners:

he case of Mumia Abu-Jamal

MaryBeth Crossman
)ntributing Writer

In 1981, while the world watched Irish political prisoner's situation careful- the wheels of injustice continued to roll ıt here in America. In December, a owned African American journalist and mer member of the Black Panthers, mia Abu -Jamal, witnessed his brother ng beaten by a Philadelphia police officer. mia rushed to the scene, gunshots roared, l when the smoke cleared, both Mumia l the cop lay critically wounded. tnesses would see an unidentified man eing the scene, but this was of little impor- ce to the Philadelphia police. Daniel ılkner, the cop, wouldn't survive, and ımia awoke in the hospital charged with nslaughter.

Once Mumia recovered, he was mediately put on trial for Faulkner's death. wasn't allowed to represent himself and ıs instead appointed an incompetent vyer who was later disbarred. The trial s awash in corruption; as evidence was thheld, the police department lost the bul- that had supposedly been fired from ımia's gun, and a witness to the incident s not summoned because he was on vaca- n. By the end of the trial, all the black ors had been dismissed, and Mumia was ıtenced to death.

The verdict was immediately ques- ned. It was revealed that the witness who l testified that Mumia was holding a gun the scene, had her life threatened by the ladelphia police. A women who had been ing police officer Tom Ryan also came ward and admitted that he had pressured into testifying, even though she had been where near the scene. Ryan and five other officers were convicted of planting evidence and making false reports in other cases, which then resulted in the dismissal of over 10 wrongly accused people, including a convicted "murderer." Despite these facts, Mumia remains in jail.

Since the sentence, Mumia's voice has become the voice of America's oppressed. His commentaries, entitled "Live from Death Row," have become a mainstay on college activist stations around the country. He even got National Public Radio's attention with his poignant social commentary, although his scheduled airing was censored by then senator Bob Dole and the Order of Fraternal Police.

Mumia Abu-Jamal remains on death row. Support groups from all over the country have rallied in his support. Actors, politicians, students, even Nelson Mandella have publicly protested on Mumia's behalf. Unfortunately, Mumia is no closer to a fair trial, in fact, he has been bumped up on Death Row's list of people waiting to die.

The Pennsylvania Supreme Court is deliberating now and may announce its decision regarding a new trial very soon. If you wish to become involved, please write, phone or fax to demand a new trial for Mumia.

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Spring Break" continued from page 3

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Poet's

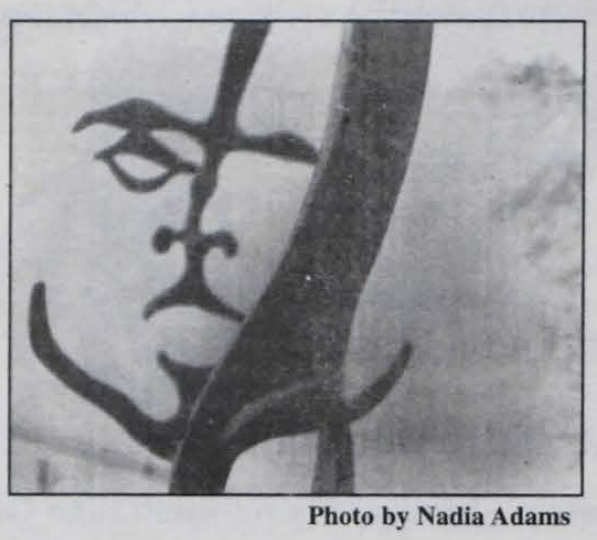

Photo by Nadia Adams

OPIOX

Curling blue,
In tides of purple,
Strings of feathers,
Swim below the waters.
Light of elegance,
Dances among the glitter.
Swaying weeds,
Breath heavy on eyes.
Bubbles of sleep,
Rise above to watch all,
Capturing images,
Reforming the past.
Sailing gills,
Black and scaffold scales,
Climbing ladders,
Of clicks and clatters.
Waves of speech,
Heard loud for miles,
Travelling at warp speed,
Seemingly still.
Narrow passageway,
Wide bodies,
Somehow all form fitting.
Slicked fur,
Gliding with grace,
Rising high,
Spotted by rays,
Lifted to the sky,
Only to sink,
Below to the depths.

-Amara Boesch

The Black Falcon's Ghost

As the color black signals the night, the Black Falcon knight's ghost takes to her flight.

As she rides her horse, which she named "Midnight Black", the people wonder: "Why hath she come back?"

She hath come back to fight the "evil" forces, that lead to her and her horse's eternal reposes.

As she rides each night, galloping along the path, one sometimes wonders if she will release her revengeful wrath.

"No, I won't", says she; "I would never think of harming thee."

She once lived in great black marble castle, away from the troubles of the village hassles.

Whenever someone is in danger and their life needs to be saved, a blue and black clad figure rides forth from the grave.

She wields her sword and rides her great horse bravely, as remembers the good deed she practiced once daily.

As the dark and evil night comes to a close, The Black Falcon's Ghost returns to her sweet repose.

So, the next time when you hear hoofbeats in the night, you'll know she has come back to defeat the evil forces and make everything right.

-Kimberly Anne Remsen

Photo by Nadia Adams

ILLUSION BOY

One day I thought I saw you,
Sitting across the way,
With a gaze of confusion,
Settling the noticeable feeling,
Of not belonging.
A moment I do not remember,
But somehow I feel I do.
One day I thought I saw you,
Wearing a uniform,
As well as a plastered smile,
Being polite,
And punching in the last of the days' orders
Anxious to join up,
With one of your friends.
This I recall,
Yet I do not know how.
One day I thought I saw you,
Sitting on a cool concrete garage floor,
Dying a shirt of your own creation,
Confused as to how I knew you.
Small talk was made,
But nothing more than another memory.
One day I thought I saw you,
Standing on platform stairs,
Conferring with a friend.
Later you smelled an aroma in the air,
And were pleased to find out it was me.
That same evening,
We shared the worst time with several others
But confide in each other,
An evening which seems weeks ago.
One day I thought I saw you,
And remember you,
Yet now I see you,
And know you.

-Amara Boesch

Pulpit

ntitled

Why do I meet these empty stalks,
ail these mindless ships,
inking only to rise
loft the waves
a perplexing triumph
f despair and categorization
f self and truth.

wonder at the pivoting tangent
hat passes over the corner's crease,
ailing, heralding, all glory to be found.
et breathing darkness and disinterest
ll at once,
topping time when it is fit,
ever ceasing, curling and twisting,
ntil the empire
annot resist its being
nd ebbs into the darkness again.

-Michael Quirk

Photo by Linnea Spelman

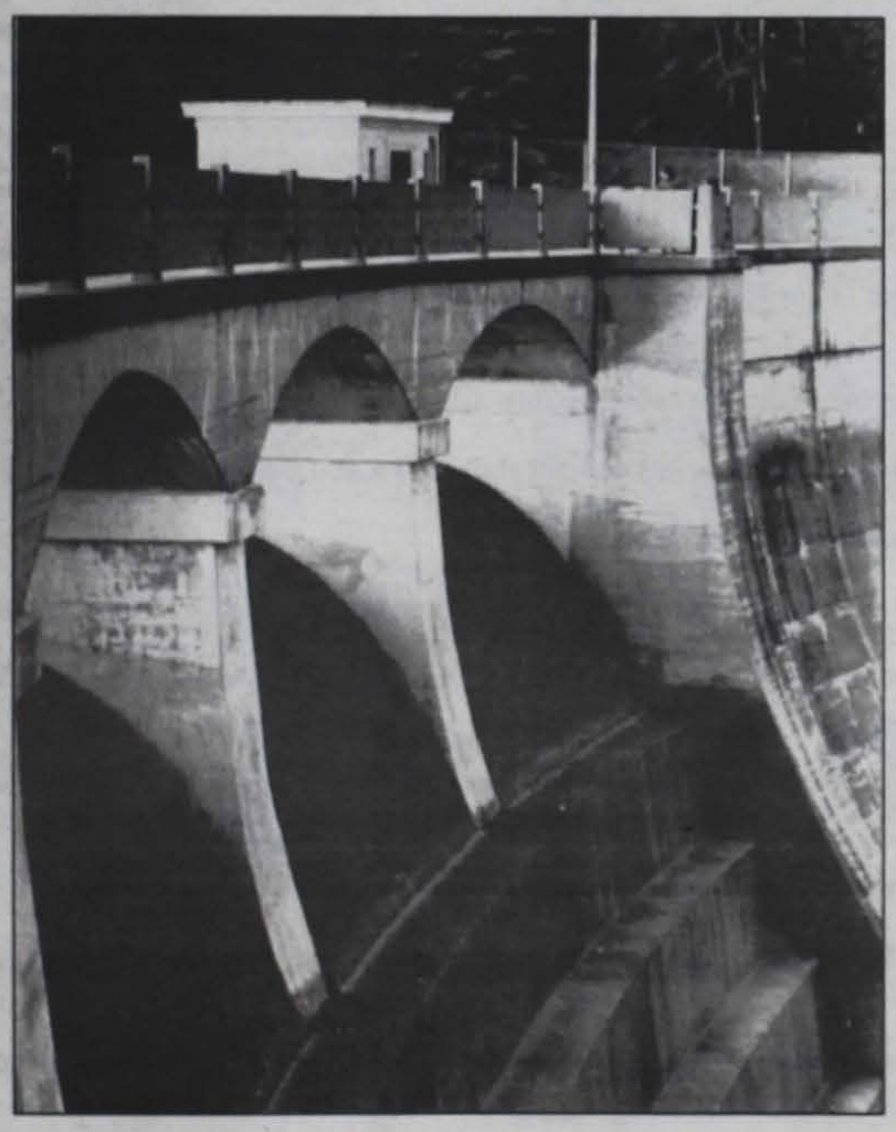

Photo by Linnea Spelman

Untitled

I have seen the path,
Walked upon its rounded gray pebbles,
Stepped over the arthritic, gnarled roots
Blocking my way.

I have seen the path,
Yet I know the path does not exist.

I have walked underneath
The divine canopy of leafed trees that mask the sky.
Unhidden, the sky is not the sky,
And I know that it does not exist.

Separate of the sky is the path
I am separate of both,
Not Earth nor Air
My breath is just a hector that hastens my death.

Walking on this path underneath the trees and sky
I embrace these apparitions,
These hollow specters I have loved.

-Michael Quirk

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Fri. 8 a.m.-3 p.m.

Math Clinic

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Tues. 11 a.m.-5 p.m.
Wed. 8-10 a.m. (no statistics) &
12:30-3:30 p.m.
Thurs. 11 a.m.-2 p.m. & 6-9 p.m.

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Volunteer Corner

by Michele Merrow

The Community Service Club raffle was a huge success, $226.50 was raised. The m[oney] will be split between the Community Service Club and Donovan's Hope. Donovan's H[ope] is a fund to help Donovan Couture, a victim of cystic fibrosis, receive a double lung tra[ns]plant to improve his health. The winners of the raffle are:

Melissa Daigle	Ten tanning sessions from Fair I[ver]
Fitness	
Dawn Shippee	One-month membership to Fair I[ver]
Fitness	
Anna-Marie Barucco	Half-gallon maple syrup from Blow Hill Ma[ple]
Carmey Munzner	T-shirt from the Sound Barrier
Matt Tripp	Two movie passes
Rita Geno	Haircut from Headquarters Salon
Melissa Crary	An oil change from Jiffy Lube
Gloria Merrow	Gift certificate, $20, to the Si[lver]
Saloon	
Angie Rivers	Large pizza from Pizza Hut
Beth Lanpher	Large pizza from Pizza Hut
Jessica Pleasant	One day ski pass to Killington
Shawn Lincoln	One day ski pass to Killington
Paul Derby	Overnight bag from Orvis
Elaine Kreisler	Pizza from Aramark
Colleen Grenier	Pizza from Aramark
Jody Hodgdon	Pizza from Aramark
Linda Sheridan	Pizza from Aramark
Todd Foley	Pizza from Aramark
Christie Wilkerson	Ice cream cake from Ben & Jerry's

Thank you for your support!

The March of Dimes Walk America will be held Sunday, April 26. The walk will start at [Mi]ll River Union High School in North Clarendon. Registration is at 8:00 a.m. and start time[s] at 9:00 a.m. The March of Dimes helps to improve the health of babies by preventing b[irth] defects and infant mortality. Help a great cause and enjoy a beautiful spring day! M[ore]

Women's History Month at CSC 1998

Monday, March 9 at 6 p.m. – Women & Cinema film showing, "Some Like it Hot" and discussion: Sex Symbols & Homoerotic Overtones –**Scien[ce] Auditorium**

Tuesday, March 10 at 8 p.m. – Lecture: Katherine Kolbert on "Reproductive Rights" (soundings event)– **Glenbrook Gym**

Wednesday, March 11– Equity Bake Sale and information table – **8:30 a.m.-10:30 a.m. in Woodruff Hall & 11 a.m.-1 p.m. in Campus Center**

Wednesday, March 11 at 8 p.m. – Coffeehouse featuring Settie **–Campus Center Snack Bar**

Monday, March 16 at 6 p.m. – Women & Cinema film showing "Julia" and discussion: From Sex Symbol to Post Feminist Heroine – **Science Auditoriu[m]**

Monday, March 23 at 7 p.m. – "Where is Stephanie?" film showing and discussion with filmmaker Bess O'Brien, co-sponsored by the Vermont Women[']s Fund – **Fine Arts Center**

Wednesday, March 25 at 4 p.m. – Second Annual Student/Faculty Symposium, panel presentation and discussion sponsored by the Women's Studi[es] Committee – **Old Chapel**

Wednesday, March 25 at 8 p.m. – Coffeehouse featuring singer/songwriter Lisa McCormick – **Campus Center Snack Bar**

Thursday, April 23 at 12:30 p.m. – Reading group: discussion of In These Girls Hope is a Muscle by Madeline Blais, books available in the Wellness Cent[er] **– Library Student Lounge**

Tuesday, April 28 at 12:30 p.m. – Lecture: Madeline Blais on "Playing for Keeps: Writing, Sport and the Female Experience" (soundings event) – **Fin[e] Arts Center**

Thursday, April 30 – Take our Daughters to Work Day

The Cairn

CSC

Vol. XXXXVV

April 28,1998

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Spring has sprung!

CASTLETON STATE COLLEGE

The Cairn

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The Cairn is Castleton State College's only student newspaper. It is published six times a semester entirely by students who are solely responsible for its content.

Questions, comments, and letters to the editor are encouraged. All letters must be received by the deadline date to be included in the next issue; all letters must be signed, but names can be withheld by request. We reserve the right to edit letters if deemed necessary by the Editor-in-Chief.

The Cairn
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Anyone interested in joining or contributing to The Cairn is welcome to attend our meetings held Thursdays at 12:30 in Leavenworth room 107

From the Editor's desk...

A Castleton Story

So there were these kids, seven of them: Swanny, Jeff, Matt, Mose, Chad, Bruno and me. We met in 1993 at (bear with me as I get metaphoric now)....a fair. It was this big carnival type event that everybody who was anybody went to. Now some came to this, um, fair, to learn important skills. Real world stuff, like how to manage getting 20 people in and out of a VW bug and how to walk a tightrope. We came to have fun.

We became good friends, and reveled in this newfound world of freedom. Specifically we concentrated on the art of swallowing fire, each of us working diligently on our red clown noses. We laughed, we cried, we danced, we argued, we vomited. Seven boys.

Seasons came and went, a year past, and things remained pretty repetitive until the accident. One night, after a particularly grueling study session, Chad insisted on driving home. He crashed his car into a house by Stewarts in Fair Haven. 9 days later he died.

Bruno, who had been Chad's best friend became particularly disillusioned. He left the carnival world to find work and the Mormon Faith. We decided to stick it out, five boys now.

The group divided. Moses and Matt conformed, while Jeff, Swan and I didn't have it in us yet. I remember watching our two friends leave in a flurry of pomp and circumstance. We sat on the lawn and peered into the big top as they strode proudly, dressed in black, parading for all to see. They received paper from the hierarchy who were decked out for the occasion in festive reds and yellows. At the time we were bitter. With heavy heads and cotton mouths, Swan and I dropped out. He wouldn't come back.

I did return to take up a new course of study. Jeff and I got a place together and straightened out. He'll be done in May. And so my little story ends, almost.

When I do leave in December, it will be with a smile on my face. I didn't mean to burden you with this depressing little ditty, it just had to be said, for my buddies who didn't make it.

I'll be stepping down now as Editor-in-Chief of The Cairn and leaving things to Jess. I wish I had something profound to say, but I don't. I want to thank the Cairn staff. Thanks Jess and Josh. Thanks Marjorie. Thanks everyone at the Herald. Thanks everyone for reading my ramblings and putting up with this misuse of a public forum. Here's issue 11...

Thank you Susan, Lisa, the boys in printing, and the rest of the staff at the Rutland Herald for all of your help throughout the course of the year.

Want to correspond with a prisoner?

Prisoner: *W/M open to all correspondence. Will respond to each letter received. No restrictions.*

Jerry Gaglione
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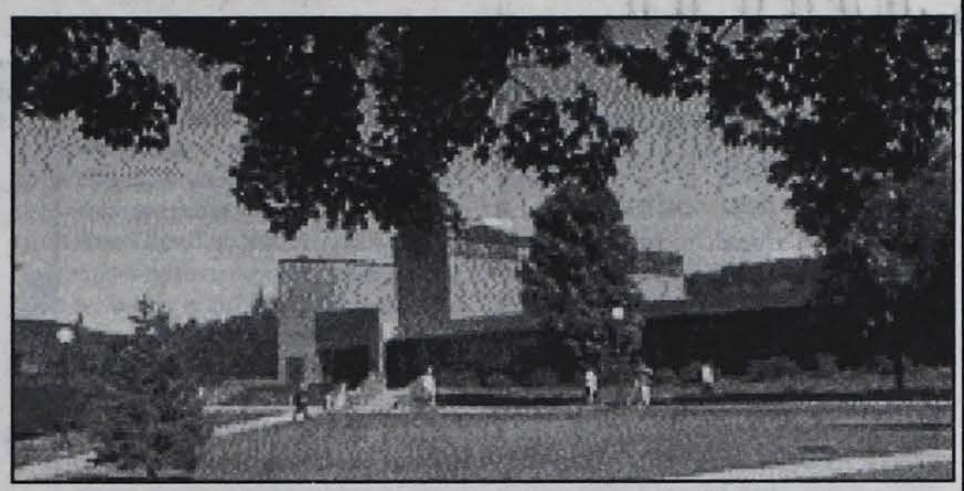
Vacaville CA
95696-4000

Did you know THE BUS schedule has changed? THE BUS now services Castleton State College at night (free with a college ID). Pick up a schedule in the Student Life Office, located in the Campus Center.

Campus construction underway

by Duncan Simmons
Staff Writer



The academic expansion is expected to begin prior to commencement, according to a memorandum issued by the office of the Dean. The new facility will be constructed between the southwest end of the library and the northeast corner of the nursing building. The construction is tentatively scheduled to begin as early as this week. Walls in the ACC, the media center and the nursing building will be demolished to connect the two-story addition with the existing buildings. The memorandum went on to state that the expansion project had come in below the budgeted amount, clearing the way for work to begin. Because of fluctuating costs, CSC administration is unable to specify exactly when the lengthy process will begin. The contractor is to notify the school of a work schedule as soon as possible. Waiting until after graduation will reportedly raise the price of the project.

The preliminary blueprints of the building are extremely elaborate, showing a bi-level addition that will not only connect the old structures, but add a second floor to the existing nursing building. The new expansion will produce more room for computer services, media center equipment, interactive classrooms, workrooms, lecture halls, study areas, offices and storage. The existing library and nursing buildings will also be reorganized because of the creation of new space. The most complex design on paper is the large interactive lecture hall which will be designed in an amphitheater shape, complete with large screens and video projectors. The upstairs will house nursing labs, seminar rooms, lounges, study areas and interactive classroom and more offices. The math, education and nursing departments will gain much needed space along with the media center and computing services. The movement to the new structure will create vacated space for other departments to acquire in the old buildings.

Because the project involves some demolition, CSC administration has requested the patience of the faculty, staff and students. Dean Larkin's office is working with the Registrar to ensure that any disrupted exam rooms will be relocated to a suitable place. College officials also say that plans are being made to provide alternate buildings for computer services and the media center.

Summer internship costs reduced

CSC has approved, on an experimental basis, a reduction in the tuition rate for summer internship credits. The new rate for this Summer is $75 per credit. This reduction applies to both in-state students. The previous Summer internship rate was approximately $150 per credit for VT residents and $330 per credit for non-residents.

The Business Adminstration Department has been busy recruiting employers who are interested in providing internships. This information has been used to create a database that will store contact information and descriptive information about each internship opportunity. Students will be able to enter a search request such as desired location or field of study, and a list of possible internships will be provided.

Summer and Fall internship opportunities are still available. The Business Administration Department also provides internship information for majors outside of business, so all students are welcome to participate. Any student who knows of a business in Vermont or their home state that they worked for, and would like to design an internship with should contact the Business Adminstration Department. If students are interested in the program or have any questions, they should contact Professor Paul Cohen, Internship Coordinator, at 468-1453 to set up an appointment.

Mayday showcases talents

by Lynne Wifholm
Contributing Writer

Soon "Mayday 3" will be coming to the CSC stage, and for many theater students this means a chance to show off their talents as actors, writers, designers and directors. It will be presented on May 4 at 8:00 in the FAC, admission is free.

Mayday is a theater project that has been at Castleton for three years since alumnus Richard Frost started it in the spring of 1996. Frost first founded it so that students would have a chance to present their own written works to the college and community. It is mainly run by the students, but it is also supported by members of the faculty who lend a helping hand by giving advice and coming to see the final presentation. One of these supporters is theater Professor Harry McEnerny, who will also be directing one of the short plays. McEnerny supports this project because he feels it gives students more opportunities to get involved in the theater and give them a chance to do something they normally wouldn't. This is a project that the students could not do with the theater department's mainstage productions. McEnerny is excited about this year's production because there are more people involved than ever. This year a greater number of people wrote scripts and turned up for auditions. McEnerny feels this is because of the past two successful years of Mayday.

Another person who is excited about the production is student Peter Buonincontro, who co-worte a show for "Mayday 3." Buonincontro is excited to have his work showcased along with the other students, and feels that Mayday should be done in the spring and the fall. "The more theater the school gets, the better," he said.

News

$1000 scholarship available

If you will be a senior next Fall '98 and if you have an immediate family member (parent, grandparent, sibling or spouse) who is a graduate of Castleton and if you have a minimum GPA of 3.0 YOU are eligible to apply for the Alumni Association Scholarship. This will be awarded during Convocation in the fall of 1998.

Deadline for applying is June 1. Applications are available in the Alumni Office in Woodruff hall. Call 468-1306 for more information.

-Anne Blake

The SA wants you!

The College Court is accepting applications for students who wish to become involved in the Student Association. Applications are open for any student, and will be accepted as long as positions are available. If you have questions or would like to receive an applicaiton, stop by the SA office in the campus center, or call 1228. No previous experience is necessary.

-Kristen E. Breton

SA awards ceremony

The Student Association will be hosting the annual SA Awards ceremony on Wednesday, May 6, at 4 p.m. All students and faculty are encouraged to attend. These awards are given every year to students and faculty alike who dedicate their time and passions to the Castleton Community. Department awards and academic achievements will be recognized.

-Kristen E. Breton

Essay contest winners announced

Phi Eta Sigma recently held an essay contest among its members. The topic of the essay was "How does being a member of the Castelton State College community affect society as a whole?" Winners of the contest were: first place - Brian Jakubowski; second place - Elsie Gilmore; third place - Ritika Rao; and fourth place - Sarah Ruzzi. Cash prizes were awarded for the winning essays. Thanks to all participants!

Cairn 3

One student takes back the night

by Tara Rodin
Staff Writer

"It is better to light a candle than to curse the darkness." I saw this proverb on a poster one day a few weeks ago and was struck with an odd connection to the saying. Last week, April 15, students, faculty, Women's Issues Group members and others gathered to do just that, to make light and to dispel the darkness, even if only for one evening. The darkness is the fear of sexual assault, rape and domestic abuse that women and men face every day, and the light was the ability for all of us to stand up together in support of a less violent society, where we feel safe to walk the streets alone at night and can trust that a person we know and trust will not turn out to be our attacker. For me, this experience was far more intense and uplifting than I could have ever conceived of. The feeling of unity among the people gathered was overwhelming. Rape is not something you just read about in your Seventeen magazines girls, and is not only in those naugty movies, boys. Rape, violence and sexual assault are all around us, and our decision to recognize this chilling fact or to not recognize it will make the difference between helping to end this tragedy in all forms or silently letting it grow. Somehow, it seems many people are willing to do just that, ignore it, laugh about it, even encourage it by their lifestyles and mannerisms. It saddens me that some response from various people was negative toward the Take Back the Night March and the whole idea behind the Sexual Assault Awareness Week. It is much easier to be uneducated on a certain topic and let society, the media or your parents instruct you on what your views should be. Lets get real, the future is ours and if we continue to stare numbly at the world like we do our TV screens. I shudder to think what fate might have in store for us. As my Professor Tom Conroy said recently, "If kids have the choice between a 500-page history book of the Vietnam War or a video of Rambo or a P.O.W. computer game, which one do you think they are most likely to pick up?" Unfortunately, the answer to that question is all too obvious and living in a society where Rambo is one of the top fifty highest grossing movies ever, I must confess I'm frightened.

Photo by Aly Murray

CSC student burns candle in honor of abuse victims.

Empowerment marches on

by Merry Trude
Contributing Writer

Rape. Violence. Sexual abuse. These were just some of the issues raised at the Third Annual Take Back the Night March, held on campus Wednesday, April 15.

The march, sponsored by the Women's Issues Group of CSC, is designed to help women speak out on and combat abuse. This year's events consisted of guest speakers, a candlelight march through campus and up Main Street and an open-mic speak out. Over 75 people attended, and many told their stories of sexual, physical and emotional abuse. Tracey Butkus, a senior at CSC and Women's Issues Group member said, "It shocked me how many people got up and spoke out about their own experiences. It really opens people's eyes on the amount of violence women face."

Photo by Aly Murray

Guest speakers Liz True, Assistant Dean of Campus Life and Victoria DeRosia, Professor of Criminal Justice, gave compelling speeches about the importance of getting the word out about abuse. Both women stressed the point that men should also join the fight against abuse of all kinds.

Sara Patch, the president of the Women's Issue's Group and a CSC senior, started the tradition of the march three years ago, and has stuck with it ever since. She spoke before the march, stating that this event was "bittersweet" because it was her last march at CSC. The Women's Issue's Group plans to continue this tradition in future years.

by Alison Morse
Staff Writer

Everyone on campus is familiar with Public Safety. Some of us are more acquainted than others because we have dealt with parking warnings, fines or various other citations. But very few people are aware that you can get those tickets appealed through Castleton State's College Court. This is just one way the College Court serves the students.

The Student Association has three branches: Executive Branch, Legislative Branch and Judicial Branch. The College Court is a part of the Judicial Branch. The newly established Court has become more active this year after filling positions.

"Right now the Court is very young and we are trying to define ourselves," said new Chief Justice Ben Mosher. Mosher was appointed to this position because former Chief Justice, Victor Echandy will be graduating this year.

There are two branches of the Court. The Appellate Court handles appeals to campus traffic violations and hearing processes of the other Court Officials. If you were a appeal a ticket, your case would be heard and judged by this branch. The Peer Judicial Board hands out sanctions to college policy violators. For example, if you were to be caught drinking and you were under age, this board would handle your case.

As new Chief Justice, Mosher has a lot of goals he wants to work on. One thing he wants to do is redefine and clarify the job descriptions of the positions on the Court and rewrite parts of the constitution.

Mosher would also like to make the campus aware of the Court and the people holding positions on it. One way he would like to accomplish this is by hosting a midnight breakfast next year. During election time, he want to post pictures of the candidates at the polls so people know who is running.

There are still some positions available on the Court. If you are interested in holding a position, contact Ben Mosher during his office hours in the SA office.

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Philanthropy alive and well at CSC

by Jennifer Estivill
Contributing Writer

While most people spend their spring break running around on beaches or just sitting at home, some students are out making a difference. These students were part of the CSC Alternative Spring Break Program.

Brooke Martin, the Resident Director of Wheeler Hall and the Castleton Community Survive coordinator, has been in charge of the Alternative Spring Break program for four years. "It offers students the opportunity to participate in community service work while giving to, and learning from, those who are less fortunate than us," said Martin.

This year six students and two administrators from CSC traveled to New York City to volunteer at God's Love We Deliver. God's Love We Deliver is a non-profit, non-sectarian organization that delivers fresh, nourishing meals to home-bound people with AIDS. This organization helps prepare and deliver meals to 1,150 clients throughout New York City and Hudson County, New Jersey.

God's Love We Deliver was started in the Summer of 1985, and since has delivered over two million meals to over 16,000 men, women, and children. GLWD operates an industrial kitchen that is open 22 hours a day, five days a week, plus eight hours on Sunday. It is operated by over 2,500 volunteers, 63 full-time staff members, and a network of 61 community based Neighborhood Meal Distribution Centers.

"We have gone to Boston for the past three years so this was something new" said Martin. The group worked as van assistants and helped deliver the meals. They worked in the kitchen and helped prepare the food. They even worked in the office doing such things as calling other organizations for donations, stuffing envelopes and filing.

"This program has given me a totally different perspective on life" Martin said. "I delivered meals in the Bronx where there were a lot of homeless people and poverty. You realize how these issues affect people, and this exposes you to what is really going on in our society. It was definately a whole new experience. I highly recommend this program to anyone who is interested."

Ellis Hall getting a facelift

by Kristen Breton
Contributing Writer

As some have wondered, and many have gossiped, Ellis Hall will be closed for residential living in the spring 1999 semester. Because of her old age, Ellis will be renovated on the inside, making changes in the heating and electrical systems.

As of March 1998, the plan for the fall 1998 semester is to leave the third floor open for all women's single rooms. the second floor will be co-ed as it has been in the past, and the first floor will also remained both female and male rooms. A new exception to the living arrangements will be the fact that only one Resident Assistant will reside on the third floor. The thought behind keeping only one RA on the third floor is that there will be 50% fewer residents living on that floor, therefore, less attention needs to be payed to monitor that floor.

When the spring semester rolls around, some residents will have found housing off campus, or roommates in Adams, Haskell or Babcock. "It seems as though people are fearing the change, but change can be a good thing, and we promise we'll take extra special care of the residents," said a current Ellis RA.

Ellis Hall has had many internal problems. "The heat bites in this place. You can't control the temperatures and just when you think you've got it all under control...they go and turn it off," said one mildly angered resident of the building. His roommate, Mike, says that "it's almost sad that this dump will be closed for a semester. If I have to live in it for a whole year...so should they."

Not all students feel the same way, however. "Ellis is such an experience. That was the greatest part of my freshman year," stated Tracey, an off-campus student.

Judging Ellis on the outside would be a shame...for inside her walls she is the home for over 150 students whose living experiences in her building are both wild and unique...and sometime chilly. It won't be long before she works like new-even though she will always remain "Good 'ol Hellis."

Practice makes perfect in interviews

by Lisa King
Contributing Writer

The second annual mock interview dinner for seniors was held April 14 in the Alumni Room at Huden Dining Hall.

The dinner is sponsored by Aramark, Residence Life and Career Planning. Chip Stevens, Director of Career Services and a professional recruiter, gave interviews. Norm Milot, Director of Dining Services, also gave students tips on dinner etiquette.

Stevens told students how they should dress, what they should do before an interview and how they should conduct themselves during an interview.

Stevens said some questions are considered illegal during an interview. An interviewer cannot ask an interviewee about marital status, if he or she has children or plans to have them, or if the interviewee attends church. If one encounters an interviewer asking these questions, he or she must find a strategy to avoid these questions.

The proper interview dress for men is khaki pants, a dress shirt with a tie, and dress shoes, Stevens said. For more prestigious jobs, a suit and tie are required. He said the object is to dress as well as your interviewer.

Stevens said men must choose a suit that fits their build, and get it tailored at least a week before an interview to avoid any last-minute problems. He said, "A double-breasted suit does not look good on everyone."

Women should wear conservative dresses or skirts and blouses. Dress pants and a blouse are also acceptable. "The important thing is to make sure your outfit works for you. If you feel more comfortable wearing flats, then wear them" Stevens said. He also told students that they should not try to dress like something they are not because when they are in a two-hour interview fidgeting with clothes and shoes is unimpressive.

Also, Stevens said women should not wear perfume or large earrings that may distract the interviewer. The same rule applies to men who wear cologne because some people are hypersensitive to smell.

Stevens said that an interviewee should make sure to bring extra clothes, boots and an umbrella to be prepared for stains, rips and changes in weather.

Aside from clothes, Stevens said, if one plans to get a new haircut, it is important to get one a week before the interview to avoid hair problems.

Stevens said that before a dinner interview, it is wise to drive to a restaurant a couple of days before the interview to see how long it takes to get there and avoid being late for the interview. At the same time, one can observe the atmosphere of the restaurant.

Milot added that foods which are sloppy or difficult to eat at one's own home must be avoided during a dinner interview. Also, an interviewee should only eat something similar to what the interviewers are eating. If they are eating a small dinner, like soup and salad, then the interviewee should too.

Milot also discussed dinner etiquette. He advised students on how to use silverware and napkins, and how food should be passed around a table.

One student asked Stevens what to do if a person receives food that is not prepared well. He said one must avoid slowing down the meal and interview as much as possible. He told students they could avoid the undercooked food on their plate or quietly call the waiter or waitress aside and ask him or her to prepare a new meal.

Stevens gave students a brochure that tells them most of what they need to know about dinner etiquette. It is titled, Put Your Best Fork Froward: The Rules of Business Dining Etiquette. More brochures are available in Stevens' office.

Spartan soccer preparing for fall season

by H. Jason Warn
Contributing Writer

As the 1998 Spring semester draws to a close, most students have already decided what he or she will be doing next Fall. Once again, the CSC men's soccer team is gearing up and as the runners up in the Mayflower Conference in 1997. The 1998 season will no doubt be one to get out and see.

The Spartans will lose several key players due to graduation or ineligibility. Goalkeeper Rob LaBate, sweeper Scott Chapman, and midfielders John Holmes and Todd Moore are all members of the starting lieup that will not return for the 1998 season.

Next year's co-captain Jon Schnobrich is very confident and optimistic about the teams run at the Conference title. "We need to come together as a team and make a lot of adjustments" Schnobrich said. He's confident that the team can pull together and make another winning season.

Schnobrich pointed to several factors in his confidence about next season; one is that rival Green Mountain College, who denied CSC of the Conference title, will loose several key players. However, Schnobrich was quick to point out that Green Mountain has very good recruiting for such a small school. Another factor is the acquistion of a Division I player from Radford University named Chris Hanley. Entering CSC as a transfer student, Hanley is a midfielder who will fill the gap left in the midfield by the player turnover this year.

Every player on next year's Spartan squad is upbeat about the coming season. The team is even holding open practices every day at five o'clock in the afternoon and they encourage anyone who wants to try out to attend.

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Film series brings homosexuality into the light

by Chris Hanley
Contributing Writer

The Soundings event, Spring Film Series: *Growing up Gay* was shown April 14 through April 21. The four part series featured three films and held an open discussion on the final day. The three films included "One Nation Under God," "It's Elementary" and "Homoteens." They explored the experience of growing up gay in different cultures and having gay parents as well as looking into transgendered people and studying where they fit in a scheme of a male/female identity.

The series was met by strong attendance, especially by Soundings students trying to get in the crucial last event in order to pass. For students attending the events, a "heterosexual questionnaire" was administered. The questionnaire consisted of a "reversal of questions frequently asked of gays based on homophobic premises," by Martin Rochlin, Ph.D. It asked question such as "What do you think caused your heterosexuality? Is it possible that your heterosexuality stems from a fear of others of the same sex?" and "If you've never slept with someone of the same sex, how do you know that you wouldn't prefer that?"

The films were met with mixed emotion. One student viewer said, "The movies did a good job portraying that homosexuals are like anyone else and how stupid prejudice against it really is." Another student said he felt the films seemed to "force homosexuality" on him.

"The many opinions that came out of the film are positive," said one student, "because it makes students at least consider homosexuality."

Pride speak out being

by Barry Sherman
Contributing Writer

The One in Ten special interest group is holding its annual spring speak out in the amphitheater Wednesday, April 29 at 7 p.m. The speak out is being organized by members of the One in Ten and the Allies group.

The speak out is designed to promote awareness of the gay, lesbian, bisexual and transgender communities. The event will allow CSC community members to share "coming out" stories, campus experiences and life experiences.

One in Ten serves to educate CSC and surrounding communities and to improve the campus climate regarding gay, lesbian, bisexual and transgender issues. The group also provides members of such communities with a safe, comfortable coalition. The Allies group is an organization open to all members of the CSC community who wish to create and provide a supportive environment for the gay, lesbian, bisexual and transgendered community.

All students, faculty and staff are welcome to attend the event. For more information on the speak out and organizations mentioned, contact Kathleen Daigneault or Shawn Lincoln at x1465.

Invisibility Poem: Lesbian

There's quite enough to
identify her
should you have forgotten
her name:
That woman who lives in
who teaches
who speaks
who looks like
who writes about
the one who knows
the one who made
the one who loves to
who likes to wear
whose daughter
who used to be
wasn't she married to
didn't she once spend some time
Every known thing about her
is like a smell
reassuring, familiar
"She is like us"
"We are like her"
No need to watch
suspiciously
when she walks by.
Not as familiar perhaps
the things she keeps
invisible:
The woman with whom
the circle of friends that she
the way she feels when
the thoughts she doesn't
the fear that keeps her from
the times she imagines
the price she pays for.

-Ilze Mueller
Claiming the Spirit Within: A Sourcebook of Women's Poetry

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Driving

by Greg Mack
Contributing Writer

I hop up in to my rust-bucket pickup truck. I turn the key and depress the cigarette lighter as I pull a Marlboro out of the pack and place it between my lips. The cigarette lighter pops. I touch it to the end of the Marlboro. I inhale. I take the first drag into my lungs. It tastes like shit. I don't bother fiddling with the radio as I pull the truck out of the parking lot. I push into the tape deck the same Lynyrd Skynyrd tape that I've been listening to for the last two weeks. I turn the volume up loud so I don't have to think. I try to sing along with the music but thoughts keep running through my head. I wish I could just shut them off and concentrate. I can't.

I am a senior in college. I have never felt pressure the way I feel it now. I never believed my peers when they would tell me how stressed they were. I would tell them to get a beer and stop crying. Beer is the last thing I want now. I have too much to do. If I'm not in the real world, please shoot me before I get there.

I decide to take the back way home for a reason that has something to do with relaxation. Most days I slow down as I cross the railroad tracks. Today I speed up to over 60 miles per hour. Nothing like beating the crap out of your automobile when you're pissed at something. Nothing like getting pissed at your automobile for breaking down the very next day. Nothing like knowing that it's your fault. I think back to when I was living at home: before high school, before junior high school. Scott Maxfield, the oldest kid on my street on Long Island, was 12 years old. I was younger. I remember that I couldn't even comprehend being that old. I would never be 12 years old, but I couldn't wait to be 10. I try to convince myself that "life was so easy back then." I try to convince myself that I would love to return to that age, and stay there forever.

"Sweet home, Alabama," I sing as I make the conscious effort to return to what is important, "Where them skies are so blue!" The truck is still bouncing from hitting the tracks so hard. I come up on the first farm of the ride home. A farmer waves as I drive by. I wave back at him. I've never met the man in my life. I know him only as the farmer who waves when I drive by. When I drove a car, he didn't wave. Now that I drive a truck, he does. I love Vermonters.

I guess being 10 years old again would suck, but there has got to be something better for me out there than this. Too many deadlines, too many commitments. I just had a meeting with the dean of the college that I attend. I have one month left of classes. I told him that I would like to add a class, graduate in a month and substitute another class to fulfill a requirement. "Oh by the way Dean, I'm graduating. . . . yeah, ya' didn't know that? Well I guess you know now. Thanks a lot, Dean." I arrive at a hypothesis. I'm stressed out because I try to buck the system by not paying attention to deadlines. Deadlines and other similar rules are for other people. In high school my friend Russ and I figured out that we were better than everyone else. We agreed that we should not have to deal with the public. We should not have to wait in traffic. For example, if Russ and I were to take a road trip from Northport, Long Island to Castleton, Vermont, we believed that there should be an interstate built that runs in a straight liine from Northport to Castleton. This interstate could be traveled only by Russ and me. Secretly, subconsciously, something like that, I think I still believe that. I hope, for his sake, that Russ does not. Misconceptions can make life extremely difficult.

"Sweet home, Alabama," I try to stop thinking, "Lord I'm comin' home to you!" As I approach the first uphill, I push the gas pedal down a little further. I am getting further from school by the second. I take a drag off the cigarette. I tastes a little better than before. I try to concentrate on that classic guitar riff. I push the pedal down further. I scream as loud as I can. I want the world to know I'm alive. I feel insane, yet strangely sane. I push the pedal all the way down. Maybe if I drive fast enough, I won't be able to think about anything except, "I hope these damn tires can hold a curve!"

I decide that I will call my brother when I get home. I decide that I must drive cross-country when I graduate. I decide that it must be done in a '66 Mustang. I decide that there simply is not another way to do it. I have many Mustang catalogues at home and I know that when I get there, I'll begin looking at them. I'll stare at the best one for an hour. I will dream about Mustangs and road trips tonight. I won't do any homework. Homework is for other people. I think about graduation. I realize that I care much less about graduation than I do about graduating. Mom and Dad are very excited to come up to Vermont and watch their son walk. I just want to grab that silly piece of paper that says I'm better than anybody who doesn't have one and get the hell out of here. I don't feel a need to leave the area. I feel a need not to attend any more classes. Maybe I'll go to graduate school eventually. Right now, I don't want to. Mom and Dad pay a lot of money for me to go here. Maybe they deserve to watch their son graduate. I think about all my old friends. It seems to take everyone at least five years to graduate college. Most of my burn-out friends will do it in four, just like me. I won't have time to look at those catalogues after all. I have to make some phone calls as soon as I get home. I have a story due tomorrow at nine in the morning.

I can see my house quickly approaching. The lake looks nice today. The trees are whizzing past my eyes way too fast. Lynyrd Skynyrd is blaring.

Looking back...

by Liam Callahan
Contributing Wrtiter

Graduation is fast approaching and for those of us who are receiving degrees, so is the end of our college career at CSC.

Where have those four (or five) years of our lives gone? I remember, as if it were just the other day, my parents dropping me off at Haskell Hall so I could move into a suite full of total strangers. My parents helped me lug my belongings up four flights of stairs and then with departing hugs and a "good luck, son," they headed back to Connecticut in their Dodge Caravan. It was so sudden – you are a college student...NOW.

The first few weeks were strange, finding those new college buddies seemed to be the most important task. In high school, the friends I had seemed to always be there and were taken for granted, but in college everybody was new. Where would I fit in?

The college buddies came easily and so did the crazy, out of control memories. The memories make for the type of stories that are funny and meaningful only to the people involved – outsiders never seem to understand because they were not a part of it. These are also the type of stories that you're glad your parents will never hear anything about. Occasionally, a rare and carefully censored edition of one of these tales might be told in the future to prove a point to a son or daughter, but the names would have to be changed to protect the innocent.

Campus life was both good and bad. The good was that the off-campus bills were never included in the price of tuition and everything that was needed was within walking distance. Freshman year, leaving campus was a rare event. The bad part about campus life was most definitely the gourmet meals served at the beloved Huden Hall. There was also the pestering RA's who seemed to always come in at the high point of the night. My biggest gripes about RA's was that they were not much older than us and they were telling us what was right and wrong. Most of the time they were correct, but accepting it was hard.

I remember the routine that we needed to go through to get "beverages" into the dorms. We had people who carried, people who held doors, and the lookouts. We usually switched positions regularly and seemed to always be humming the tune to Mission Impossible. These actions seem to make indulging in the beverages more rewarding.

I look back to the first times at events such as Halloween parties, Clam Bakes and Pig Roasts. These are all great times to look forward to every year , but the first time seems to stick out best in my mind, simply for that reason. These events are, to me, when everyone seems friendliest.

The headaches that bothered me in the past years do not seem as troublesome as I look back on them now. The crunch time period just prior to and during exams was always stressful. I need to write how many pages and study for how many exams in how long!? A lot of coffee was brewed during those times but now it seems to be more under control. I also recall the run-around during the scheduling week. What a pain trying to figure out how to get all the courses needed to graduate on time. I tried to make up backup schedules that would help if classes were closed, but my five years here saw how badly that worked out.

The years in between freshman and senior seem to basically repeat themselves with the addition of some new friends and the departure of some old ones. Classes and weekends went by quickly then it turned into semesters that were flying by and now it is the years which have flown by me while I stood still. I am going to miss CSC.

The first few weeks of freshman year I was somewhat homesick, although I was ready to be on my own in college. Five years later, I am starting to feel homesick again for my fading home at CSC, while I am also ready to get out on my own.

Good luck class of 1998! Remember all of the crazy college memories you have built over the years.

A day of expressions

y Lea Verna Reed
ontributing Writer

It's 7:45 a.m. Alice looks up to e Deb Reily standing in front of her.

"Good morning, time to get up," eb says cheerfully as she hustles Alice f to the bathroom. Alice takes a bath fore she does anything else.

At 8:05 a.m., Alice makes a bee-ne for the table. Deb sets a bowl of soggy an cereal in front of her. Alice has to eat r cereal soggy because she has no teeth. lice hasn't had any teeth in over 40 years. ne dentist at the Brandon Training chool pulled all of them out.

"Alice's teeth were pulled in case e would ever bite the staff or other tients at the Brandon Training School," mments Deb as she looks at Alice shov-ing cereal into her mouth rapidly. Milk dripping off her chin.

"Slow down, Alice," Deb chides ntly. "Use your napkin, please. Eating st is another bad habit she picked up at e Training School. Some of the other tients would steal food from other peo-e's plates. Over there you had to eat fast you were going to eat at all."

The Brandon Training School as Vermont's institution for the mentally ndicapped. Alice was a patient there for ost of her life. Alice has Down syn-ome, a disorder which features mental tardation and some physical defects. lice was born when her mother's hor-ones were changing in preparation for enopause. According to the Mosby edical Encyclopedia, it is common for ildren to be born with Down syndrome the mother is over 40 years old.

Alice lived with ther parents, two sters and brother at their home in rlington. Alice, the youngest, was the ly one of her siblings with Down syndrome. In 1949, at the age of nine, Alice was admitted to the Brandon Training School. It was the place where she would be secluded from the world for 42 years.

When Alice was first admitted to the Brandon Training School, she had minimal speech abilities, often talking in sentence fragmdnts. Now, she does not talk at all. "The hardest thing about this job is trying to figure out Alice's wants and needs at various times," comments Deb. Alice knows two signs in the Americal Sign Language vocabulary, "yes" and "more." Deb watches Alice's facial expressions and body movement to tell how Alice is feeling.

The cereal in the bowl is gone and Alice moves on to her cup of coffee. She loves coffee. Sometimes she has two cups in the morning. She gulps down the entire cup as if someone is going to take it away from her.

When breakfast is over, Deb helps Alice into her coat. Alice's 4-foot-5-inch body looks even smaller next to Deb's 5 feet 8 inches. Alice is 57 years old. Despite dainty hands and tiny feet, she is plump. She has thin gray hair and probing brown eyes that hold many expressions. Under her flat nose is a mouth which has almost as many expressions as her eyes. Sometimes it is small and straight. Other times it expands into a wide smile.

Alice is smiling now. It is 8:54 a.m. and she knows that it is time for a ride in the car. Riding in the car is one of Alice's favorite things.

After Deb and Alice finish running the morning errands, they make the 25 minute drive to Julie's house. Julie was one of Alice's roommates at the Brandon Training School. Julie has Down syndrome, too. She is more verbal than Alice, talking in sentence fragments. Both Julie and Alice were placed in private home care when the Brandon Training School was preparing to close. Julie was placed with Deb's sister immediately, but Alice spent three years with another family before the State of Vermont decided that Alice would receive better care with Deb's family. On Valentine's Day in 1994, Alice moved in with Deb's family.

It's 10:06 a.m. and Julie is being hustled into the car next to Alice. The next stop is the Diamond Run Mall.

It is 10:45 a.m. and the mall only has a small number of morning shoppers. Deb is pushing Alice in a wheelchair and Julie is tagging along with slow, rocking steps. Alice can walk as well as Julie, but Alice has become lazy and would rather be pushed. According to Deb, the Brandon Training School did not encourage Alice's movement while she was there. All three of them love to go shopping, but most of their shopping trips are window shopping. If Deb buys an item without buying something for Alice, Alice gets mad and pouts for the rest of the day.

Sometimes Deb will pick up lunch for them at a fast food restaurant; both Alice and Julie love french fries. On this chilly day, however, Deb is taking them home for lunch. Chicken noodle soup and grilled cheese are on the menu.

Deb, Alice and Julie reach Deb's home at 11:50 a.m. Deb brings Alice and Julie inside and starts to prepare lunch. She usually has lunch ready by noon, just in time for her husband to come home and quickly eat before heading back to work.

Deb, Alice and Julie stay at Deb's home until 1:30 p.m. Sometimes they bake, sometimes they watch television and on nice days, they go outside.

It's 1:35 p.m. and the trio are on the road again. It's time to take Julie home. Deb takes care of Julie three days a week, four hours per day.

The rest of the day is uneventful. In the summer, Alice might go for a dip in the pool. If the weather is nice, Deb will take a walk, pushing Alice in her wheelchair. Most times Alice will sit in her blue arm chair and watch all the activity in the house. She watches Deb's children do their homework and bicker over who gets to watch what on television. She watches the five cats slink around the house or dart at shadows. She watches the little dog bark and pester the cats. She watches Deb prepare supper.

It's 5:30 p.m. and supper is on the table. Alice is not looking at Deb's two children, Deb's husband or the pets. Alice is watching Deb cut the food on her plate into bite-size pieces.

As soon as the plate is in front of her, Alice begins eating, shoving the chicken and rice into her month. Within minutes her cheeks are stuffed with food.

"Slow down. Take a drink, please," Deb warns again. "If you can't eat like a lady, I'll have to take it away."

"It is hard," comments Deb, "to try and un-do what her life at the Training School has taught her. She has made a lot of progress. She only shovels food like that on rare occasions; when she thinks she isn't getting enough attention. She loves attention."

Alice, dressed in her nightgown, is back in her blue armchair. She lets out a big yawn. it has been a busy day for her. However, she does not go to bed until her shows are over. Every night she likes to watch "The Dukes of Hazzard" and "The Andy Griffith Show."

It's 8:07 p.m. and Deb is tucking Alice into her bed. Alice doesn't like anyone else to put her to bed. Deb shuts off the light and goes into the next room. Alice can be heard shifting around in bed. When the shifting stops, it means Alice has fallen asleep.

Omitted from the Student Organization handbook and the CSC Telephone directory was the access number to leave a voicemail message for clubs, clubs sports, and organizations.

-To access a club's mailbox from on campus, dial ext. 1496, and the club's extension.

-To access a club's mailbox from campus, dial 468-1496, and the club's extension.

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Why Occidental's oil project is a death sentence for the U'wa

Faced with the slow death of their environment and culture, the U'wa - a traditional community of 5,000 indigenous people living in the cloudfores of northeastern Colombia - have vowed to leap to their deaths if Occidental Petroleum drills for oil in their forest home. Does this sound extreme Consider what will actually happen if Occidental and its partners push forward against the will of the U'wa...

1 **Oil development will desecrate the sacred homeland of the U'wa people.** The U'wa belief that the land which has sustained them for centuries is sacred is at the core of U'wa culture and spirituality. They strongly believe that to permit oil exploration on their sacred lands would upset the balance of the world. In the words of the U'wa, "oil is the blood of Mother Earth...to take the oil is, for us, worse than killing your own mother. If you kill the Earth, then no one will live.

2 **Oil exploitation imposed on indigenous peoples around the world has left a trail of disease, death and cultural destruction.** Human and ecological tragedies documented from Ecuador to Nigeria to Burma show an unmistakable pattern. When Big Oil wins, native peoples and local ecosystems are sacrificed. Oil companies have left their mark throughout the Amazon: cultural decay, toxic pollution, land invasion and massive deforestation have doomed dozens of indigenous cultures and millions of acres of ancient rainforest.

3 **Innocent people are caught in the crossfire when oil wars break out.** In Colombia, as elsewhere in the world, oil installations are viewed as strategic targets and they attract violence. Pipelines near the U'wa homeland have been attacked by guerrillas over five hundred times in the past eleven years, spilling some 1.7 million barrels of crude oil into the soil and the rivers. The Colombian government, implicated in widespread and systematic human rights abuses, has responded by sending in the army. This military build-up is often requested and paid for by the oil industry. If Oxy's project goes forward, the oil war will spread to the heart of the U'wa land. This peaceful, traditional people will only suffer in the crossfire.

U'wa territory will not be spared the oil wars raging in the nearby Arcura area, where a violent attack on oil facilities occurs every eight days Meanwhile, those familiar with U'wa culture warn that their suicide pact must be taken seriously. U'wa oral histories recount an event four hundre years ago, when an U'wa band leaped from a cliff rather than submit to the Conquistadors.

The U'wa have a right to say "No".

The U'wa must not be forced to choose between a quick death and a slow one, between suicide and genocide. There is no question that the U'wa fee that their lives are forfeit to the oil companies and the oil wars they trigger. Yet it is not too late to avert such a tragedy.

Please take a few moments to help the U'wa peacefully avert their own annihilation.

Nearly 63% of Columbia's oil exports is consumed by the United States. Every barrel of oil exacts a hidden and heavy price, both human and environmental, never registered at the gas pump. You can help the U'wa in their struggle for a most basic human right - the right not to be sacrificed for short-term profit - by writing to the following addresses. Note the address of Vice President Albert Gore Jr. This is not only because he has a reputation for being concerned about the environment but also because his father, former senator Albert Gore Sr. sits on the board at Occidental Petroleum.

Photo by Shannon Wright
Another Oil Pipeline into indigenous lands? The U'wa say No. Occidental Oil says Yes.

The Honorable Al Gore, Jr., Vice President of the U.S. Office of the Vice President, Room 283, Washington D.C. 20501 **Fax: 202-456-2461**

Dr. Ray Irani, CEO, Occidental Petroleum Corporation, 10889 Wilshire Blvd., Los Angeles, CA 90024 **Fax: 310-443-6922**

President Ernesto Samper-Pizano, Palacio de Narino, Santa Fe de Bogota, Columbia **Fax: 011-571-2883377**

Coalition for Amazonian Peoples and Their Environment, 1511 K St. NW, Suite 627, Washington D.C., 20005

Colvn 10

Castleton Reacts

"What are your fondest memories of CSC?"

"Our rugby team win vs. UMASS Lowell, 3-0 in the snow, was an incredible feeling. Also watching the rugby club go from 17 to 50 players was amazing."

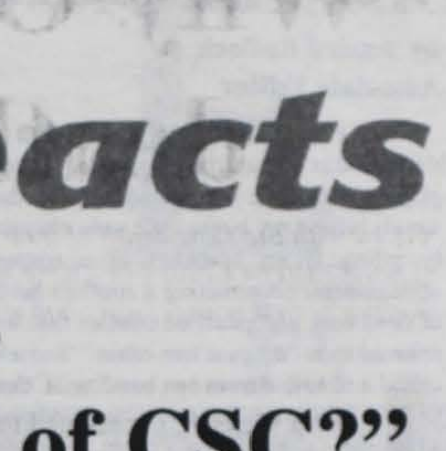
-Josh Gilbert
Senior

"Being Sparty, S.O.S., SA, my friends, roadtrips, coffee, the Phys. Ed. department, concerts."

-Christie Wilkerson
Senior

Summer concerts, the sys-
m, Thursday coffees and
A life."

-Martha Murray
Senior



"The Plattsburgh road trip, pigtails, Mary Lou, Wheeler, SA, friendships and my "box of wine".

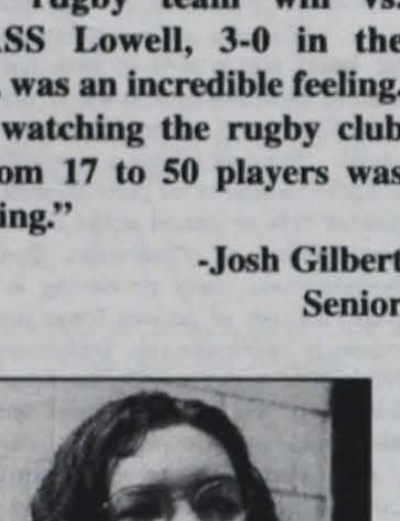
-Jessica Gulley
Senior

"Spring break every year with my rugby team."

-Matt Valcinelli
Senior

"Rugby. When I came here as a transfer student, I didn't know anyone and they pulled me in hook, line and sinker."

-Peter Kane
Senior



reshman year, meeting all
w people, growing up a lot."

-Matt Pietrowski
Senior

The feminist in me

by Jessica Bullock
Associate Editor

I was seven years old when I decided that I hated being female. I was playing with little Russell Sprague in the woods behind my house. We were clumsily piling fallen branches in a square arrangement, constructing a roofless heap of dead bark and petrified needles that we referred to as "the pine tree cabin." Russell called a time-out from our building so that he could go to the bathroom, and walking a few paces away from our cabin, he turned his back and relieved himself. I had been drinking from a thermos of lemonade all afternoon, and the hundred yards to the house seemed like ten miles at the time, so I decided to save myself the trip and solve my problem as Russell was solving his. Turning my back to my friend and our poorly conceived dream house, I planted my feet firmly into the soft, leaf-covered earth and began to do as Russell was doing and what I knew my father must have done a thousand times when he was working in the woods. I knew I was different from the boys when I felt the warm liquid stream down the inside of my brown corduroys, soaking my socks and canvas sneakers and causing my cheeks to flush a deep shade of pink that can only be induced by complete humiliation. I was embarrassed and furious at my femaleness, a characteristic that at the time I viewed as a limitation.

This notion of my X-chromosome related impairment was reinforced on an exceptionally humid summer afternoon about five years later. Having learned my lesson that day in the woods, I rushed into the house to use the bathroom before I was about to meet my friend at the pond that separated our parents' property. To my horror and disgust, I discovered that a small, dark reddish-brown stain had begun to spread across the seat of my shorts. I knew what was happening, that I was now cursed with a lifetime of cramps, headaches and unpredictable hormone fluctuations. I told my mother that there was no way that I was going swimming now, that I probably wouldn't go out for another week because everyone was sure to detect my new "curse." I begged her not to tell my father, I was so embarrassed that I had to carry around this premature burden of womanhood when I still had the physique and mind of a twelve-year-old girl.

I wasn't any happier the next year when my chest, which had always been conveniently flat, swelled enough so that the trip to the lingerie section of the department store that I had been putting off for so long became inevitable. When my mother finally tricked me into going shopping, I insisted that I wanted to find something simple and to get out of there – nothing fancy for me. When she turned her back to ask the saleswoman where the "teen section" was, I can remember for one second, secretly admiring the intricate lace of the teddies and the other colorfully sexy, feminine garments. However, my state of distress was resuscitated when I got to the teen section and discovered that everything was adorned with pink bows and looked so cutesy, that I could imagine even the perkiest of girls gagging with repulsion. My mother, who shares in my contempt of anything pink, picked out two plain white bras with little blue tennis rackets fastened between the cups. I waited in the car while she paid and I ripped the light blue stitches of the girlish decals as soon as I got home.

I can remember cursing my gender once again in gym class a couple of years later. I had patiently endured grueling units of basketball and archery, counting the days until we would begin my favorite phys. ed. activity – floor hockey. With the possible exception of badminton, floor hockey was the indoor sport that I excelled in the most. I recall emerging from the locker room and into the freshly waxed gymnasium and seeing that all the girls were standing in a giggling clump at one side of the room while the boys were putting on mesh jerseys and picking out their sticks on the other side. Mr. Withee, the varsity football coach/algebra professor/gym teacher extraordinaire blew his whistle and ordered all the girls to go up on the stage for an alternative activity. When I questioned his command, he explained that the boys were bigger and more aggressive than last year, many had experienced major growth spurts over the summer, and as the person responsible for all of us, Mr. Withee just couldn't guarantee that the girls would not get hurt. I told him that I really wanted to play, that I was probably better and faster than most of the boys there. Being the sensitive and understanding man that he was, he blew his whistle and told me to get on the stage so that they could begin the game. Furious, but uneager to suffer yet another detention that week, I did what he said and stomped up the steps to the stage. Behind the curtain, I discovered about a dozen girls positioned in front of a television, gossiping and half-heartedly doing step aerobics while a "Buns of Steel" video played on the VCR. This was the "alternative activity" that Mr. Withee had so carefully planned for the females in the class. Unwilling to endure even five minutes of prerecorded "and one, and two, and three, feel the burn!" I opted for my own alternative activity and chose to sit in my car and smoke cigarettes, silently fuming that I was damned with a mandatory membership to the club that makes up 51% of this country's population.

For the next couple of years after, every time I had cramps, got a C in math or peed on the cuffs of my pants while converting the forest into my bathroom during camping trips, I credited my misfortune to my gender. I absolutely loathed being a member of what my sociology teacher referred to as "the second sex." It actually wasn't until college that I even began to understand, appreciate and eventually adore the physical, hormonal, spiritual and emotional elements that make me woman.

I was 18 years old and in my first year at a New England state college when I began to undergo this amazing feminist transformation. I befriended a shaven-headed lesbian named Dominica who insisted that the world could not persist without the x-chromosome; that poetry, music, philosophy and everything beautiful would not exist if it were not for women. Dominica had this way of making everything female seem romantic and sacred. "Vermont is such a woman," she would say whenever we drove through tree covered hills or paused at the edge of a stream during one of our walks. Perhaps Dominica was really convincing in her poetic musings or perhaps I was just an extremely impressionable freshman, but eventually I began to understand that my femaleness was, in fact, some sort of divine gift.

That Spring when I saw Ani Difranco perform for the first time, my newfound love for womanhood was strengthened. Surrounded entirely by other females and watching the feminist punk-folk singer strum her acoustic guitar so adeptly and so violently that I thought her fingers might start bleeding, I was completely entranced. She stomped around on stage with her heavy black boots, shook her hips, defiantly swung her blue braids over her shoulder and sang about having "highways for stretchmarks" and how she always wanted to be "Commander in Chief of her one woman army." I looked at her and felt that she was everything strong and beautiful and brilliant and suddenly the notion of a "real woman" seemed like something that I wanted to attain rather than something I was ashamed of.

For the past few years I have been working on defining and becoming a "real woman." I'm growing stronger and smarter, I'm learning to assert my femaleness and to appreciate it as an empowering tool that allows me to be a part of that glorious 51%. Over time I have discovered that the realm of womanhood extends far beyond monthly cramps, stereotypical pink bows and poor math grades, lower salaries and camping inconveniences. Slowly I have come to realize that mind, body and soul, I am all woman – and I have come to love every minute of it.

This Part of Your Body

you won't touch it or call it by
name yet
but this part of your body–
this part of your body
you're going to get to know
better than your elbow
this part of your body
you're going to love
and hate
this part of your body
will swell and drip dew
attracting hunters and slaves
this part of your body
may be your secret joy
but this part of your body
will keep you off the streets
after dark
it will be poked and spread by
stainless steel
scrutinized by strangers with
scalpels
behind white drapes
as if it were not a part of you
this part of your body will
stretch
over the heads of human beings
or tighten to a finger in its
gentle rhythm
this part of your body
is more expressive
than your mouth
this part of your body
laughs louder
has its own exhausted grimace
this part of your body moans
its lonely emptiness
you will spend your life trying
to fill
this part of your body.

-Lin Max
A Sourcebook of Women's Poetry

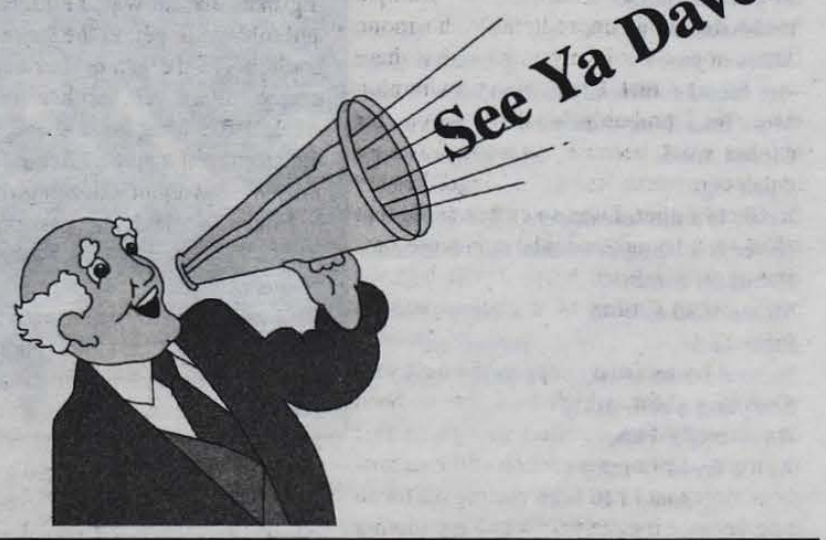
DAVE MANCE

THIS ISSUE IS DEDICATED TO YOU

FOR A GRAND YEAR, FOR A JOB WELL DONE, FOR PUTTING UP WITH THE BUREAUCRATIC HOOEY, FOR STIRRING UP CONTROVERSY AND WRITING BRILLIANTLY, FOR REMAINING AN ACTIVIST, A REBEL AND A STAND UP KIND OF GUY, THANK YOU, DAVE!!!!!

WE WILL MISS YOU ON OUR FUN-FILLED LAYOUT WEEKENDS

LOVE, JESS AND JOSH



LITTLE JOHNNY

Poet's

The World in Which We Live

Mountains of Crosby
Ink of pills
Cyber spaces
Devoted to the outer seekers
Lasers of blue
And seas of spit
Comfort razor spikes
Extracted from raw flesh
Dark spots
Reveal unwanted health
Fierce voices
Encumber radical minds
Ears of silence
Deafened by fools
Scrapped by training wheels
Scabbed by leaders
Revolting is unquestioned
Joining is not answered
Able to walk
But not to love
Options unfold
Layers peel
As scales are shed
Roof tops collapse
While gardens flourish
Weeds grow faster
Overtaking beauty
Silver rings
And crippled bands
Fly spirited
Through still water
Distinct motions
Relapse in time
Lost in darkness
Trapped in light
Reachable outlets
Perishable by touch
Vibes of hate
Are found commonly
More than thought of
Closed minds
Open legs
Never is a motion shared
Never is a being crushed
Habitants zombied
Mummified at birth
Paths laid
Painted by an artist
Sculpting a self-world
A place of escape
And a dreadful return

-Amara Boesch

Photo by Linnea Spelman

Photo by Linnea Spelman

Sleeping Pills and Coffee Chasers

tuck and
roll
all your joy
tomorrow will come
nothing left untold
sleeps quietly

kneel and
pray
for your faults
tomorrow will ascend
cleansing doubtful promises
lacks integrity

forgive and
forget
all around you
tomorrow will defend
halos below horns
questions morality

weep and
suffer
for the cross
tomorrow will change
faith is fruitless
quite sadly

virgins and
Philistines
all artificial flavors
tomorrow will sparkle
images of saviors
microwave brightly

days and
hours
for cemetery stones
tomorrow will carve
poems of madness
welcome ambiguity

-Eric Butler

Pulpit

Photo by Linnea Spelman

Blues

There is a red house over yonder,
Where I belong but cannot go.
That's where my baby lives,
Yet I am to scared to even know.
In the distance,
Through her window light,
I see what is not mine - ever.
Flames of sorrow burn my heart,
Telling me to fly on, she's a voodoo child.
My mind sings a different tune - she is mine.
Tabs born into my feelings,
Nothing is unconquerable - she is mine to conquer.
Softly my strings cry,
For I want what I cannot have - ever.
Hey child, I'm a man of twenty-one.
Take my hand and we will go have some fun.
Before I was a boy, childish in my ways.
Now I move to the beat of a deeper drum,
Because I am a man, and there is nothing you can change - ever.
So stand aside and let me take over.
I have played bass lines a' plenty,
But I crave her, upside down and in my left.
Standing with Jelly,
On the porch of the Electric Church,
Just ten miles from her red house.
My heart will bleed no more,
Once I hear her train a' coming.
Even then I can say,
I have no women - ever.

-Amara Boesch

Cross my heart and Hope to die

it came once again
as swift as rainbows
swamped by billows of guilt
while the crows of Lynn Court
confessed i was alive and well
though overly jaded at 2:30 p.m.
i lit a cigarette and began to laugh
perched atop my polluted toilet

you can't fool me no matter how hard you try
we've all been drunk silly and had to drive

the streets of Greenwhich Village
my sacred virile empire
saluted Spring weather with promiscuity,
panhandlers, addicts, and transexual floozies
Bukowski was the topic of choice
as Michael Powers and the Powder Keg
squeezed blues from beyond the delta
with anger and fervor in their fingertips

you can't fool me no matter how hard you try
we've all been drunk silly and had to drive

Yonkers came and the parking was easy
Catalpa rounds were deadly with the help of Paul
Galway born with a fresh Bronx temper
convinced Guinness cripples any worthwhile sex
and vibrators lately are women's best friends
three young lads kept our spirits from falling
a fiddle, an acoustic and a Bodhran drum then,
Foster and Allen in the Chevy Caprice going 85 for fun

you can't fool me no matter how hard you try
we've all been drunk silly and had to drive

Fort Lee Police never cease to amaze me
"Checkpoint Charlie's" who won't stop assuming
asked me to get out of "Herb" and unwillingly perform
the ol' three step test: one foot balance, ABC's, and walk the line
"You passed, I'm gonna let you go, drive safely now"
and "Hey, next time at 5 a.m., I'll be waiting"
to answer your question if i ever get tired of C.S.C. parties
with Jersey as proof, walking home bombed sure beats driving

"if you drink and drive, you are just plain stupid
but, if you make it home, you are a f***ing legend"
(Australia Bar - 91st and 1st Avenue - Upper East Side)

-Eric Butler

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Styling - Perm - Waxes - Coloring

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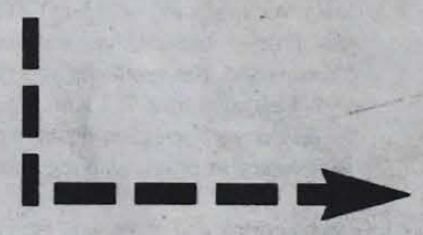
468-3111

The CSC Jazz Band

Free Admission

The staff at the Cairn would like to wish everyone good luck with finals. Have a fun and safe summer vacation!

RADAR IS HERE



No more speed I'm always there
gotta keep cool now gotta take care
last car to pass, here I go
the line of cars go down real slow
the radio plays that forgotten song
Brenda Lee's coming on strong
the news man sang his some ol' song
one more radar lover gone!!!!

-golden earring